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THE TROOPER POLICE OF AUSTRALIA

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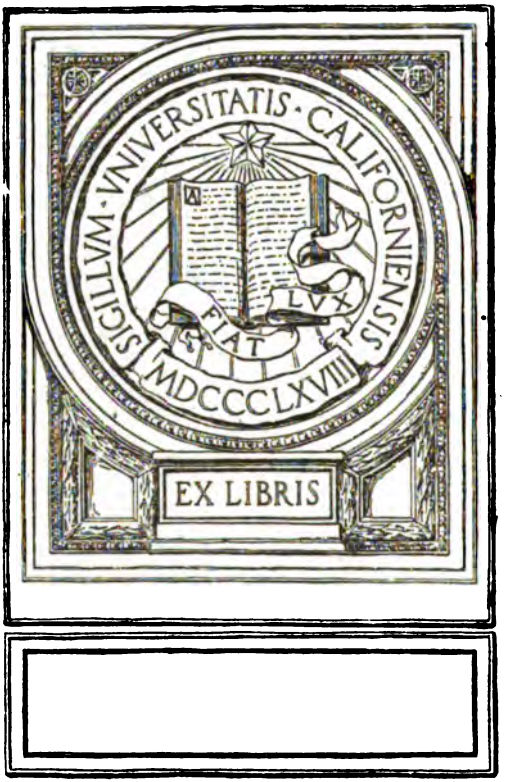
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TIME

THE TROOPER POLICE OF AUSTRALIA

A RECORD OF MOUNTED POLICE WORK IN THE COMMONWEALTH FROM THE EARLIEST DAYS OF SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY

A. L. HAYDON

AUTHOR OF "THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS," ETC

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS, MAPS AND DIAGRAMS

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L. C.

TO
MY WIFE

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PREFACE

IN offering this book to the consideration of the public, I venture to claim that its matter is its own justification. While there are many volumes devoted to various periods of Australian history, and in part touching upon the trooper police, there has been no attempt to give a comprehensive account of police administrative work during the growth of the Commonwealth. I have long felt that such a record was worthy of being written, as it deals with a very notable side of Colonial development, and to achieve this result has been my purpose in the present book. At the same time, I am conscious that the manner in which it is presented may require some deprecation from the author. The record is not one of a corporate regiment, such as the Royal North-West Mounted Police of Canada it is concerned with the police services of six separate States, and consequently it has been impossible to avoid a certain amount of overlapping. Furthermore, some difficulty has been experienced in obtaining material relating to the early years of one or two forces. A great deal of valuable historical matter was destroyed in the past, and this can never be replaced. It is only from contemporary sources that one is able at all to fill in the picture.

With regard to the bushranging era, which has a literature of its own, I have made it my aim to dispel some of the popular misconceptions attached thereto. Certain

books on the subject have an unfortunate tendency to invest Australia's highwaymen with a false romantic glamour. In real fact the mounted police are the heroes of the story. They are justly entitled to the major share of whatever romance and picturesqueness the period may possess. But the reputation of the trooper police does not rest solely on the criminal side of their duties, important though it be. It is as pioneers, as the advance guard of civilization in the wilderness, that they deserve our admiration. And this, be it remembered, is a work that they are still performing, and will continue to perform so long as the expansion of Australia's settled area proceeds.

It remains now to acknowledge my indebtedness to various Government officials who have assisted me in the preparation of this volume. During my stay in Australia I was afforded every facility for acquiring the information desired; I was allowed full opportunity to study the mounted policeman in the barrack-room, in the city, and in the solitudes of the bush. I have particularly to thank ex-Inspector-General T. Garvin, I.S.O., Inspector-General E. C. Day, Commissioner T. O'Callaghan, Commissioner W. G. Cahill, Commissioner Fred A. Hare, Commissioner W. H. Raymond, ex-Superintendent Martin Brennan, Superintendent Milne, Superintendent W. C. Brophy, Inspector J. S. Clarke, Inspector Ryan, Sub-Inspector Allcock, Sub-Inspector Orr and Detective-Sergeant Walsh.

Among others whose help has been generously extended to me, in regard to both material and photographs, I must mention Mr. J. B. Castieau, of Melbourne, Mr. E. Price Conigrave, F.R.G.S., and Mr. S. W. Copley, of Perth, Mr. E. B. Kennedy and Mr. H. E. Garraway.

A. L. HAYDON.

LONDON, *July*, 1911.

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THE TROOPER POLICE OF AUSTRALIA

CHAPTER I

SOLDIERS AND CONVICTS.—I

1788–1821

Captain Cook's voyage—Sir Joseph Banks—The convict question—Mr. Matra's proposal—The American loyalists—Lord Sydney's "Plan"—"The First Fleet"—Captain Phillip at Botany Bay—Removal to Sydney—Troubles and dissensions—A "night watch" of convicts—Major Grose governor—The New South Wales Corps—Captain King—The "Armed Association"—Captain Bligh's stormy rule—Convicts assigned as servants—Governor Macquarie—The "Emancipists"—Opposition to the new scheme—Exploration in the colony.

IT is beyond the scope of this volume to dwell upon the early discoverers of Australia. The story of the adventurous voyages of the Spaniard Torres, the Dutch captains Dirk Hartog, Pieter Nuyts, Francis Pelsart and Abel Tasman, together with that of the famous English buccaneer, William Dampier, has been often told, and should be familiar to every student of colonial history. In our consideration of the Mounted Police of the several states, however, it will be necessary to make a brief survey of the developments immediately following upon the re-discovery of the island-continent by Captain Cook in 1770, for from that epoch-making event we may trace the movement which led to the ultimate settlement of the country and the genesis of an established police force.

In that year 1770 the *Endeavour*, with Cook and two distinguished scientists, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander, sailed from Tahiti, where the Transit of Venus had been successfully observed, and, having coasted the islands of New Zealand, arrived at the point on the Australian mainland known as Cape Howe. Thence Cook bore away to the north-east, until the ship dropped anchor in an inlet which, for obvious reasons, he was disposed to call Stingray Bay. This name was subsequently exchanged for the better known one of Botany Bay, owing to the wealth of plants and flowers that Banks and Solander found on its shores.

Cook's land explorations were very meagre. Although he proceeded westward and northward for a distance of two thousand miles—so far as Cape York, indeed—he touched only the fringe of a country which by no means impressed him favourably. On his return to England he had little to say for his new-found land of New South Wales, this being the name bestowed upon it. Not so, however, the younger and more enthusiastic Joseph Banks. From the first the latter realised that here was a country worthy of English occupation. The little he had seen of it was enough to convince him of its possibilities of development, and to the end of his life he never ceased to take a keen interest in its progress. A few years after the *Endeavour's* memorable voyage we find Banks giving evidence before a special Parliamentary committee on the suitability of New South Wales as a prospective home for surplus criminals.

The question of the disposal of convicts had by this time assumed a most serious aspect. The American Revolution of 1775, by which the New England colonies were lost to us irrevocably, had had the effect of closing the over-seas

plantations as a destination for convicted prisoners. Transportation for certain offences had been in vogue for a long period—since the days of the first Charles, to be precise—and the system had served to populate our embryo colonies in the New World at the same time that it provided a source of relief to the already crowded gaols of the mother-country.

Thus, then, was the attention of the public re-directed to the great continent which was still popularly known as New Holland, and which, for all that any one cared, might be left to the Dutch to be settled and fostered. But nothing was to be done immediately. King George the Third's Government, with Lord North at its head, had its hands full with the revolting American colonists, and its attitude towards the unknown southern land was, not unnaturally, apathetic. New Holland, or New South Wales, or Terra Australis Incognita, or whatever you liked to call it, was very far away, very bleak and inhospitable (except for the reports of one or two enthusiasts), and it was peopled by a race of savages no less formidable than those who had murdered Captain Cook on his last voyage to the South Seas. It was really unattractive to the popular mind.

Some years later, however, the question of Australian settlement cropped up again with a persistency that would not be denied. In addition to the necessity for finding an asylum for the thousands of convicts whose increasing numbers were an embarrassment to the prison authorities, there had arisen the need for affording protection to the many American loyalists who were now refugees from their former home. So, in 1783, one James Maria Matra came to the fore suddenly with a proposal that offered a solution to both these urgent problems.

Matra had been a member of the expedition that sailed in

the *Endeavour*, having held the position of midshipman. He had no doubt imbibed a good deal of the enthusiasm displayed by Banks. His suggestion, respectfully submitted to his Majesty's Government, was that in New South Wales would be found an admirable refuge for the loyalists in question, a people whom, he said, "Great Britain is bound by every tie of honour and gratitude to protect and support where they may repair their broken fortunes and again enjoy their former domestic felicity." To provide them with efficient labour Kanakas were to be introduced from the neighbouring islands, with a sprinkling of Chinese. The many natural advantages that the new land held out, advantages confirmed by his own observation, were duly put forward, while it was argued that with good management the settlers "in twenty or thirty years might cause a revolution in the whole system of European commerce, and secure to England a monopoly of some part of it and a large share of the whole." Matra was not without the visions of an empire-builder.

The upshot of this ingenious proposition was that steps were taken in due course to plant a little colony on the spot where Cook and his companions had first landed. But it was not destined to be on the lines originally laid down. The American loyalists found that the Government's solicitude for their welfare had blown cold, and as time went by and delay after delay occurred, the majority of them withdrew any support they had lent to this novel emigration scheme and betook themselves to Eastern Canada.

What proved to be the culminating point of their decision was the stipulation that transportation of convicts to New South Wales should go hand in hand with its colonisation. Lord Sydney was now at the head of the Home Office, and

the idea of forming a penal settlement in this quarter of the world strongly commended itself to him. A recent attempt to utilise Africa for the purpose had proved abortive. It was, furthermore, a unique opportunity for putting into practice certain theories for the treatment of felons that were being exploited. The new Australian land, in fact, was to be converted into a reformatory as well as a prison.

Yet a further consideration, it may be noted, was a desire to forestall any attempt on the part of France to gain a footing in this region of the Pacific. It was known that such a step was in contemplation, and, indeed, French ships under Du Fresne, La Perouse and D'Entrecasteaux, followed hard upon the heels of Cook and Phillip when they ventured into the southern seas.

Having made up his mind to go forward with the great project, Lord Sydney drew up the "Heads of a plan for the establishment of a colony in New South Wales" [1] and instructed the Admiralty to make all necessary arrangements with as little delay as possible. For the leader of his expedition he had selected Captain Arthur Phillip, a naval commander of experience and distinction, and one who possessed remarkable qualities of tact and judgment. As events proved, it was a wise choice. Phillip threw himself into the work of preparation with all his energy. Thanks to his assistance the authorities were kept up to the mark, and by May 1787 all was in readiness for a start to be made.

"The First Fleet," as it is known in Australian history, comprised eleven vessels: Six transports, three store ships,[2] the 20-gun frigate H.M.S. *Sirius* and the armed tender

[1] See Appendix A.

[2] The *Alexander, Charlotte, Scarborough, Friendship, Prince of Wales, Lady Penrhyn*, transports, from 270 to 450 tons; the *Fishburn, Golden Grove, Borrodale*, store ships.

Supply. In all these carried over 1,000 persons, of whom 750 were convicts. After a safe voyage round the Cape the fleet reached Botany Bay on January 18th, but Phillip saw at once that the place was unfitted for his purpose. He accordingly set out along the coast to the northward, and was rewarded by the discovery of the magnificent harbour of Port Jackson. Cook had seen its entrance between the two heads, but had passed by ignorant of its wonderful capacity. Here, at a spot which was named Sydney Cove in honour of Lord Sydney, Phillip decided to make his landing. In a little while the remainder of the vessels were brought round, and the work of settlement was forthwith entered upon.

No colonial administrator ever had a more unenviable task to perform than that which fell to the lot of Captain Phillip, Governor and Captain-General of New South Wales. In a strange country whose resources were practically unknown he had to house and maintain a community of over a thousand people, the bulk of whom were convicted felons, by disposition unamenable to discipline and averse to undertaking any manual labour. To add to his difficulties he soon found himself deprived of the support of the military, upon whom he naturally relied to assist him in the work of policing the convict population. Nearly two hundred marines, under Major Ross, had accompanied the expedition.

"I requested," Phillip wrote in a letter to Lord Sydney, "that officers would, when they saw the convicts diligent, say a few words of encouragement to them, and that when they saw them idle, or met them straggling in the woods, they would threaten them with punishment. This only I desired when officers could do it without going out of their way; it was all I asked, and was pointedly refused. They declared

against what they called an interference with convicts, and I found myself obliged to give up the little plan I had formed in the passage for the government of these people, and which, had it even been proposed to the officers, required no more from them than the hearing of an appeal the overseer might find it necessary to make, and a report from the officer to me . . . but which has never been asked of the officers since they declined any kind of interference."

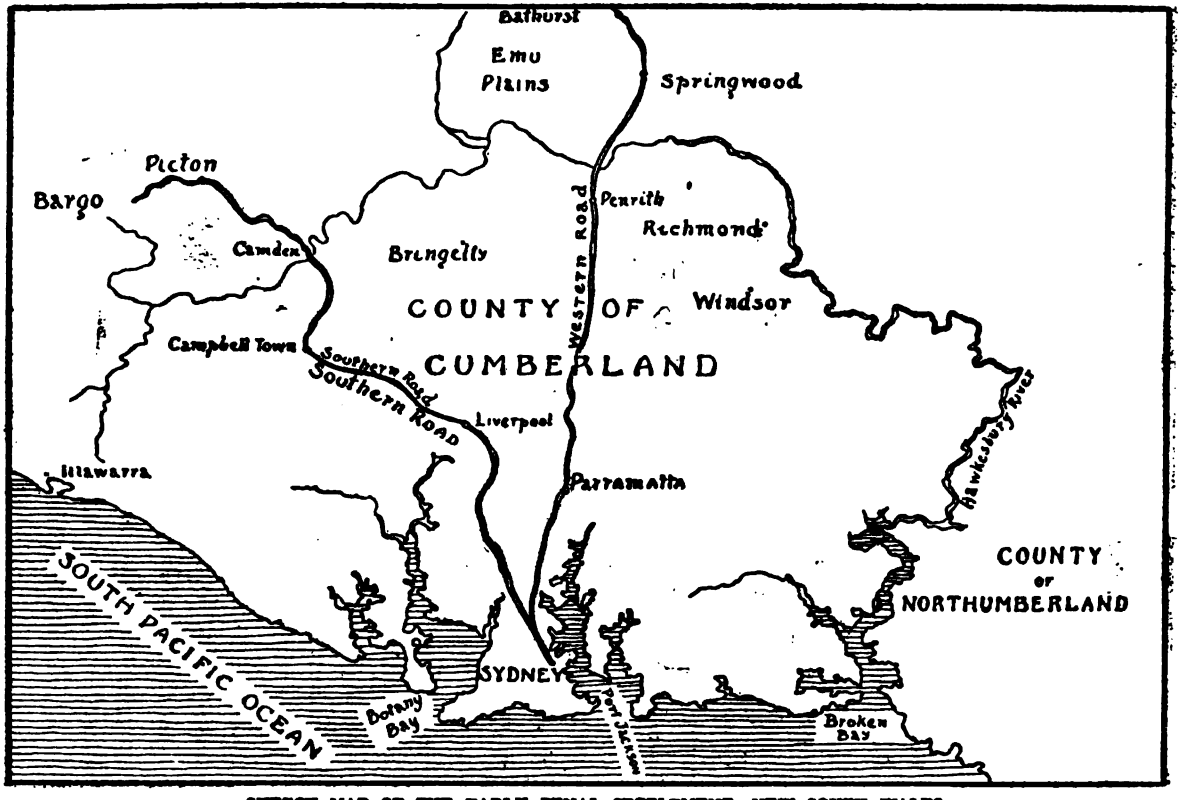
The early years of the little colony were marked by endless trouble and dissension. Cattle and sheep, that had been brought out, died or strayed away in the bush and were lost; provisions ran short, mainly owing to the inability on the part of the settlers to take up farming, until many were of the opinion of Major Ross that it would be cheaper "to feed the convicts on turtle and venison at the London Tavern," than be at the expense of sending them there. As for the soldiery, they openly flouted the Governor and comported themselves arrogantly towards both bond and free. There was, moreover, constant apprehension of hostilities with the natives, whom Phillip was desirous to placate but who suffered numberless wrongs at the hands of the convicts and the marines. It is not to be wondered at that in the circumstances many attempts to escape were made by the convicts, and that robberies from the stores, together with acts of violence, were of frequent occurrence.

In the absence of assistance from the military, and as some precaution against theft of both public and private property, the Governor now instituted a night watch of twelve persons, who patrolled the settlement from sunset to dawn. The document containing the regulations for this embryo police force was dated August 7th, 1789, and gave the names of the watch as follows: Herbert Keeling,

Charles Peat, John Harris, John Coen Walsh, John Neal, John Massey Cox, William Bradbury, James Clark, Josh Marshall, Thomas Oldfield, George Robinson, and John Archer. Three of these were afterwards replaced by W. Hubbard, John Anderson, and Stephen Le Grove. All the above, be it noted, were convicts, selected for this special duty because of their good behaviour, and there is plenty of evidence that they performed their task faithfully. On one occasion they captured a party of six marines who, by means of duplicate keys, had broken into a store-house to steal flour. It was a time when every one in the settlement, from the Governor downwards, was living on half rations of salt meat, bread and peas, and this fact made the enormity of the crime all the greater. The six marines, despite their commander's remonstrances, were duly hanged.

During the winter of 1790 a second fleet of transports arrived with prisoners from home, these being distributed over the area of the gaol land. The settlement by this time had spread as far as the Hawkesbury River on the north and west, the river valley proving to be suitable for farming operations. Sydney Cove itself was far too rocky and infertile for cultivation, and the first experimental farm had been started at Parramatta, at the head of the harbour. Away from the mainland there was also a settlement on Norfolk Island, where the community was successful in raising enough grain to maintain itself.

With the newly-arrived ships from England came the first detachment of the New South Wales Corps, a regiment which was destined to play a great part in the history of the colony. The Corps was intended to relieve the marines originally sent out, and was under the command of Major Francis Grose, who was responsible for its inception. At the



SKETCH MAP OF THE EARLY PENAL SETTLEMENT, NEW SOUTH WALES.

end of 1792, after having seen the settlement pass through many vicissitudes, Governor Phillip relinquished the reins of office and returned home. Major Grose, by virtue of his commission as Lieutenant-Governor, remained at the head of affairs.

The immediate outcome of this change was the inauguration of an era of crime and lawlessness. The New South Wales Corps was composed mainly of men who had joined in the expectation of finding the new country more or less of an Eldorado. They considered only their own personal gain, and to advantage themselves did not scruple to encourage the evil passions of those committed to their charge. At this period the practice was begun of assigning convicts as servants or farm labourers to officers of the Corps. Another privilege of the military was the purchase of spirits at cost price. In this concession the officers saw a quick road to wealth. Most of them in time became farmers or engaged in other industries that made them large employers of labour, and in lieu of money they found rum highly acceptable to the convicts. In a little while farmers in other districts began to distil their grain instead of selling it for food-stuff, for the high prices fetched by spirits made this method more lucrative. The result was what might have been expected. Robbery and murder became more and more rampant as police supervision became more lax, and the fortunes of the colony sank to a low ebb.

Major Grose's rule lasted two years. For some months the governorship then devolved upon Captain William Paterson, the senior military officer, after whom came Captain John Hunter, the one-time commander of the *Sirius*, who vainly endeavoured to stem the flood of abuses. The next governor was Captain Philip King, Phillip's able lieutenant

in Norfolk Island during the earliest years of the colony. King set about reform with a strong hand, and was instrumental to a large degree in checking the free sale of spirits. Thousands of gallons of rum and wine were sent away, amid general indignation. Other monopolies and forms of extortion were also restricted, so that for a season the settlers enjoyed somewhat improved conditions.

It was at this juncture that we first hear of a police force, apart from the soldiery, being enrolled. The reason for this was the unsettled state of the convicts, among whom was now included a large number of "politicals" transported for participation in the Irish Rebellion of 1798. These factious newcomers were ripe for insurrection, and so ominous did the situation become that the free settlers formed themselves into an "Armed Association" to keep a watchful eye on the malcontents and be in readiness to counter any outbreak. A further cause for anxiety was the rumour that the French, with whom war had broken out, contemplated making a descent upon New South Wales.

That the colonists' fears of impending trouble were not groundless was evidenced early in 1804, when an organised conspiracy was revealed. Prompt measures were taken: the military pursued the rebels to the Hawkesbury, and a brisk fight ensued. In the end the convicts were dispersed, several being killed, while the leaders were made prisoners. Eight of the principal offenders were subsequently executed.

King's occupation of office ceased in 1806, when he was succeeded by Captain Bligh, famous for all time through his connection with the mutiny of the *Bounty*. Unhappily for himself, as for the colony, Bligh was a man of strong prejudices and violent temper. He had been known as a martinet while in the Navy, and he now proceeded to confirm

that reputation by his high-handed dealings with the New South Wales Corps. His two years of rule are one continuous record of conflict with the military and with certain of the better-class settlers. Among the latter was John Macarthur, an ex-officer of the Corps and an enterprising colonist who was interesting himself in the wool industry among other things. Macarthur had been prominent in all the recent dissensions between the late governor and the Corps, having sided with his former comrades: against him, therefore, Bligh waged bitter war. The climax came when the Governor arrested his enemy on a trumped-up charge and proposed to put him on trial. Macarthur's military friends rallied round him, a popular cry was raised demanding Bligh's deposition, and shortly after the Governor was taken prisoner by force of arms.

There was now an interregnum of another two years, during which period officers of the New South Wales Corps administered affairs. At the end of that time, in 1810, the regiment, whose mutiny against Bligh had met with disfavour at home, was recalled and a new Governor appeared in the person of Major-General Lachlan Macquarie. With him came a fresh military prison guard, the 102nd Regiment.

The practice of assigning convicts as farm servants, first to officers of the New South Wales Corps and later to settlers, did not tend in the main to their better conduct. The prisoners generally had little restraint imposed upon them by masters who in several ways made money out of them. Too many opportunities were provided for their indulgence in vice and debauchery, for if their owners were free men their overseers were usually of the convict class, and nothing was wanting to inflame them into open rebellion whenever occasion offered. As we have seen, organised insurrection

did rear its head in King's time, this being the most serious of the several risings among the "croppies," as the convicts were termed. The vigilance of the guards was seldom allowed to be relaxed. A second outbreak, four years later, was only frustrated in time to prevent the whole colony being plunged into anarchy by a general massacre of the principal residents.

With Governor Macquarie's advent convict life entered upon a new phase. In the years that had elapsed since the arrival of the First Fleet a large number of the prisoners had worked out their sentences, while others had received pardons. It was with these, the "emancipists," that the Governor's chief consideration lay. The time had come when the colony was to be tested as a reformatory. "When once a man is free his former state should no longer be remembered or allowed to act against him: let him then feel himself eligible for any situation which he had by a long term of upright conduct proved himself worthy of filling": so the Governor expressed himself, and with this guiding principle before him he set about the task of reclamation.

There were two great obstacles in the way, however, against which Macquarie battled long and strenuously. In the first place so many of the emancipists were totally unfitted for civil life. The unbridled licence of former régimes had not been conducive to reform, and the material on which he endeavoured to work was of the poorest kind. Secondly, although the New South Wales Corps had been withdrawn, many of the officers still remained in the colony, where they were engaged in varied pursuits. They mostly occupied high and influential positions. When the Governor's amiable intentions towards the emancipists were made known a storm of protest arose from those ex-officers and

the leading settlers who shared their views. In their opinion the experiment was too dangerous a one. Not only did they object to associating with men whose careers had been tainted with crime, they feared the consequences of a movement which, however lofty it might be in its ideals, would rob transportation of half its terrors and render it less of a deterrent to wrong-doing.

The opposition took a firm stand, but despite this Macquarie persisted in his schemes of reform. He strove to force the emancipists into such professions and trades as were open to them, and in so doing found that he had stirred up a veritable hornet's nest. Shamefully duped by his protégés and cordially hated by the settlers, over whose objections he rode rough-shod, the Governor proceeded to further imperil his position. He was a man of big ideas, but with the weakness of vanity. Public works, which would give employment to many, were set in progress, road-making, bridge-building, and the construction of schools and other institutions being commenced in various directions. There were many enemies ready to condemn these ventures as reckless extravagance and to help in bringing about his downfall. An agitation was set on foot that called the attention of the home authorities to the state of affairs, and in 1818 Commissioner Bigge was despatched from England to make inquiry into the alleged maladministration. This official's report was adverse; three years later Macquarie was recalled.

Before leaving this chapter of Australian history it is necessary to refer to the several exploring expeditions that at this period aided in the expansion of the colony. Until Macquarie's appointment very little had been done in this direction. Under his care the formidable barrier of the

Blue Mountains was broken through, and a wide region of fine pastoral and agricultural land beyond laid open to occupation. The leaders in this work were Gregory Blaxland, Lieutenant William Lawson (102nd Regiment), and William Charles Wentworth. These three were the first to cross the mountains. In their trail followed George Evans, Deputy-Surveyor-General, to discover the Fish, Macquarie and Lachlan rivers; and the brothers Hume, who opened up the country round Berrima and Bong-Bong. To facilitate the settlement of this new territory roads were quickly made, and soon the township of Bathurst sprang into being.

Other explorers of note were John Oxley, the Surveyor-General, and a surveyor named Meehan. In his first journey in 1817, the former traced the Lachlan and Macquarie rivers for some hundreds of miles, at the same time that he found many smaller streams running north-east. Twice, we read, Oxley was on the point of discovering the Murrumbidgee, but he returned to Sydney without having seen its waters and with the conviction that the interior was too marshy to be habitable.

Oxley's second journey, a year later, carried him down the Macquarie to Mount Harris, whence he struck out across country to Port Macquarie. In the course of this trip he discovered and named several new rivers, including the Castlereagh, the Peel and the Apsley, with the rich grasslands of the Liverpool Plains.

Meehan's chief contribution to the sum total of exploration was the opening up of the Goulburn Plains and the adjoining district, a wide and fertile expanse of land. Into all this virgin territory, where the blacks had held undisputed dominion, the colonists eagerly flocked, driving their

sheep and cattle before them. A new era for the colony had begun.

The encouragement of exploration may be said to have been the brightest feature of Governor Macquarie's reign. It was a matter of pride for him that when he left New South Wales he had enlarged its bounds by several hundreds of miles and thus given a new impetus to colonisation.

A COUNTRY ROAD IN THE N.S.W. BUSH.

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CHAPTER II

SOLDIERS AND CONVICTS.—II

1821–1835

Commissioner Bigge—A new order—Governor Brisbane—A mounted police force—Governor Darling—Bushranging—Distribution of troops—A ghost story—Black tracking—Van Diemen's Land—Early troubles with convicts—Exploration in New South Wales—Oxley—Allan Cunningham—Captain Sturt discovers the Darling—Sir Thomas Mitchell—Hamilton Hume at Geelong—A settlement at Port Phillip—John Batman—Treaty with the natives—Melbourne founded—Swan River settlement in West Australia—Perth and Fremantle—Wakefield's scheme—South Australia colonised.

MR. COMMISSIONER BIGGE'S report foreshadowed many wise and far-reaching reforms, but perhaps the most important of its recommendations was that which urged the further settlement of the colony. The old view which had held New South Wales cheaply as a dumping-ground for criminals was now to be abandoned: there were other and greater possibilities in the new country. Let free settlers be encouraged to go out, said the Commissioner in effect, young men of good character and some capital; let land be offered them on easy terms; and, further, let convict labour be supplied them with proper restrictions. New South Wales had not been altogether successful as a gaol; it was worth experimenting upon as a plantation of such a nature as the ones instituted two hundred years before in the New World.

This broader scheme in due course commended itself to

the authorities at home, and steps were taken to induce the right type of immigrant to settle on the soil. Young English farmers who welcomed a wider field for their energies quickly followed each other to the colony. In a little time the new districts opened up by Oxley, Hume and their fellow-pioneers, were dotted with farms; and small communities formed that were destined to be the nuclei of thriving townships. A brighter future for New South Wales seemed to be dawning.

The several features of Commissioner Bigge's report do not need to be particularised here. They dealt largely with constitutional matters, with the judicial and ecclesiastical establishments, and with trade and agriculture. Things had come to a pretty pass, what with mismanagement and the bitter quarrelling between opposing factions. It was high time that the tangle was straightened out. The primary reason for the Commissioner's inquiry was the question of penal discipline, and it is interesting to note that even at this stage the English Government was contemplating discontinuing transportation to the colony as a matter of expediency. Touching this point Mr. Bigge was of opinion that the system might be continued, but subject to certain modifications. The emancipist class was not to be encouraged to the degree favoured by the late Governor, while by means of a reformed judicature the rights of all classes were to be safeguarded.

The new Governor who was selected to supervise this new order of things was Sir Thomas Brisbane. He arrived in the colony in the autumn of 1821. Much was done in the direction of progress, but unfortunately for Sir Thomas, during the four years of his rule he was mostly embroiled with the newspaper press, which warmly espoused the cause

of the emancipists, and which undoubtedly did some harm in influencing the ill-balanced minds of the convict population. At this period a new evil to be combated arose from the wider distribution of the prisoners assigned to settlers. This system certainly obviated the employment of large gangs of convicts in or near the towns, but despite this fact, and the care exercised in the allotment of these bond-servants, the worse elements could not be eliminated. In too many instances desperate characters found opportunity to escape from servitude (sometimes, it must be admitted, with reason, for not all the settlers were easy taskmasters), and drifted naturally into a career of bush-ranging. This new phase of crime called for special measures of repression; for the first time in the history of the colony we read of a mounted police force being constituted. The members of this body were drawn from the regiments then in New South Wales, for the time was not yet come when the military were to be superseded by a civil force.

During the governorship of Sir Ralph Darling, Brisbane's successor, the colony passed through another crisis. A protracted period of drought spread ruin far and wide among the settlers. As grass and water failed so the cattle and sheep died, and once again the question of food supplies assumed a serious aspect. In all this depression one marked result was an increase in crime. A district that particularly suffered was that of Emu Plains, through which passed the Western Road that linked Sydney with Bathurst. Here in the vicinity of the tableland of the Blue Mountains, were numerous hiding-places wherein the bushrangers might find refuge after their raids, and the newspapers of that date bear ample witness to the difficulties entailed by pursuit. Within a few miles' radius of Sydney, too, many atrocities

were perpetrated. We read that the chief constable of Parramatta received much commendation from the Governor for his capture of one Dalton, a noted desperado who belonged to a gang which terrorised the neighbourhood. In this affair one of the bushrangers was shot dead, a tragic fate which the Governor was sanguine enough to hope would deter others from following his example.

The distribution of police troops, as announced in a General Order of March 1826, provided for two principal districts. Of these the headquarters were Parramatta and Bathurst, with a field officer in command at each. The former district embraced Windsor, Emu Plains, Liverpool and Campbell Town: the latter Wellington Valley and Molong Plains, to the north of Bathurst, with detachments posted in the south and east " at Cox's River, Weatherboard Hut and Springwood." In this same memorandum the Governor recommends officers to attach some of the most intelligent of the natives to their parties, " as these People may be made extremely useful, if properly employed, in tracing the Bushrangers and discovering their Haunts. It will be left to the Discretion of the Officers to Reward the Natives according to their exertions; for which purposes some slop Clothing will be put at their Disposal, and they will be at Liberty from Time to Time to furnish them with such Provisions as they may require when employed."

A remarkable instance in which black trackers assisted the police at this early date has been put on record. It is connected with the murder of an emancipist named Fisher, living at Campbell Town. This man was partner with another ex-convict, Worrell, and one day mysteriously disappeared. It was given out that he had taken ship to England, and meanwhile Worrell took possession of his mate's

property. Nothing more was thought about the matter until a story was circulated that "Fisher's ghost" had been seen in the neighbourhood of his old home. One, Farley, had seen the dead man sitting on a fence at the corner of a paddock. The story gained credence among the more ignorant and superstitious ones, so that at last investigation was demanded. A police trooper, with two natives, began a close search for traces of the missing man. Nothing came to light, however, until one of the trackers turned his attention to a pool of water in the vicinity. "Here," said the trooper, in giving evidence afterwards, "Gilbert took a corn-stalk which he passed over the surface of the water, and put it to his nose and said he 'smelt the fat of a white man.'" The black next turned into a small creek leading out of the pool, eventually coming to a stop at a place on its bank. "There's something here," he said. And when they dug, the body of the murdered man was found. It may be added that Worrell was accused and convicted of the crime, and that prior to his execution he confessed having committed the deed.[1]

The story of bushranging in the early days of New South Wales will be told in a later chapter. In this summary of events relative to the organisation of a civil police force the subject need but be touched upon. It was an agitating factor from the first, as we have seen, and through the administrations of Sir Ralph Darling and the succeeding Governor,

[1] Mr. G. W. Rusden, who gives the facts of this case in his *History of Australia*, adds an interesting note in regard to the apparition, to which no reference was allowed to be made at the trial. He says—

"The Campbell Town ghost story, like all others, was garbled in narration. I have corrected current rumours by comparison with the words of a trustworthy informant, a medical man, who lived long in the neighbourhood and attended Farley on his death-bed. He often conversed with Farley on the subject of the vision which scared him."

Sir Richard Bourke, it fully occupied the attention of the authorities. Many noted criminals were shot down when caught red-handed, or were captured and publicly executed, but their fates did not prevent others taking to the life of the bush. The risk was great, but the booty to be snatched by force of arms was often large, and, moreover, Sydney was full of "receivers," who offered a ready means of disposing of stolen property. By 1830 the conditions of the time were such as to call for a special protective measure in the shape of a "Bushrangers Act," in which the enlarged powers of magistrates were clearly defined.

But before proceeding further in the historical record of New South Wales it is necessary to glance at the other penal settlement of Tasmania, or, as it was earlier known, Van Diemen's Land. The occupation of the island began in 1803, when Governor King despatched parties to take possession of the north and south ends. One object of this move was to forestall any similar action on the part of the French; the second, and equally vital, object was to ascertain the island's suitability as a convict station. Tasmania has been, perhaps, the worst treated of the Australian states in this respect. Having been approved as a future penal settlement, it was immediately burdened with the very worst types of the criminals deported from England. The irreclaimables, the *récidivistes*, such as France shipped out to New Caledonia, were the special inmates of this new prison-house. And as the character of the mainland altered with the influx of free immigrants, Tasmania became more and more of a gaol.

In these conditions the lot of the island's lieutenant-governors was never a happy one. At the first discipline was necessarily lax, owing to the scarcity of provisions and

the obligation on the part of the convicts themselves to hunt for food. Those were the days when Lemon, Michael Howe, and their no less brutal associates robbed and murdered at will. To such a pitch, indeed, did lawlessness attain that in 1814 it was found imperative to place the whole of the little colony under martial law, and to proclaim that any one—whether bond or free—who left his house at night would be flogged. A slight improvement was to be noted in Governor Macquarie's time, when more free settlers were induced to take up land, but for a long period the raids of escaped prisoners made existence in Van Diemen's Land precarious, at the same time that they procured for the island an unenviable notoriety. At last Lieutenant-Governor Arthur, in 1826, made a strong effort to cope with the evil, and by his stern measures a good deal of the bushranging was stamped out. One step taken towards this desirable result was the removal of the principal convict settlement at Macquarie Harbour, on the western side, to a point near Hobart. At this latter place, Port Arthur, escape from surveillance was rendered more difficult, and the soldier-warders were able to deal more effectively with such outbreaks as did occur.

It was from Van Diemen's Land that the original settlement of Port Phillip, and what is now the flourishing city of Melbourne, had its origin. This leads us to consider for a moment the progress of exploration at this stage of affairs. Surveyor-General Oxley, as we have seen, had done good work in 1817 in opening up the western interior. He was to do yet more. A few years later, in company with Lieutenant Stirling, he pushed along the coast to the north and discovered the Brisbane river, which empties itself into Moreton Bay. A tiny settlement sprang up round the river's mouth, for the land proved attractive to farmers, and

in this way was laid the foundation for the future colony of Queensland.

Among the intrepid explorers of these early days who heard and answered the "everlasting whisper"—

> "Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges—
> Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!"

were Allan Cunningham, Charles Sturt and Thomas Mitchell. The first of these was a protégé of Sir Joseph Banks and a botanist of no small repute. He had had experience of Australian pioneer work under Oxley, whom he accompanied on the expedition up the Lachlan in 1817. In 1822 Cunningham undertook a journey over the Blue Mountains into the Bathurst district, and in the following year sought to find a practicable pass across the Liverpool Range to the Liverpool Plains. This resulted in the discovery of an easy route, named by him Pandora's Pass. Afterwards he spent some time surveying the river Brisbane to the head of the boat navigation.

Cunningham's explorations were continued year by year, and added much to our knowledge of the interior. In 1827 a notable journey brought about the discovery of the Darling Downs, a fine pasturage. This was the crown of his achievements. He next proceeded to open up a road into this district from Moreton Bay, but in the few years before his death, in 1839, he was occupied mainly in botanical work in the colony.

Captain Charles Sturt holds a high place in the annals of Australian exploration. He went out to New South Wales with his regiment, the 39th Foot, and it was not long before the mystery of the interior captivated his imagina-

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THE OLD AND THE NEW.

1. Original police station near Cooper's Creek, Northern Territory. 2. Modern type of station at Kapunda, S.A.

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tion. The theory that there was a central sea or lake somewhere at the back of the mountains was being hotly disputed. Sturt inclined to this belief, and to solve the question led an expedition down the Macquarie. As had been Oxley's experience, he now found himself baffled by the marshes in which the river appeared to lose itself, but farther on, to the north-west, he found a nobler river which he named the Darling. This large stream, the water of which to his disappointment proved to be too salt for drinking, was explored for some length, and then the party returned to Sydney. The question of the Darling's outflow was now all-important. Such a big river must be the main drain of a very extensive tract of country. To determine whether it ran south or west was Sturt's next concern. In the following year (1829) he attacked the problem by descending the Murrumbidgee and thence launching himself upon the Murray. After an exciting voyage and encountering many privations, the explorer discovered the junction of the river with the Darling. He then followed the Murray to its termination in Lake Alexandrina and saw that he had reached the coast at Encounter Bay.

Sturt's last and greatest journey was undertaken in 1844. This time he plunged right into the interior of South Australia, but it was only to find that the country was one large arid desert. The explorer's journal records the terrible difficulties and hardships of the expedition, which are almost without parallel. However, Cooper's Creek, with its wide sheets of water, was at last discovered, after which the return journey to Adelaide was made.

To Thomas Mitchell, Surveyor-General under Governor Bourke, fell the duty of mapping out Eastern Australia. His first journey was made in 1831, in the northern districts.

From then on, until 1836, he was busy in exploring the country between the Darling and the Darling Downs, following the river for a greater length than any previous traveller and passing through much new land of favourable nature. So impressed, indeed, was he with the beauty of that region that he christened it Australia Felix. Mitchell, who was knighted for his work, later made important expeditions into the northern tropical districts, discovering the Fitzroy Downs, and several large rivers.

At the same time that these explorers were engaged in filling in the map of the continent another famous pioneer was at work in the south. Hamilton Hume, to whom reference has been already made, directed his attention in 1824 to an overland route from Sydney to Port Phillip. In this famous journey he was accompanied by W. H. Hovell, an old sea-captain, and a party of assigned convicts. The expedition was in the main successful, although it failed to reach the head of the harbour. The explorers, partly baffled by the thick scrub of the mountain range, were turned to the inlet whereon the present town of Geelong stands. But in the course of their travels they discovered and named four rivers including the Hume (afterwards re-named the Murray), the Ovens and the Hovell, or Goulburn.

The outcome of all this exploration was a wider sphere of settlement. Wherever new fertile land was opened up, or rich pasturage grounds, thither colonists hastened, so that every year that went by saw the bounds of New South Wales stretching farther and farther afield. One such settlement, which had most important results, was that which had its origin in Tasmania and to which reference has been made. In 1827 John Batman, a free settler in Van Diemen's Land, felt dissatisfied with the conditions in which he was living.

The island was first and foremost a gaol, with the most undesirable of criminals within its walls, and, moreover, news was to hand of a very fertile and attractive land the other side of Bass Straits. Three brothers named Henty, residents of Launceston, had been adventurous enough to start a little colony at Portland, about 150 miles west of Port Phillip, and were doing very well indeed. Batman saw no reason why he should not follow their example.

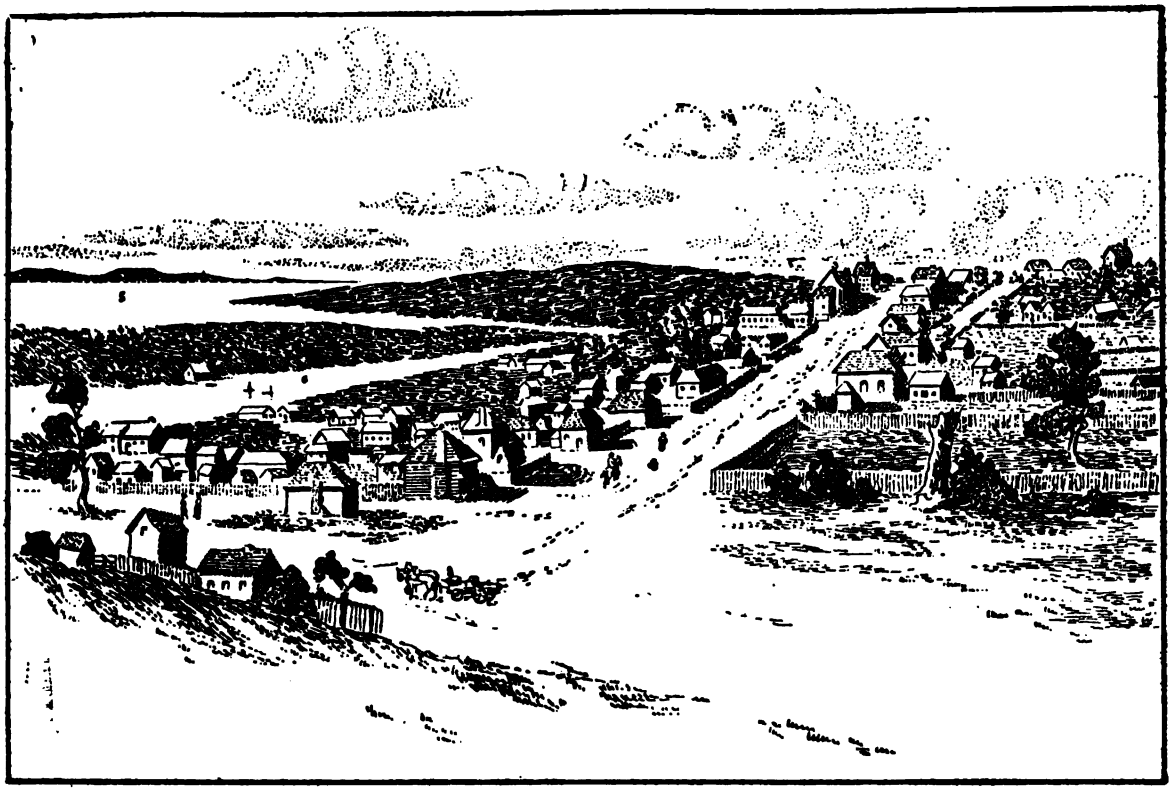
Early in 1835 he formed a small association, comprising himself and ten companions, with a view to colonising Port Phillip and engaging in stock breeding. In May of that year he made a preliminary trip to the mainland and in an interview with the aborigines entered into a treaty with them by which he purchased "two large tracts of land—about 600,000 acres, more or less." By this compact [1] Batman and his company became possessed of all the western side of Port Phillip Bay and a large portion to the north and north-east. Shortly before returning home he had the curiosity to explore the Yarra River, and was highly pleased with what he saw. "The boat," he writes, "went up the large river, which comes from the east, and I am glad to state about six miles up found the river all good water and very deep. This will be the place for a village."

Batman's discovery had results of immediate importance. While he was back in Van Diemen's Land endeavouring to secure a formal grant of the land from the Government, another Launceston townsman, John Pascoe Fawkner, found his way to Port Phillip and the site of Batman's projected "village." He promptly settled himself on the spot, so that on Batman's second trip thither the latter found he was

[1] As an interesting example of early transactions with natives this document is given in full in Appendix B.

forestalled. A quarrel between the two parties ensued. Government interference was then called for, and as the best way out of the difficulty Governor Bourke decided to take the land in the name of the Crown and dispose of it by public auction. This was accordingly done, the lots being bought by such settlers as had followed the original discoverers. The new township thus inaugurated was named Melbourne, in honour of the English Prime Minister. As his claim had been disallowed, and the memorable treaty with the natives ignored, Batman was consoled by receiving a valuable grant of land in the neighbourhood of Geelong. And thus was begun the colony which was afterwards to grow into the flourishing State of Victoria and become a formidable rival to its older sister, New South Wales.

While these momentous events were transpiring in eastern Australia the work of colonisation was being carried on quietly elsewhere in the continent. In the west the attention of the home Government had been directed to the need for occupation by reason of French activity in the Pacific. To frustrate any rival attempt at settlement Governor Darling of New South Wales—acting under instructions from the Earl of Bathurst, Colonial Secretary—sent a party to hoist the British flag at King George's Sound. This first contingent was composed of soldiers and convicts to the number of eighty, under the command of Major Lockyer, but the experiment only lasted five years. Before the convict station was abandoned, however, Governor Darling despatched a little expedition to investigate and report upon the coast beyond the Leeuwin. Captain Stirling, of H.M. frigate *Success*, who was selected for this duty, reached the mouth of the Swan River early in 1827, and decided that the locality was a favourable one for settlement. So glowing was his



1 GOVERNMENT HOUSE. 2 RESIDENCE OF JOHN BATMAN. 3 JOHN PASCOE FAWKNER'S RESIDENCE.
4 COLLINS STREET. 5 HOBSON'S BAY. 6 RIVER YARRA.

OLD MELBOURNE, 1838.

account of this part of the coast that the Governor sent him back to England to awaken interest in this new Australian discovery.

Stirling succeeded in his task, He was entrusted with the work of organising a colony and received his appointment as the first lieutenant-governor. In due course Captain Fremantle, in H.M.S. *Challenger*, proceeded to the Swan River and took possession of " all that part of New Holland which is not included within the territory of New South Wales," in the King's name. Four weeks later Captain Stirling himself arrived, with a company of settlers and their families, eight hundred strong, in the transport *Parmelia*. This was in June 1829. On the 18th of that month the colony of Western Australia was proclaimed.

The settlements which quickly sprang up around the new townships of Perth and Fremantle were of the nature of an experiment, and their progress was watched with the keenest interest. Grants of land were made to immigrants who came out from England to grow tobacco and cotton, sugar or flax, to breed cattle and horses, and develop the country in whatever way possible. Every one was to be a landed proprietor under the scheme: " For every £3 worth of goods introduced into the colony, forty acres were given, but the fee simple was not to be had by the grantee until 1*s*. 6*d*. per acre had been expended on its improvement." It was a Utopian scheme, in fact, and like others of its kind it contained many defects. Once the land near Perth had been snapped up, intending settlers were compelled to take up blocks of unknown country far afield, to locate themselves in the scrub, and this with little or no idea of the difficulties to be faced. As a consequence there were many disastrous failures. Hostile blacks speared the whites at outlying sta-

tions, crops failed through drought and other causes, and a starving time set in. It was history repeating itself. But just as New South Wales had won through despite adverse circumstances, so in time Western Australia took the tide at the flood and went steadily forward to success.

In dealing with Western Australia at a later period we shall see that when her fortunes were at a low ebb recourse was had to convictism. Always a dangerous experiment, as the case of New South Wales proved, it was rigidly excluded from the programme when the new colony of South Australia was launched. In this project Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield, a distinguished political economist, was the leading spirit. In 1829 he showed himself a keen and bitter critic of the policy followed in New South Wales, and promulgated his scheme for an ideal Australian colony. Briefly stated, his system of colonisation was based on two principles: the sale of land at a reasonable price, in lieu of free, or almost free grants, and the introduction of labour from England, to be paid for by the money thus acquired. It was to be a combination of capital and labour. Immigrants with means were to be induced to settle on the land, and such land as was parcelled out was to be carefully selected. The indiscriminate allotment of grants that had characterised the early administration in Western Australia conveyed its own lesson.

In 1834 was formed "The South Australian Association," confirmed by a special Act of Parliament. By this Act the limits of the colony were defined, the whole comprising over 300,000 square miles, while a body of Commissioners was appointed to carry out the scheme of emigration and settlement and watch over the welfare of the colonists. The price of land was fixed at 12*s*. an acre, with an understanding that

this should be increased in due time to £1 an acre. Intending emigrants were offered the choice of purchase on these terms or of lease for a period of three years. As a special feature of the system was the encouragement of family emigration, the Act expressly stipulated that "No person having a husband or wife, or a child or children, shall, by means of the emigration fund, obtain a passage to the Colony, unless the husband or wife, or the child or children, of such poor person shall be conveyed thither." Another noteworthy clause provided: "That no person or persons convicted in any Court of Justice in Great Britain or Ireland, or elsewhere, shall at any time, or under any circumstances, be transported as a convict to any place within the limits hereinbefore described."

So far so good. There is no doubt that the new colony started under the most favourable auspices. But Wakefield and most of his supporters at home were entirely ignorant of the nature of the country they proposed to populate, and were too ready to take for granted the fact that work would be found for all. The story of South Australia's early years is one of misunderstandings, overbearing and fatuous policy, extravagance with public money, and dissensions between the Governor and settlers. It was not until Captain (afterwards Sir) George Grey assumed the reins of office and developed the colony on business-like lines, that a lamentable failure was averted and a prosperous future ensured.

But the history of Australia's welding into a nation cannot be told in these pages. Enough has perhaps been said to give the reader some idea of the conditions of the island-continent in the first years of her making, and from this point the record of mounted police work may be fitly taken up.

MOUNTED CONSTABLE AND BLACK TRACKERS STARTING ON A PATROL.

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CHAPTER III

THE FIRST POLICE

Formation and equipment—Donohue the bushranger—End of a notorious gang—Police Magistrates appointed in Sydney—Police and gaol charges—The Act of 1838—Increase of the force—A smart capture—The penalty of carelessness—Transportation to New South Wales abolished—Patrols on the main roads—Uniforms and arms—Captain Zouch—"Scotchey"—Captain Battye and the Western Patrol—"Sticking up" a mail coach—Capture of Day and Wilson—Locating the "plant"—Trouble on the Goldfields—The affair at Lambing Flat—Police charge the mob—The lesson of the riot.

THE first body of mounted police formed in Australia, that is, in New South Wales, was called into being by Governor Brisbane in 1825. As has been already noted, the members of this force were recruited mainly from the infantry regiments serving in the colony, so that it began with a distinctly military character. To further emphasise this the uniform worn was very much like that of the 14th Light Dragoons, consisting of a shell jacket with white facings, blue pants with white stripe, and a cap without a peak. This was for full dress order. When accoutred in bush uniform the men wore a patrol jacket and trousers, and a cabbage-tree, or Leghorn, hat. The arms used were sabre, carbine and horse pistols.

At first this force was of very low strength. Two officers and thirteen troopers is the total given. With this small complement it entered upon its duties forthwith, for several bushrangers of more or less notoriety were terrorising

the settlers. Donohue was then working the Sydney district. This man is described as being a particularly bad specimen of the escaped convict. Of middle height, he was powerfully built and possessed a violent temper, while he was daring to the point of bravado. With him were associated three other men, all of them convicts, but of these only two call for mention, Walmsley and Webber.

"During four years," says Mr. White, in his *History of Bushranging*, "the country rang with reports of their desperate deeds, to narrate which in detail would fill a volume. Cases of 'sticking up' on the road or in houses were of daily occurrence. Settlers and others were robbed, completely stripped, and left in the bush to make their way home as best they could. Nor did the ladies even escape, for there were several instances in which it was related that the robbers had taken the earrings from their ears, and the rings from their fingers—these outrages being committed close to Sydney.

"A Mr. Eaton was proceeding from Sydney towards Liverpool on horseback when Donohue or one of his gang fired at him from the side of the road and severely wounded him. After he had fallen two members of the gang robbed him of his money and valuables and a portion of his clothing, and then decamped, leaving him bleeding in the road. Before nightfall, however, some settlers on their way to town picked up Mr. Eaton and carried him home.

"Next day a young man who had gone up to inspect some cattle at Liverpool was deliberately shot in the neck and chest when on the road, and as Donohue and Underwood (another of his companions) were then in the neighbourhood they received credit for the outrage. No attempt was made to rob the victim, who was left lying on the road."

The *Australian* and other newspapers of the day were loud

in their demands that this bushranging gang should be exterminated, and that the roads between Parramatta and Liverpool should be well patrolled. The police were too few in number and too scattered to do much good by themselves. All attempts to catch the desperadoes were futile until a body of influential citizens took the matter in hand. Then one day the attacking force, strengthened by a number of mounted troopers, surprised Donohue in his retreat in the bush, and a desperate fight took place. In the end Donohue was shot. Later on his chief associates, Walmsley and Webber, were captured, the latter being hanged, while the former was sent to the gaol in Van Diemen's Land.

It was in 1833, when Mr. R. Waddy was in command of the mounted police of the colony, that an important step was taken towards superseding military rule by civil tribunals. In that year Governor Bourke passed a law (4 William IV, No. 7,) which provided for the appointment of two or more Police Magistrates for "the Town and Port of Sydney," these officials being empowered to enrol a certain number of suitable men for a Police Force for the said town and port, in order to check robberies and capture felons. Governor Brisbane's Mounted Police force had been under military jurisdiction, as it had been military in its establishment. Henceforward the police were to be more under civil control, and persons arrested by them were to be tried by the magistrates.

At this juncture, too, the annual charge for police and gaols underwent supervision. The Patriotic Association, of which William Charles Wentworth [1] was the spokesman and which aimed at many reforms in the constitution, severely

[1] Known as "the Australian Patriot"; the same Wentworth who with Blaxland and Lawson first crossed the Blue Mountains.

criticised the financial side of the Government. One point strongly urged was that Great Britain should bear the greater share of the expense incurred by the convicts, but the demand passed unheeded. Before 1834 police and gaol charges had been paid out of the military chest; in that year the British Secretary of State transferred the burden to the colonial revenues. This special form of taxation became a burning question with Wentworth and his followers, and they gave it no rest for several years.

In August of 1838, when Governor Sir George Gipps had succeeded Bourke, another Act was passed (the Border Police Act, 2 Victoria, No. 2,) which was designed to regulate the police in the towns of Parramatta, Windsor, Maitland, Bathurst, and other places in the colony, where Police Magistrates had been appointed with power to enrol constables. By this time the mounted force had increased to nine officers, a sergeant-major, and one hundred and fifty-six non-commissioned officers and men. All the officers were magistrates by virtue of their commission. As had been the case from the beginning, the majority of the rank and file were ex-soldiers, the best material that could then be obtained. Good shots and good riders, accustomed to discipline and—very often—versed in bush-craft, they were the ideal men to be the representatives of law and order.

The headquarters of the mounted police were at Sydney, the chief officer being the commandant. At Bathurst and other points were posts of varying strength, according to the needs of the district, and, what was of utmost importance, the main roads were now regularly patrolled by small parties. The reason for this latter special duty is not far to seek. As the colony developed with wider settlement the crime of horse and cattle stealing became more prevalent,

and the highways of traffic needed close watching to keep a check upon the raiders. Especially was this the case on the Great Western, Southern and Northern roads, the divisional headquarters of which were respectively Bathurst, Goulburn and Armidale. Many were the conflicts between the troopers and the cattle-thieves there, and rarely did a constable ride out upon his mission without literally carrying his life in his hands.

A good story is told of the capture of some bushrangers of this period, the gang having made very free with their neighbour's property. The hero of the incident was a prominent member of the mounted police.

"This gallant officer," says the chronicler,[1] "having to the surprise of the people and garrison of the town of ——, marched one day, as prisoners to the gaol, a body of bushrangers three or four times the strength of his own force, was asked by his admiring comrades how he had contrived this sweeping capture with such long odds against him. The readers of Joe Miller will recollect the Hibernian soldier who boasted, according to that veracious annalist, that he had made prisoners of a whole section of the enemy, single-handed, by surrounding them. Mr. —— not being an Irishman, did no such impossible thing. Stealing cautiously through the bush, with his little party of four or five men, he espied the banditti, in number about sixteen, busily cooking and eating in a hollow some thirty yards below where he stood—their arms piled a few paces distant. Leaving the men above with orders how to act, and creeping down the bank, he suddenly jumped into the midst of the robbers shouting out, 'Yield in the King's name, ye bog-trotting villains!' Then, looking up towards his party, 'Send

[1] Colonel Mundy in *Our Antipodes*.

down,' cried he, 'two file to secure the arms: stand fast the remainder, and shoot the first man that moves.' About twenty stand of arms were thus taken possession of, handcuffs were applied as far as they would go, and, incredible as it may appear, the disarmed banditti, with their teeth drawn, were safely conducted by the captain to a neighbouring township."

Yet another story of these early and stirring days examples the danger incurred by the police in the execution of their duty. It relates to a convict bushranger named Cummerford, a member of a gang headed by one Dignum. With his leader and another man Cummerford, quite a young fellow, had murdered six of their companions in order to free themselves for a life in the bush. Later on Dignum made a dastardly attempt to kill Cummerford, whereupon the latter betook himself to Melbourne, surrendered to the authorities and revealed the whole story of the crime. In due course the truth of this was proved by a search at the spot indicated by the informer, the remains of the murdered men being unearthed.

Cummerford himself had accompanied the search party, which consisted of a sergeant from an infantry regiment, a private soldier, and two police-constables. On the way back a sad tragedy occurred. Two of the warders—the soldier and a constable—separated from the others to turn back for some stores that had been left behind at the last camping-place. The prisoner, meanwhile, had so favourably impressed the sergeant by his bearing that suspicion was disarmed and he was less closely guarded than would have been the case otherwise. Whilst a halt was made for the evening meal the handcuffs were removed from Cummerford's wrists, to allow him freedom in eating. The sergeant

and the remaining constable, a man named Tompkins, then busied themselves with the fire, their weapons being placed against a tree. In a flash the bushranger saw his chance to escape, and seized it. Snatching at one of the guns he shot Tompkins fatally and jumped on a horse. The sergeant followed with as little delay as possible, but neither he nor the others of the party, who came up shortly after, could obtain sight of the fugitive. However, Cummerford was captured later, while raiding a station, and was eventually convicted and hanged.

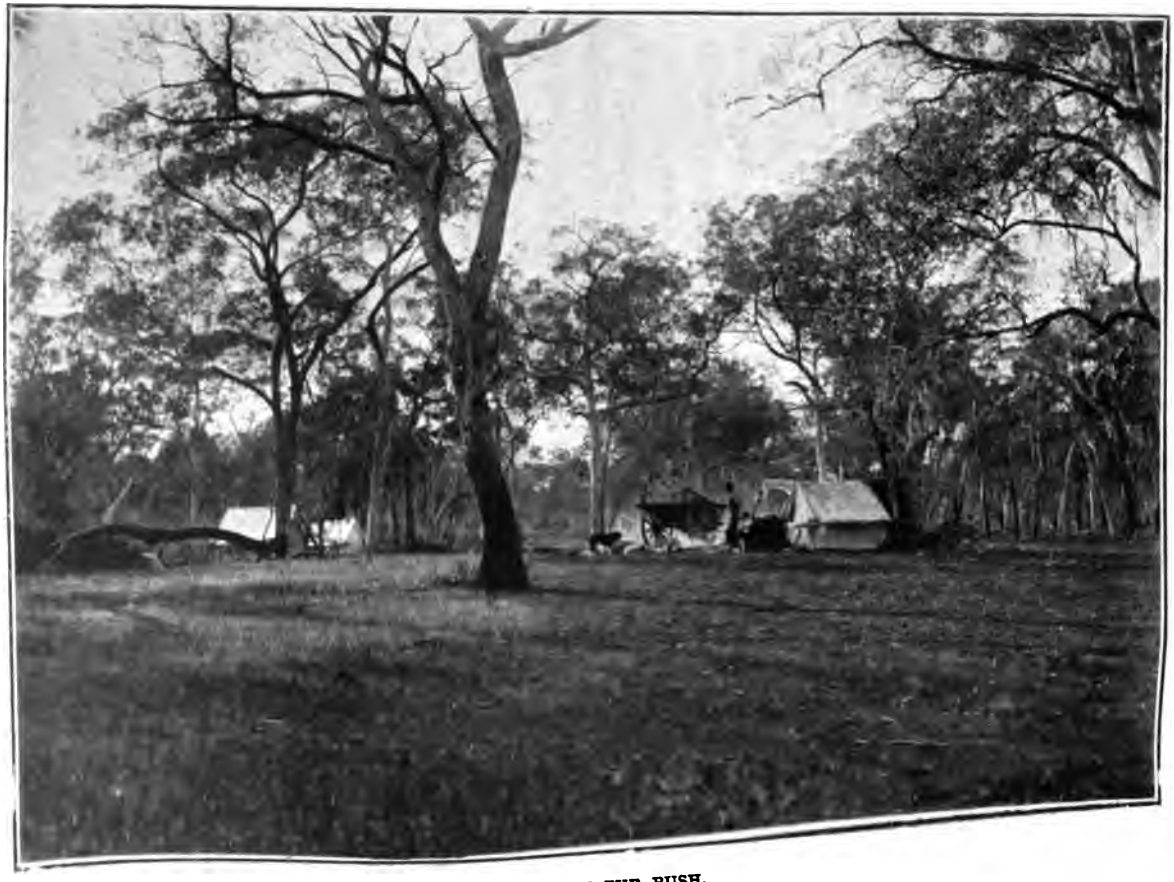
The records of the thirties and forties contain numerous instances of police bravery, as they do, unfortunately, of police recklessness and carelessness, like the case above noted. And if newspaper criticism was severe when outrages were committed with alarming frequency, it must be remembered that the small number of constables had to cover a wide extent of country, the greater part of which was bush, and that bush of a difficult kind. One can read between the lines, in examining these old records, that the troopers had quite as arduous a task before them, as had the later members of the force when what is known as the great bushranging era set in. Statistics go to show that in one year, 1840, crime had increased 50 per cent, on the previous twelve months' returns. This year 1840, by the way, is memorable for the fact that it saw transportation to New South Wales abolished. This was effected by an Order in Council, following upon urgent representations from the colonists. Van Diemen's Land and Norfolk Island were thereafter to be the only convict settlements in Australia.

As the most practicable distribution of the police force at command, the troopers were dispositioned on the three great roads of the colony. There were thus three divisions,

each in charge of a superintendent who had at his disposal about fifty men. At Bathurst was Captain Battye, at Goulburn Captain Zouch, and at Armidale Captain Scott. The headquarters division at Carter's Barracks in Sydney, it may be mentioned, was commanded by Captain M'Lerie, who acted as paymaster to all the patrols and who afterwards became Inspector-General of the force. As a rule, the troopers patrolled the roads in couples, looking out for and examining suspicious characters, and acting as escorts to individuals or to valuable property.

What were known as the Gold Police came into force in the early fifties, on the discovery of the goldfields, these being placed directly under the Gold Commission and having for their especial work the convoying of the gold-trains from the diggings. But a division of duty was not found to work satisfactorily. There was not an organised system of co-operation, and in 1859 the Gold Police as a separate body disappeared, to be merged into the various patrols.

The greater number of the troopers serving in the patrols were ex-military men, and their uniform maintained the military appearance of the earlier police of 1825. Full dress was very similar to that of the 13th Light Dragoons: blue trousers with white braid on sides, tight-fitting blue shell jacket with red facings, white collar and white shoulder-straps, glazed black cross-belt with cartouche box for ammunition for carbines and pistols, and cavalry swords with white sword-slings. For bush duty the sword was dispensed with, only the carbine and pistols being carried. A peakless round pill-box cap, with white band and white button on top, fastened by a chin strap, and high boots with heel spurs, completed the dress. For active service the



A CAMP IN THE BUSH.

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uniform consisted of blue cloth trousers without the stripe, and a large double-breasted blue jacket without facings, cap and boots being the same as before, except when the popular "cabbage-tree" hat was worn in hot weather, with often the addition of a green veil as protection against mosquitos. The Gold Police of the fifties were usually distinguished by light helmets.

The saddle in use at this time was the old military type, with horns and holsters for pistols. The trooper carried on it, behind him, a valise, and in front his cloak folded into a roll. While in the bush he was provided also with a saddle-bag containing an outfit for shoeing his mount. The horses acquired then were bigger and stronger than those of the present day, no horse being under 17 or 18 hands. Endurance on long trips was a qualification of more importance than speed.

In the Mounted Police Patrols the ranks were: trooper, corporal, sergeant, sergeant-major and superintendent. Inspectors and sub-inspectors were appointments of a later date.

It was on the Great Western and Southern Roads that the liveliest times were experienced. The latter highway was patrolled by the troopers under Captain Zouch, a famous figure in police history. A son of Colonel Zouch, who commanded a British regiment in the American war of 1812–14, Captain Henry Zouch went from home to Australia with the 4th Foot and was stationed at Sydney and Newcastle. In 1834 he was placed in charge of the military patrol at Bathurst, but on his regiment leaving for India some years later he sold out and settled down on an estate to breed horses. Such a capable man, however, was not to be overlooked by the authorities, and in 1851, Captain

Zouch was appointed Gold Commissioner for the Turon (now Hargraves) district, and soon afterwards was made Superintendent of the Southern Patrol.

Among the noted characters whom the Goulburn police hunted down in the forties was a convict absconder named "Scotchey." This ruffian at first frequented the Lachlan district, but later for purposes of private revenge, transferred his attentions to the Southern Road. A special object of his hatred was an overseer named Fry. With three companions "Scotchey" surprised his enemy on the latter's station and a fierce duel took place, ending in the bushranger's death. The mounted troopers, arriving on the scene, took up the pursuit and were successful in capturing the rest of the gang.

The commander of the Western Patrol, Captain Battye, was equally noted as a thief-catcher. His district, with Bathurst as headquarters, offered many temptations to the gentlemen of the road, and some brisk encounters between the police and the bushrangers frequently occurred. Here is the story of one exploit, partly gleaned from official records and partly from the lips of one who took part therein.

In the month of June 1859, the township of Hartley, near Bathurst, was thrown into commotion by the arrival of the stage-coach for Sydney with the startling news that it had been "stuck up." The mail-bags, containing several thousands of pounds in cash, bills and other forms, had been carried off by the robber, one man only having been seen at the time. Andill, the driver of the coach, stated that he had been compelled to surrender the bags. His two passengers were walking up the hill some distance ahead, and a gun levelled straight at him was an unanswerable argument. All that could be done now was to hasten back to the scene of the outrage and get upon the tracks of the thief.

A few of the mounted police then in the town at once rode off with Andill to the spot, but the closest search failed to reveal anything. As a matter of fact, the bushranger, an ex-convict named Day, had been joined by a mate soon after securing his booty, and the two had made off to a favourite retreat in the scrub. There, while the troopers were scouring the country, they were engaged in sorting out the more valuable of the letters and packets.

Day, it may be said, was one of the Van Diemen's Land "irreclaimables" who had worked out his sentence at Port Arthur and then betaken himself to New South Wales. He was known at the Turon diggings, whither he went with the crowd at the time of the gold-rush, and known also at other places as a blacksmith by occupation. Trade must have been dull, or, like so many other old "lags," he could not resist the "call of the bush," for after some years of comparative honesty, he suddenly disappeared to make his debut in a new rôle. The chief object he had in view, it was afterwards learned, was the gold-train from the fields, which had passed over the same route on the previous day. Owing to the number of armed police in the escort Day and his companion had thought better of their plans and allowed it to go on its way unmolested.

The "sticking up" of the coach had been done in broad daylight. Late the same evening the police at Hartley gained the first news of the robbers. A messenger from "Walton's," a well-known hostelry on the Mudgee road about a dozen miles distant, informed the chief constable that his master believed the man wanted was in the house. There were two men, he went on to add, and they were under lock and key on suspicion.

"You can bet we were not long in following this up,"

said the police officer who related the sequel to the writer. "Two troopers rode off to Walton's and jumped on the men in their rooms. What they found there was pretty clear evidence—money in gold and notes, and a letter presumably stolen from the mail. Our fellows brought the pair back to the station, where they were safely locked up. In the morning we tried their boots in the tracks on the road and found they fitted exactly.

"An hour or so later Captain Battye came into town and examined the prisoners himself. As it was desirable to get some or all of the stolen property, he ordered a party to saddle up, as he meant to make a search in the bush. We started out after noon, taking with us the prisoner Wilson, Day's accomplice. This chap, we found, had a grudge against Day, and Battye thought he might be induced to 'split.' It was worth trying, anyhow. But Wilson perhaps thought he might get a lighter sentence than the other, and lift the stuff they had planted before Day got out of gaol, so he kept his face shut and said nothing. The Captain, however, was too old a hand to be bluffed.

"'All right, my man,' he said, 'we can wait if you're going to play that game. As it's getting dark we'll camp for the night. I shall chain you to a tree and you can think it over.'

"Wilson thought it over very quickly. It was cold at nights, being winter, and he didn't relish the prospect. Besides which, he saw that our Captain meant business.

"'I'll own up,' he said, 'the stuff's a good way off yet, but I'll take you straight to it.'

"Having learned where the 'plant' was, we rode back to Hartley for the night, and left the search for the next day. Then, with Wilson leading the way, we started off again on a

forty miles' trip, about fifteen of which we did on foot. And we found the stuff buried in a gully, all, that is, that they had not destroyed. In the end Day received a long sentence of penal servitude. Wilson was to have been brought up for trial, and would no doubt have been let off as he turned Queen's evidence, but he broke out of prison and got clear away. No one ever saw him again that I know of."

What other scenes were enacted on the Western and Southern Roads when Gardiner and his imitators had their day will be told in a later chapter. Before passing on to these more notorious bushrangers it is important to detail the events that led up to a notable development in police history. Up to this date there was little co-ordination in the force. Each branch of the police, the patrols, the escorts, guards and town constables, had its own chief; the time was approaching for a more systematic arrangement. This became the more urgent when, on the opening up of the new goldfields in New South Wales and Victoria, some alarming riots occurred and the resources of the police were taxed to their utmost.

In 1854 occurred the famous affair of the Eureka Stockade, at Ballarat.[1] A few years later came the outbreaks at Jembaicumbene, near Braidwood, and at Kiandra. The Southern Patrol was called upon to deal with both these latter disorders, and hard work did the troopers have in restoring peace among the miners. At Kiandra the reserve force from Carter's Barracks, Sydney, under Captain M'Lerie, was summoned to assist, so determined was the attitude of the rioters.

But Lambing Flat, in 1861, did most to effect a change in affairs. On the rush to this field taking place a population

[1] See p. 100 for full account.

of nearly five thousand was scattered over the ground in huts and tents. There were plenty of genuine diggers, of course, anxious to try their luck on new claims, but with them came a large number of the worse types, including ex-convicts who expected to reap a golden harvest from their neighbours. There came, also, a body of Chinamen, of whom numbers were always to be found at these rushes. It was this element which precipitated the trouble.

The Chinamen had settled themselves at Tipperary Gully, on the fringe of the Flat. The laws of the mining fields did not allow foreigners to pitch their camps among the white men. But though they had complied with this regulation, and behaved themselves in as orderly a manner as could be wished, they were not to be left in peace. The lawless ones among the diggers made up their minds that the "Chinks" were not to be tolerated so close, and at a "Miners' Protective League" meeting a resolution was passed that they should be driven out. The agitators did not let the grass grow under their feet. One night, before the police had any warning of their intention, over a thousand armed miners made a swoop down on the unsuspecting Chinamen in the Gully and swept it clear from end to end. Huts were burned, property was destroyed, the Celestials were sent flying for their lives, and all their hard-earned gold was carried off.

At the police station on the fields was only a handful of men, insufficient to cope with any serious disorder. When news of the riot came, therefore, the sergeant in charge (Saunderson) [1] sent off for reinforcements. These arrived eventually, but in the meantime the first step had been taken by arresting three of the supposed ringleaders.

[1] Afterwards superintendent of the Bathurst district.

The latter were confined in the lock-up, which, as at all bush stations, was roughly composed of timber and was guarded by a strong outer stockade. No immediate attempt at rescue was made by the miners, but the calling up of extra mounted police was soon to be justified.

"The police camp was quiet at eight o'clock that night," says one account, "yet expectant, for it was known that the mob was gathering in the streets of the township, and presently the sounds of music and revelry were heard. The band played 'Garryowen,' 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer,' and 'See the Conquering Hero Comes,' and thus the crowd marched forward towards the stockade, carrying banners and numbering between 2,500 and 3,000 strong. The police were drawn up outside the stockade awaiting their coming. The mounted police were in two divisions, thirty in one and fifteen in the other. These men were posted on the right and front wing of the stockade. The footmen and others were drawn up in front of the left wing. In all the police force numbered less than a hundred men. For arms they had carbines and pistols, the mounted troopers having also swords. Captain Zouch and Mr. Griffin, the Gold Commissioner, took command of operations, under them being Sub-Inspector M'Lerie, (the son of Captain M'Lerie of the Sydney detachment), and Sergeant-Major Stevenson, an officer of tried experience."

Having come near to the stockade, the leaders of the mob announced that they demanded the release of the prisoners. Captain Zouch replied that this could not be done, that the men in custody would be brought before the court in the usual course; and both he and Mr. Commissioner Griffin did their best to persuade the excited miners to disperse peacefully. Little heed, however, was paid to their words. The

mob was bent on freeing the prisoners, and it was evident by the free display of weapons on their part that they would not stop at violence to effect their object. Some of the prominent malcontents now proposed to have an interview with the prisoners. This was granted, and a body of miners entered the stockade under police escort. The result of their mission was only to further inflame the crowd's resolve to free their comrades at any cost. Wild cheers and cries of " Have 'em out ! Burn the gaol down ! " broke out, and the police saw that matters were approaching a crisis.

" Very well," said Mr. Griffin, " the blame may rest with you." The Commissioner then repeated from memory the words of the Riot Act, in answer to which the mob opened fire with a volley. At this Captain Zouch ordered the police to advance, whereupon Sub-Inspector M'Lerie, at the head of his division of mounted police, charged at the crowd with drawn swords. The miners' ranks broke before this onset, and although constant firing was kept up at the troopers there was no organised opposition. Behind the mounted men came the foot-police, firing steadily at intervals and helping to drive the rabble towards the Burrangong Creek. M'Lerie's troopers now rode back to re-form, and the other division, under Sergeant-Major Stevenson, galloped forward to complete the rout. As it was now dark this was no easy task, but by this time the miners were beginning to lose spirit. Once more an attack was made upon the stockade, and once more a determined charge by the mounted troopers carried the day. Scattered in all directions, and many of them badly wounded by swords and bullets, the rioters melted away and by 3 a.m. the battle of Lambing Flat was over.

But although the first victory had fallen to the police the trouble was not ended. Eight miners had been killed in

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late Inspector General, New South Wales Police Force.

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the skirmish, and the fate of these added fuel to the fire of the mob's resentment. In the morning there was a general roll-up. Every able-bodied man at the diggings was impressed into service, arms and ammunition were secured in large quantities, and the men prepared for an assault on the police stockade that should be final. It looked as if there were going to be much bloodshed, and in no little alarm the non-combatant settlers fled with their families into the hills for safety.

The situation was now so serious that Captain Zouch thought it wisest to carry off his prisoners to Yass and apprise the Government of what had occurred. This was accordingly done. The Colonial Secretary, Mr. Cowper, recognised the urgency for dealing quickly and sharply with such an outbreak, and ere long a large body of soldiers, bluejackets (from H.M.S. *Fawn* lying at Sydney), and police were marching towards the diggings. They arrived to find Lambing Flat in a state of anarchy. The mob had wreaked its vengeance first by burning down the police station, and had then proceeded to wreck every other Government building on the fields. At the sight of so formidable an array, however, the miners gave up the struggle. From that time peace was restored, and the Flat experienced no further trouble from rioting.

On its side the Government had also learnt a lesson. It was clear to Mr. Cowper that the existing police system was unsatisfactory, with its numerous sub-divisions that acted independently of each other and had no cohesion. The outbreak on the goldfields was to be responsible for a new order of things, for a statute which was to formulate a force that would meet all the varied requirements of the colony. In 1862 the present Police Act (25 Vict. No. 16) passed into law.

CHAPTER IV

EARLY BUSHRANGERS

1812–1846

Their origin—The " bush "—Van Diemen's Land types—Jeffries and Dunne—Michael Howe—Repeated escapes—A price on his head—Capture and death—Matthew Brady—The fate of a traitor—Attack on Sorell Gaol—Surrender to John Batman—Misplaced sympathy—" Mosquito," bushranger—Martin Cash—Daring escape from Port Arthur—Threat to Sir John Franklin—A successful trap—In New South Wales—Outbreak at Bathurst—Mounted Police and soldiers in the field—The Bushrangers Act—Unwarranted arrests—" Farm constables "—Jackey Jackey—A Norfolk Island rising.

BUSHRANGING may be said to have had its origin in two causes. In the first place, there was the ineradicable taint in many of the convicts which impelled them to revert to a career of crime with or without reason. The natural instincts of the thief and murderer demanded to be satisfied. Secondly, life in the road-making gangs or under a tyrannical master was often accompanied by tortures which maddened a man to desperation. With the bush at their very doors, there was every temptation to burst their bonds and try the hazard of fortune in the wilds.[1]

[1] As every escapee who took to the bush was styled a " bushranger," the term was sometimes applied to men who sought this mode of life without actually staining their hands with crime. These, however, were not in the majority. Most of the convicts who broke prison were driven to commit robberies in order to live. In the official *Gazettes* of the day one finds the synonymous terms " bolter " and " absconder " almost as freely used.

But very few of the convicts who thus escaped from serfdom enjoyed their freedom for any length of time. Some were killed by the blacks, ever on the look-out for isolated white men; others were shot down red-handed by soldiers and police; others again were captured to expiate their crimes on the gallows, or to be sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.

In speaking of the Australian "bush," be it said, one is using a term which covers a variety of country. That of the eastern and south-eastern states is mostly characterised by gum-trees, black-green eucalypti, more or less thickly clustering on gently undulating plains. These level stretches extend for many hundreds of miles in unbroken monotony. Where the mountain ranges break the sweep of the plains the traveller finds more attraction in the mountain ash and the box-tree, and the thick tangle of bush and fern which clothe the slopes. On the broad reaches of the plain there is no undergrowth, only grass which is burnt to a dull brown in the heat of summer. This is one kind of "bush," a country that as a rule well repays for the labour of clearing and cultivation. Very different is the "bush," or "scrub," of the interior of southern and western Australia, where the trees are replaced by stunted clumps of shrubs and by spiny spinifex; where the grass gives place to dreary wastes of sand and stone; and where there is a scarcity of water.

It is in these vast expanses behind the mountain ranges that the sheep and cattle stations, Australia's principal source of wealth, are to be found. Behind them again, stretching farther and farther back, it is still "bush" of one kind or another, a little-known country which the bushman speaks of as the "back of beyond," the "Never-Never land," and of which he will tell you new and wonderful stories without

and in his absence the rest of the gang continued the game merrily. Then Howe began to weary of inaction. One morning, while taking exercise under the supervision of a single constable, he escaped again and was soon with his old associates. Of these only a few remained, but fresh members swelled the number, for other convicts were at large in the bush ready for any enterprise.

By the treachery of one of the gang Howe was a second time brought within reach of the law. He was disarmed and bound and conducted along the road to Hobart Town, where a handsome reward awaited his captors. But once again the bushranger proved one too many for them. Getting a hand free he drew a knife, stabbed one of his two guards, and with the fellows gun shot the other dead. Thenceforth he could entertain no hope of leniency on the part of the Governor. The life of the hunted was to be his lot, and he betook himself to the bush to play it out to the end.

In order to expedite the capture of this desperate criminal Governor Sorell offered a large reward, to which was added the promise of freedom and a passage home if the fortunate claimant were a convict. This bait had the desired result. A transported sailor named Jack Worrall got in touch with one Warburton, a former companion of the bushranger. The two of them laid their plans carefully and Howe's career came to an end. The manner in which this was effected is best told in the actual words of Worrall himself.

"I was determined," he says, "to make a push for the capture of this villain, Mick Howe, for which I was promised a passage to England in the next ship that sailed, and the amount of reward laid upon his head. I found out a man of the name of Warburton, who was in the habit of hunting kangaroos for their skins, and who had frequently met Howe

during his excursions, and sometimes furnished him with ammunition. He gave me such an account of Howe's habits that I felt convinced we could take him with a little assistance. I therefore spoke to a man named Pugh, belonging to the 48th Regiment, one who I knew was a most cool and resolute fellow. He immediately entered into my views, and having applied to Major Bell, his commanding officer, he was recommended by him to the Governor, by whom he was permitted to act, and allowed to join us; so he and I went directly to Warburton, who heartily entered into the scheme, and all things were arranged for putting it into execution.

"The plan was this: Pugh and I were to remain in Warburton's hut, while Warburton himself was to fall into Howe's way. The hut was on the River Shannon, standing so completely by itself, and so out of the track of anybody who might be feared by Howe, that there was every probability of accomplishing our wishes, and thus 'scotch the snake,' as they say, if not kill it. Pugh and I accordingly went to the appointed hut. We arrived there before daybreak, and having made a hearty breakfast, Warburton set out to seek Howe. He took no arms with him, in order to still more effectually carry his point, but Pugh and I were provided with muskets and pistols. The sun had just been an hour up when we saw Warburton and Howe upon the top of the hill coming towards the hut. We expected they would be with us in a quarter of an hour, and so we sat down upon the trunk of a tree inside the hut, calmly waiting their arrival. An hour passed, but they did not come, and I crept to the door cautiously and peeped out. There I saw them standing within a hundred yards of us in earnest conversation; as I learned afterwards, the delay arose from Howe suspecting

that all was not right. I drew back from the door to my station, and about ten minutes after this we plainly heard footsteps and the voice of Warburton.

"Another moment and Howe slowly entered the hut—his gun presented and cocked. The instant he espied us he cried out 'Is that your game?' and immediately fired, but Pugh's activity prevented the shot from taking effect, for he knocked the gun aside. Howe ran off like a wolf. I fired but missed. Pugh then halted and took aim at him, but also missed. I immediately flung away the gun and ran after Howe; Pugh also pursued; Warburton was a considerable distance away. I ran very fast; so did Howe; and if he had not fallen down an unexpected bank, I should not have been fleet enough for him. This fall, however, brought me up with him; he was on his legs and preparing to climb a broken bank, which would have given him a free run into the wood, when I presented my pistol at him and desired him to stand; he drew forth another, but did not level it at me. We were then about fifteen yards from each other, the bank he fell from being between us.

"He stared at me with astonishment, and to tell you the truth, I was a little astonished at him, for he was covered with patches of kangaroo skins, and wore a black beard—a haversack and powder horn slung across his shoulders. I wore my beard also, and a curious pair we looked. After a moment's pause he cried out, 'Black beard against grey beard for a million!' and fired. I slapped at him, and I believe hit him, for he staggered, but rallied again, and was clearing the bank between him and me when Pugh ran up and with the butt-end of his firelock knocked him down, jumped after him, and battered his brains out, just as he was opening a clasp knife to defend himself."

ON THE TRAIL IN THE BACK COUNTRY.
1. A Mounted Police Camel Train. 2. Crossing a River.

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It was a dog's death, and very far removed from the end that Howe had pictured for himself. He kept a diary in which he wrote down some of the ambitious dreams that occupied his mind. It was his hope to have become the chief of a great band and so powerful that he could set the law at absolute defiance. He more than once asserted openly that many of the police who were seeking him were actually in league with the gang, and this fact it is not hard to believe when we remember that nearly all the constables were prisoners of the Crown and not of unimpeachable integrity.

The case of Matthew Brady is the more interesting because it serves to reintroduce to us that fine old Victorian pioneer, John Batman. In Brady, too, we have a striking example of a scoundrel elevated to the position of a hero and martyr by a wave of false sentiment. Too much has been made of the romantic side of bushranging in the past; one must deprecate a tendency to glorify the deeds of men who were nothing more than despicable, hardened thieves and cut-throats. A great gulf stretches between the well-accoutred, somewhat dandy bushranger of fiction, with his fine chivalry and bold bearing, and the Simon Pure ruffian who so often killed for the mere lust of killing, who betrayed his comrades without hesitation to save his own neck, and who led a life of intermittent hardship and misery.

Brady's strong appeal to the minds of his sympathisers was his attitude towards women. By official designation a "gentleman convict," [1] he was scrupulous in treating them well and in preventing any act of violence on the part of his

[1] According to the loose system of classifying convicts in vogue in the early days of transportation, they were divided into three classes as "town thieves," "rural labourers," and "gentlemen." By this last term were indicated those who were educated men.

followers. Whether it was actual chivalry or a mere pose which his astute mind suggested would serve him eventually, it was admittedly a good trait in his character. But there is nothing else to commend him. He figures in the "Newgate Calendar" of Australia as a common type of criminal, remarkable only for possessing rather more skill and audacity than some of his fellows.

It was in 1824 that Brady reached Van Diemen's Land as a convict. He made up his mind to escape from the rigours of the Macquarie Harbour penal settlement at the earliest opportunity, and not many months had gone by before he was in the bush with half-a-dozen companions. By reason of his unusual height and strength, coupled with an air of command, he assumed the leadership of the band. His followers were sworn to obey him implicitly, and were impelled to keep their oath by the certainty that Brady would have killed them ruthlessly on the least suspicion of treachery.

As an illustration of his merciless treatment of an enemy the following story is told. He was once betrayed by a member of his gang and caught by the soldiers while asleep in a hut. As he lay helpless on the floor, with arms well bound with rope, he asked his two guards for a drink of water. Very foolishly both men went out to fill a bucket at the stream. It was night time and a fire blazed near the hut door. Brady rolled quickly towards it, held his hand out over the flames and burnt his bonds. When the soldiers returned their prey had escaped. It was only a week later that the informer fell into Brady's hands. The bushranger was at his supper when the traitor was brought before him. "I will give you while I eat my meal," he said curtly; "you can say your prayers." After he had finished he ordered

the doomed man to walk to a tree some yards away, but ere the other had taken many steps Brady put a bullet through his head.

After several minor escapades—raids in which they plundered settlers, burnt down houses, and incidentally shot several people—Brady and his gang conceived the bold idea of attacking the gaol at Sorell, near Hobart, and freeing the prisoners. The plan was carried out successfully. The bushrangers descended on the district, made some prisoners, lay by until night, and then took the soldier-warders by surprise. Most of the latter, with the other captives, were locked up in the cells, the original inmates of which had now been given their liberty. As a final artistic touch before departing, Brady dressed up a log of wood in a soldier's tunic, set a cap on it, and left the effigy propped up against the gaol door with a musket alongside.

This deed of daring put a bigger price on Brady's head, and set police and self-enrolled thief-takers eagerly searching for his whereabouts. But the band had a safe retreat in the fastnesses of the hills; they knew every path and gully, and laughed at the efforts made to run them down. To show his contempt for the Governor, who offered a tempting reward for his capture, the bushranger retorted with an insulting notice that was posted publicly in Hobart. It read thus—

"Mountain Home, April 25.—It has caused Matthew Brady much concern that such a person known as Sir George Arthur is at large. Twenty gallons of rum will be given to any person that will deliver his person unto me.

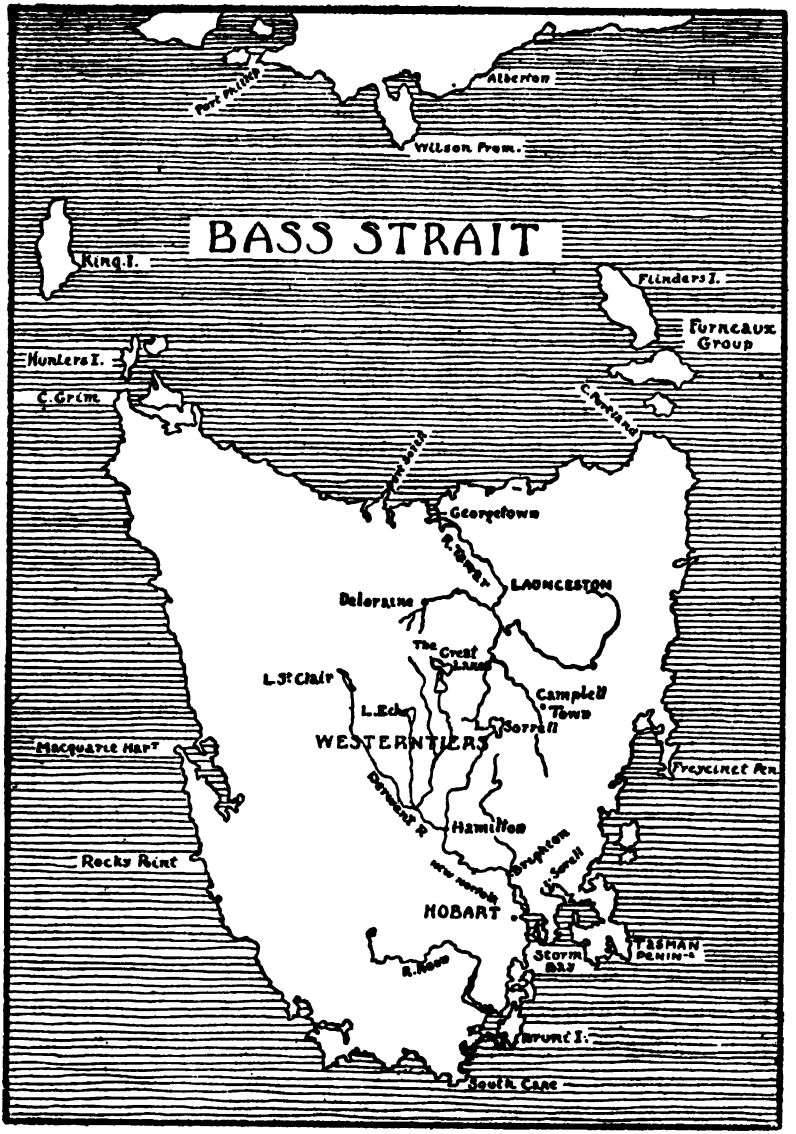
"(*Signed*) M. BRADY."

However, Brady had to face the common end of such evil

doers as himself. Stragglers from the gang were cut off and caught, others deserted. Gradually his followers decreased in number, until at last the bushranger leader found himself alone in the wilds, with the hue and cry concentrated upon him. He had been badly wounded in the leg in one encounter with his pursuers, and he must have realised that the game was about up.

To John Batman of Launceston belongs the credit of capturing Brady single-handed. The settler, who was an experienced bushman, spent many days searching the hill country and in time got upon the other's tracks. Then one morning the two met. The bushranger, a pitiable object in his ragged clothes, haggard and dejected, covered Batman with his gun. "Are you a soldier?" he called out, observing that the settler had on a military forage cap. Batman reassured him on this point and revealed his identity. "You'd better surrender, Brady," he said, "there's no chance for you." The bushranger lowered his gun, and after considering for some moments replied: "You are right, Batman; my time is come. I will yield to you because you are a brave man."

That was the end of Matthew Brady's career. The last scene of all was the scaffold whereon he paid the just penalty of many atrocious crimes. And, remarkable as it may appear, there were foolish sentimentalists in plenty to make a hero of him and endeavour to secure his pardon. Bonwick, in his history of bushranging, says: "Petition followed petition for his deliverance from the halter. Settlers told of his forbearance, and ladies of his kindness. His cell was besieged with visitors, and his table was loaded with presents. Baskets of fruit, bouquets of flowers, and dishes of confectionery prepared by his fair admirers, were tendered in



SKETCH MAP OF VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

abundance to the gaoler for his distinguished captive. The last moment came. The dramatic scene was maintained to its close. Pinioned, he stood on the scaffold, before a dense mass of spectators, who cheered him for his courage, or grieved bitterly for his fate. He received the consolations of the Roman Catholic faith ; he bade a familiar adieu to the gentlemen about him ; and he died more like a patient martyr than a felon murderer."

Such laudation of a criminal was a sad reflection on the society of the day, and is in striking contrast to the attitude adopted some time earlier while Brady was still at large. Then, in fear for their lives, a large number of settlers and their wives petitioned Governor Arthur (the successor to Sorell) to execute certain of the prisoners then in gaol, and thus obviate the possibility of any escaping to turn bush-ranger. It is stated that the Governor responded to the petition by hanging some forty.

The bushranger Mosquito was an aboriginal, a member of a Sydney tribe who suffered transportation to Van Diemen's Land for the murder of his gin. At Macquarie Harbour he was soon employed by the authorities in hunting escaped convicts, for his powers of tracking were exceptional. But the temptation to break prison himself was too strong to be resisted, and he finally made a dash for liberty. The next that was heard of Mosquito was that he had become the leader of a tribe of blacks at Oyster Bay. Over these natives he exercised unbounded influence, inducing them to aid him in harassing the whites. The island was soon startled by the commission of several atrocities. In one case it would be a settler's farm attacked and the brutal murder of all its occupants, men, women and children. In another the way-laying of some party whose mutilated remains in the bush

told the story of their fate. So terrible a pest did this blackfellow and his adopted tribe (they numbered about 200) become that a very big reward had to be offered before his capture could be effected. He was eventually tracked down by another native in the company of two police constables, and after making a desperate fight was badly wounded. The police carried him back to Hobart and there he was duly executed, together with another aboriginal, Black Jack, who had been prominently associated with him.

Of the same class as Howe and Brady, though of a later date, was the bushranger Cash. Martin Cash, to give him his full name, fell into evil courses by accident. Wrongly suspected of illegally branding some one else's cattle, and conscious that as an ex-convict he would be hardly dealt with, he fled the police and then stole and sold some animals belonging to a man who had defrauded him. Having defied the law he made an honest effort to keep straight, but circumstances were against him. The police followed too closely on his tracks in New South Wales and he accordingly took ship to Van Diemen's Land.

In the story of his life which he subsequently wrote Cash tells how he was again wrongfully charged with theft, and how, despite his innocence, he became convicted. Sentence to a penal settlement followed, but not for long. When out with a road party of prisoners he gave his guards the slip and hid himself in the bush. However, two days' freedom was all he secured; a search-party chanced upon his retreat and he was recaptured. As a dangerous criminal he was now heavily leg-ironed, while a closer watch was kept upon his movements. The chances of escape, one would have thought, were eliminated, but Cash was no ordinary man. Even in

these conditions he found opportunity to break his fetters, scale the high stockade surrounding the prison yard, and unobserved leave the settlement.

For a little over a year Cash eluded the vigilance of the police. Then one day he was identified by a constable, apprehended, and a third time re-sentenced to penal servitude. Another dash for liberty from Port Arthur and another recapture brought him still heavier punishment, and then, undeterred by his previous experiences, he made his final and successful escape. This time he found two companions —convicts named Kavanagh and Jones—ready to share his fortunes. The way to freedom was fraught with many difficulties. Armed sentries and big watch dogs patrolled the roads and every point on the two narrow strips of land that connected the peninsula with the mainland. But by clever manœuvring Cash led his mates through the cordon of soldiers and got clear away.

With fresh clothes and provisions obtained from farmhouses and other places which they visited the refugees entered upon a career of bushranging. Robbery followed robbery in quick succession and the colony experienced a sensation that it had not enjoyed for some years. Soldiers and police were baffled in their attempts to surprise them. Their raids were made with startling unexpectedness and with a daring that paralysed opposition. It was about this time that the three issued their famous threat to the Governor, Sir John Franklin, who had seized the person of Mrs. Cash on a charge of "receiving" and lodged her in Hobart gaol, "If the said Mrs. Cash is not released forthwith," they wrote, "and does not receive proper remuneration, we will in the first instance, visit Government House and, beginning with Sir John, administer a wholesome lesson in the shape

A CONFERENCE OF POLICE COMMISSIONERS, 1903.

(*From left to right*) MR. T. O'CALLAGHAN (Victoria). COL. L. MADLEY (S. Aust.). MR. W. E. PARRY OKEDEN (Queensland), CAPT. FRED HARE (W. Aust.). MR. F. RICHARDS (Tasmania). MR. T. GARVIN (N.S.W.).

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of a sound flogging. After which we will pay the same currency to all his followers."

There was every reason to believe that this impudent threat would be carried into execution, and the authorities were in no little alarm for their safety. That the police officials not actively engaged in the hunt were in some fear is evidenced by the following paragraph from the *Hobart Town Advertiser*, which Mr. White quotes in his account of Cash [1]:—

"So universal has been the panic among the police that the acting police magistrate, living in one of the most populous towns in the country and at a distance of several miles from the scene of their depredations, has actually applied for a military force for his own particular protection, fancying, as he alleges, that he may be carried off and obliged to pay ransom." The same paper, of a later date, contained the following: "The perfect insufficiency of the police to apprehend Cash and his troupe is at length acknowledged, after some months' unavailing efforts. The military have been in consequence ordered to their assistance. Thirty-nine men, under the command of Lieutenant Doreton and Mr. Stephenson, have been ordered to occupy several posts in the district which has been the scene of their daring exploits. Here, stationed at different points, they may intercept them in their progress when necessity compels them to leave their haunts, which their knowledge of the locality renders secure while they choose to remain in seclusion. We have no doubt that these measures will prove successful."

That these measures did not prove immediately successful was shown by fresh raids upon outlying settlers, whom the

[1] *History of Bushranging*, by Charles White. Vol. I.

to their haunt, but the position proved to be too strong, and the attacking party was forced to fall back. A number of mounted police under Lieutenant Brown, of Bathurst, similarly failed to dislodge them. A day or so later a detachment of police was brought from Goulburn by Lieutenant Macalister and a brisk engagement ensued. The convicts, well aware what fate awaited them on capture, were resolved to sell their lives dearly. They had obtained exceptionally good cover and from their vantage kept up a deadly fire. Macalister himself, it is stated, was struck in the arm, causing him to drop to the ground; but the lieutenant was not *hors de combat* yet, for using his wounded arm as a rest for his musket he fired in return and succeeded in hitting the leader of the bushrangers.

Despite the bravery of the mounted police it was found necessary to enlist the services of the military before the gang could be routed. Then, with a flanking movement, police and soldiers swept them from their position and all were captured. Ten public executions followed, these taking place at Bathurst. Others of the convicts received varying sentences of imprisonment.

The year 1830 which witnessed so sensational an outbreak is also notable for the passing of the "Bushrangers Act" (2 George IV, No. 10), which gave considerably enlarged powers to constables for the apprehension of suspected persons.[1] This important measure no doubt did much to lessen the evil at which it was aimed, but it was often the cause of wrongful imprisonment. With so many immigrants arriving in the colony, men fresh to the conditions of the new life, there was bound to be frequent misunderstanding. Old settlers have placed on record many

[1] See Appendix C.

instances in which young fellows who were genuine "new chums" were arrested by too-zealous constables and held for identification. One such may be quoted from a volume of reminiscences entitled *Settlers and Convicts*. Says the writer: "In travelling through the upper part of the Hunter I stopped a few days at one of the principal farms. During dinner the first day, the farm-constable arrested a traveller on suspicion of being a bushranger, and put him in confinement in a private lock-up, built on the farm. The man was kept there several days before any magistrate sat at the adjacent court to hear cases; and it then turned out that the man some years before had worked for that gentleman, who recognised him and discharged him. The poor fellow said he had come free to the colony twelve or thirteen years before, and was generally arrested twice every year under the Bushrangers Act. He had made application in one quarter and another for some protective document, till he was quite tired and had quite given it up. He had now made up his mind to it, and it did not affect him as it did at first. He slept the time away as well as he could, and was all the readier for work when he got out."

A native once informed the same writer that he had some time before passed seven weeks out of three months marching in handcuffs under the Bushrangers Act. Having been born in the colony he had no protective document whatever. Some busy farm-constable arrested him on suspicion of being a bushranger at one of the farthest stations at Hunter's River, where he was looking for work. After being taken in handcuffs to Sydney, over two hundred miles away, and discharged, he went to the Murrumbidgee on the same errand, where he was again arrested and forwarded in handcuffs to headquarters under the same law.

The "farm-constables" referred to were actually prisoners of the Crown who were still serving their sentences, and were appointed to act in this special capacity as guards over the other assigned convict servants. It was a practical illustration of the old adage, "Set a thief to catch a thief." As any such convict-constable was sure of freedom, or, at the very least, of a remission of his sentence, did he succeed in bringing any bushranger to justice, it is easy to see how zeal might outrun discretion. The Mounted Police must not be confused with these guardians of the law, and one may credit them with the exercise of more judgment. At the same time, there is fault to be found with them on some points. In the handling of their prisoners they were often brutal beyond reason. It was customary for a trooper to handcuff a prisoner to his stirrup-iron and compel him to run with the horse at trot or gallop. This led to much ill-usage, and the practice was discontinued by official orders after a bushranger, thus fettered, was killed by a horse that ran away with him.

A New South Wales outlaw of no little notoriety in the forties was Jackey Jackey. From this peculiar cognomen he has been written down by some writers as an aboriginal, but this is erroneous. Jackey Jackey in real life was William John Westwood, son of a Kentish farmer in the "old country" and transported convict in the new. On being shipped out to the colony in 1837 he was assigned to a Mr. King, at Gidleigh, but eventually absconded and turned bushranger. For mate at this time he had one Paddy Curran, a scoundrel who was hung at Berrima in 1841. After this loss Jackey Jackey carried on his depredations single-handed.

A too daring escapade landed him at last in the clutches of the law. The Goulburn Mounted Police were his captors

and they placed him in the lock-up at Bargo. From this prison he made his escape, taking with him a gun and pistol with which he promptly did some "sticking up." A horse was soon added to his equipment, and he was next heard of at the *Black Horse* Inn, on the Goulburn Plains, but his career received a check, for at this hostelry he was overpowered by the landlord and the latter's wife and daughter, aided by a convict servant.

Jackey Jackey was now sentenced to a life term and became a "Cockatoo bird." [1] He attempted to escape again by swimming from the island, but he and several others who made the attempt were overtaken and brought back. Thereafter he was despatched to Van Diemen's Land, "chained to a cable in the hold of the ship" along with other irreclaimables, and on the voyage broke loose to head a futile mutiny. At Port Arthur he kept up his record by making two escapes from gaol, on one occasion being nine days in the bush; then came his final exploit. Sent to Norfolk Island in 1846, he managed to organise an insurrection among the convicts.

With some four hundred at his back who had murdered their overseers, he led a march upon Government House. Fortunately there was a strong body of soldiers on the island, and the officers were men of courage and resource. The rebels had not proceeded far when they were met by a charge which broke up their ranks and threw them into confusion. Jackey Jackey's following melted away before he could re-form them, and he was speedily captured. His execution, with that of several other principals, put an end to risings among the Norfolk Island convicts.

[1] A prisoner on Cockatoo Island, in the Parramatta River, N.S.W. Many of the worst characters were sent thither.

CHAPTER V

THE RUSH FOR GOLD.—I

1851

A new era—First discoveries—Count Strzlecki's reports—Clarke and Murchison—The Daisy Hill nugget—Edward Hammond Hargraves—At the Californian diggings—Prospecting in the Blue Mountains—Summerhill Creek—The "rush" begins—Regulations and precautions—The Mounted Police—The exodus from Port Phillip—A Gold Discovery Committee—Victorian discoveries—James Esmond—Ballarat goldfields—Mount Alexander—Bendigo—Undesirable elements—The Influx of Criminals Prevention Act—Duties of the police—Mr. William Mitchell appointed Commissioner—Dodging the "Joeys"—A typical scene—Ex-Superintendent Brennan—The bushrangers outwitted—Another story of Gardiner.

THE opening up of the goldfields in New South Wales and Victoria marked a new era in the history of the Mounted Police. Not only was the scope of their work enlarged by the necessity for supervising mining camps and enforcing Government regulations; the sudden extraordinary development of the diggings was responsible for the force being placed on an entirely different basis. The Lambing Flat riots and other disturbances, to which reference has been already made, awakened the authorities to the fact that new conditions had arisen which demanded statesmanlike methods. It is important, therefore, to note how this state of affairs was brought about.

The discovery of gold in New South Wales properly dates from the valuable finds made by Mr. Edward Hammond

Hargraves in 1851. But the existence of the precious metal was known long before this. Convicts while at work making roads through the bush had unearthed nuggets, and it is stated that they were compelled to keep silence on the matter for fear that the news might unsettle the population and disturb the industries of the country. In 1823 an Assistant Surveyor, named McBrian, whilst examining the Fish River, some fifteen miles east of Bathurst, noted in his field-book: "At 8 chains 50 links to river and marked gum-tree, found numerous particles of gold in the sand and in the hills convenient to the river." This evidence of a goldfield in the Bathurst district was confirmed later (in 1839) by Count Paul Strzlecki, a distinguished geologist and mineralogist. He found gold-bearing quartz in the Vale of Clwydd, in the Blue Mountains, and communicated the intelligence to the Government; but, being fearful of disastrous consequences arising from the discovery being made known (there were 45,000 convicts in the colonies), Sir George Cripps imposed secrecy upon the Count. Strzlecki accordingly omitted mention of the fact in the book on New South Wales which he subsequently published.

From that time on, however, explorer after explorer brought back tidings of gold in and near the ranges. Of these pioneers the Rev. W. B. Clarke was undoubtedly the first to proclaim on true scientific grounds the "probable auriferous veins of Australia." Between 1842 and 1847 he found indications of gold in several places and made public the results of his investigations. At the same time we find Sir Roderick Murchison lecturing to the Royal Geographical Society in London on the striking resemblance between the Blue Mountains chain in Australia and that of the Ural in Russia, the similarity leading him to predict the presence of gold in the

former. He even went so far as to recommend Cornish tin-miners who wanted employment to emigrate to New South Wales and turn gold-seekers. That gold was actually there was proved again at Daisy Hill, in Victoria, where one, Thomas Chapman, happened on a nugget weighing 16 ounces. This was in 1849, and the lucky prospector was so afraid of the Government's disapproval that after selling his find to a Melbourne tradesman he fled to Sydney! His fears were not groundless, perhaps, for Mr. Latrobe, the Superintendent of Port Phillip, afterwards sent an officer with a detachment of native mounted police to that same Daisy Hill to prohibit any one digging for gold.

The year 1849 witnessed the great gold-rush to California, a rush, by the way, in which hundreds of New South Wales colonists joined, ignorant of the wealth that lay untouched at their very doors. This event was of great importance in itself, but greater in that it provided the key by means of which Australia's riches were at last unlocked. The story of Hargraves and his discoveries is one of the romances of our own times.

When news first came of the great finds in California, Hargraves was living quietly as a squatter a few miles out of Bathurst. He had done well for himself until droughts and floods brought disaster in their train and a great part of his fortune disappeared. In the four years after 1844 numbers of Australian farmers suffered from these calamities. It was in the hope of rehabilitating himself that Hargraves, like many others, set off for the Eldorado of the Pacific slope. He took ship to San Francisco and started out prospecting in the valley of the Sacramento. Two years were thus spent with varying fortune, Hargraves at the end having little cause for satisfaction with his change. But if California was slow

to yield him wealth it did him one good turn. It sent his thoughts chasing back to the rugged gullies of the Macquarie in his own land. The conviction formed in his mind that New South Wales contained a similar gold-bearing region.

Hargraves was no mere dreamer, he was a practical miner. A thorough examination of the rock strata in the Sacramento district made it clear to him that it was of the same formation as that in certain parts of New South Wales. The soil, too, was very similar. Once this belief in a probable Australian goldfield had taken hold of him, he could not shake it off. His mate, also from the Blue Mountains, was inclined to ridicule the idea, pointing out that geologists had already examined and reported upon those very gullies and creeks which he credited with hidden treasure. Why give up a substance for a shadow ? he urged. Hargraves in return argued that the expeditions of Strzlecki and other geologists had been made purely for scientific purposes, and that it required men with expert mining knowledge to recognise and properly appraise a goldfield. "That there is payable gold out there in the mountains," he said, "I'll stake my soul ! And I'm going back to find it ! "

Hargraves went back, and alone. His mate, unconvinced, stuck to the Californian diggings. On reaching Sydney in January of 1851 the returned gold-seeker raised just enough money to provide himself with a horse and provisions, and started out on a journey through the ranges. The 11th of February found him at an inn situated on one of the nearer slopes. Here he stopped, the landlady promising him that her son should guide him to the creeks in the neighbourhood. The next day Hargraves was conducted to Summerhill Creek, where he found his expectations realised. With pick and trowel and washing pan he prospected a great part of

the water-course, each trial giving palpable evidence of gold. He felt he was on the brink of a great discovery, as his record in his note-book bears witness. For many weeks after Hargraves devoted himself to prospecting the creeks and gullies all around, until he was satisfied that he had actually found an extensive gold-bearing region. Then, with some pride and exultation, he hastened to inform the Government of his discoveries.

At the first Hargraves was treated as a visionary, but by dint of perseverance he obtained recognition from the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Deas Thompson, and a guarantee of reward if his story proved to be true.[1] A Government Surveyor, who was instructed to proceed to the Summerhill Creek district, returned an enthusiastic report, confirming Hargraves' assertions. The authorities were still doubtful of the wisdom of proclaiming a goldfield in New South Wales, having in their mind's eye the wild scenes that had been enacted in California ; but they at last consented to a trial being made. In May a body of diggers, to the number of a thousand, went up to the field with Hargraves, and the first mining camp in Australia was formed. That was the beginning. In a little while news of the riches to be won from the mountains spread far and wide through the colony, and a wild rush for claims took place.[2] Men of every rank and profession flocked to the Turon Gully, to Lewis Ponds and other points, to the material loss of many industries. In the towns

[1] Hargraves' reward was £500, but this was subsequently increased by the New South Wales and Victorian Governments to £15,000. In 1877 he was voted a pension of £250 per annum.

[2] The sensational find of Dr. Kerr may be cited as one among many. A blackfellow on Kerr's station near the Turon called his master's attention to some glittering rock, which was promptly broken up. From the quartz and gold thus released, 160 lbs. of pure gold was obtained, the whole realizing £4,160.

and among the squatters, great apprehension was felt, owing to the scarcity of labour, and the Government was approached with a view to closing the diggings. The Governor-General, Sir Charles Fitzroy, was man of sense enough to see that he might as well endeavour "to stop the influx of the tide." He wisely directed his attention to controlling the goldfields, and drawing up regulations for their proper establishment.

The first step to be taken was to proclaim that gold was the property of the Crown and that licences must be procured by miners.[1] In the next place a body of foot and mounted police was detached for duty in the new fields. On 23rd May, 1851, a Government Order appeared, comprising clauses to the following effect: Digging was prohibited after 1st June, without a licence; "For the present, and pending further proof of the extent of the goldfield," the licence fee was to be fixed at thirty shillings per month; no person should be eligible to dig for gold unless he could produce a certificate of discharge, or prove to the satisfaction of the Commissioner that he was not a person improperly absent from hired service; rules adjusting extent and posi-

[1] The form of the licence, which varied slightly in wording from time to time, was as follows:—

GOLD LICENCE.

No..... 185....

The bearer.....having paid me the sum of ..... on account of the territorial revenue, I hereby license him to dig, search for, and remove gold on and from any such lands within the ..... as I shall assign to him for that purpose during the month of .....185...., not within half a mile of any head station.

This licence is not transferable, and must be produced whenever demanded by me or any other person acting under the authority of the Government.

(Signed) A. B.
Commissioner.

This licence is to be carried on the person, to be produced whenever demanded by any Commissioner, Peace Officer, or other duly authorised person, and is not transferable.

tion of land to be covered by each licence, and for the prevention of confusion, should be the subject of early regulation. It was provided by Mr. Deas Thompson that the revenue arising from the issue of licences should be placed at the disposal of the Colonial Government to meet the extraordinary expenditure incurred by this new development.

That a corps of mounted police could be formed and kept up to the required strength for service on the goldfields may well be wondered at in the light of the poor pay offered and the tempting inducements to desert. At the Turon, in 1851, a sergeant received (with provisions) 3*s*. 9*d*. per day, and a trooper 3*s*. 3*d*. It speaks highly for the character of the men that they remained loyal to their oath with very few exceptions. While people of all professions and trades were deserting their employment in towns, and sailors were running away from their vessels in harbour, to pick up ready-made fortunes on the goldfields, the police sat tight. Many of them, it should be said, were old hands, troopers who had served the Queen in line regiments previous to joining the mounted police of the colony. In this fine material the authorities had a force far superior to the Mounted Border Police, which had been formed in the squatting districts and since disbanded. Less care had been taken in the composition of the latter body.

Owing to the Colonial Secretary's care in drafting a scheme for the working of the fields, comparatively little difficulty was experienced from the outset. The precautions for keeping order, too, were rendered easier by the nature of the population. The majority of the miners were of the genuine kind, colonial born, and amenable to discipline. As they were scattered broadcast over several hundreds of miles along the main range they were better placed for police supervision

than if they had been compressed into one small area. But one disorder of any magnitude occurred. This was on the Turon goldfield, where a large number of diggers refused to pay the licence fee. Four hundred or more of them armed in readiness to resist the authorities by force, but on a strong body of mounted police and soldiers being dispatched to the scene the rioters lost heart and no further opposition was encountered.

The discovery of gold in Victoria followed close upon that in the sister colony. So many hundreds of men had deserted the Port Phillip district for the diggings, and depleted it of population at a critical period in its history,[1] that it was felt incumbent to provide a counter-attraction. At a public meeting held in Melbourne in 1851 a "Gold Discovery Committee" was formed to encourage search for payable goldfields within the State boundaries. A reward of £200 was offered to the first who discovered a field within a couple of hundred miles of Melbourne.

Gold-seekers were quick to set to work. The precious metal had been found already in some places, at Smythesdale in 1849, at Clunes in the following year, and in the Pyrenees by Dr. Bruhn, a German mineralogist. A discovery that made some stir was that of James Esmond, a one-time driver of the mail-coach between Buninyong and Horsham, in the vicinity of Ballarat. Like Hargraves, Esmond had tried his luck at the Californian diggings and, meeting with no success, had returned home in the same ship as the New South Wales man. To obtain a living he became a bushman on a station in the Pyrenees, where he chanced, one day, to meet Dr. Bruhn. The latter talked so glowingly of the prospects of

[1] The separation of Port Phillip from New South Wales, and its proclamation as the colony of Victoria, was on the point of accomplishment.

gold-finding in that district that Esmond and a companion who shared his hut determined to go a-venturing. What clinched the matter was the sight of some quartz specimens which the Doctor exhibited.

The two men "struck rich" at their first attempt. Deep Creek, a small stream running into the Loddon River, yielded gold in good quantities, and early in July a little band of diggers were hard at work with him developing the find. Esmond's discovery, however, proved to be an alluvial deposit which in time became exhausted. This brought disappointment, but in the meantime other prospectors had been busy, and new fields were being opened up. Gold was found near the Yarra River, only a few miles from Melbourne. More important still, it was reported from Buninyong, where a Mr. Hiscock had some remarkable specimens to show. After Buninyong came the revelation of the Golden Point and Specimen Gully finds, these leading immediately to the opening of the Ballarat goldfields.

The hidden riches of Victoria were laid bare at last. No more did the eager gold-seekers betake themselves over the border into New South Wales; there were more alluring opportunities for wealth close at hand. Ballarat received its "rush" in August of 1851. In the following month, so quickly did events move, Mount Alexander leapt into notoriety, and three weeks later the golden harvest of Bendigo was announced, a harvest which was to eclipse all others in value.

Within a brief period the new goldfields were literally swarming with people. Diggers to the number of eighty thousand spread themselves over Ballarat, Mount Alexander and Bendigo, bringing with them many elements which, unfortunately, did not promise well for the future. Of the

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"PANNING" FOR GOLD.

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65,000 immigrants who landed in Melbourne during the first year of the gold-rush a large proportion were undesirables —ex-convicts from Van Diemen's Land (soon to be known as Tasmania); adventurers of all nations, ripe for any chance to batten on the profits of others; and the rag-tag-and-bob-tail of the Western American diggings. It was a motley crowd, and the Victorian Government had good reason to view it with apprehension. As a safeguard against an illimitable inrush of ex-convicts an "Influx of Criminals Prevention Act" was hastily passed in 1852. By this measure everyone coming into the state from Van Diemen's Land was required to prove that he was not a convict of less than three years' freedom, otherwise he was refused permission to land. A heavy fine was the penalty for any ship's captain who brought over a convict to any Victorian port. But this precautionary legislation was somewhat late in the day. Too many of the scourings of Van Diemen's Land had already crossed the narrow straits.

To enforce the mining laws—based on those formulated by Mr. Deas Thompson in New South Wales—Mr. Latrobe, now Lieutenant-Governor, had but a small body of native mounted police at his command. The duties of the black troopers, or "Joes,"[1] as they were commonly called, were by no means light. In addition to ordinary police work, the maintenance of law and order in a mixed community, they had to constantly patrol the diggings and inspect mining licences, always a difficult and unpopular task. Many of the miners tried to evade what they considered to be an imposition and an annoyance, while others, for various reasons of ineligibility, had been unable to obtain licences. One

[1] This cant term for the police owes its origin to the fact that official mandates were signed "Joseph Charles Latrobe."

source of irritation was the insertion of a clause in the licence enjoining Sunday observance on the fields.

To provide a more efficient force of police for the goldfields Mr. Latrobe appointed Mr. (afterwards Sir) William Mitchell to the Chief Commissionership. This officer was successful to a great degree, and was the initiator of the cadet system, to which reference will be made later. At this period, 1852, there were two constabulary forces in Victoria, the County of Bourke Police (under that Captain Sturt who tracked down the *Nelson* goldship pirates), and the native Goldfields Police (under Captain Mair). It was Mitchell's proposal to combine these bodies into one, and this was in due course carried out.

The first open opposition to the licence fee was made at Golden Point towards the end of 1852, when the Government had announced that free digging would be permitted for the month of September. The object in view was the encouragement of what was then a new field. On the Gold Commissioners proceeding to these claims, however, they gathered that the yield had been an exceedingly rich one, and, wisely or unwisely, they attempted to levy a licence fee of fifteen shillings, half the customary amount. A storm of indignation at once broke out. With a man named Swindells as leader, the miners refused to comply with the demand. Violent meetings were held, one digger who had paid the tax was roughly treated, and for a time it looked as if a riot would follow. Happily, better counsels prevailed, and eventually the Government had its way.

An entertaining description of this tax-collecting at Ballarat is given by the author of *Life in Victoria*, who himself figured in many such scenes. He says :—

"W—— shouted down, 'Come up, boys—come along

quick ; the game is started ! ' And as I was being hoisted up I heard the swelling uproar and the loud chorus of ' Joes ' from every side. As I gained the surface everybody was in commotion—diggers with their licences lowering down their mates without them ; some, with folded arms, cursing the system and damning the Government ; others stealing away like hares when hounds are in the neighbourhood. Several ' tally-ho'd,' bursting from points where they could escape arrest, while ' Joe ! Joe ! Joe ! Joe ! Joe ! Joe ! ' resounded on all sides ; the half-clad Amazons running up the hill slopes, like so many bearers of the ' fiery cross,' to spread to the neighbouring gullies the commencement of the police foray. The police, acting on a preconcerted plan of attack, kept closing in upon their prey : the mounted portion, under the commander-in-chief, occupying commanding positions on the elevated ranges to intercept escape or retreat. A strong body of the foot force, fully armed, swept down the gully in extended line, attended by a corps of light infantry ' traps ' in loose attire, like greyhounds in the slip, ready to rush from the leash as the quarry started. But the orders of the officers could not be heard from the loud and continuous roars of ' Joe ! Joe ! Joe ! '—' Curse the Government !—the beaks, the traps, Commissioners, and all ' — ' the robbers,'—' the bushrangers,' and every vile epithet that could be remembered, almost into their ears.

" At length the excitement got perfectly wild as a smart fellow, closely pursued, took a line of the gully cut up with yawning holes, from which the cross planks had been purposely removed ; every extraordinary spring just carrying him beyond the grasp of capture, his tracks being filled the instant he left them, and the outstretched arm of the police within an inch of seizure in the following leap. I

myself was strangely inoculated with the nervous quiver of excitement, and I think I gave an involuntary cheer as the game and mettle of the digger began to tell. But there arose a terrific menacing outcry of 'Shame! shame!—treachery!—meanness!' which a glance in the direction of the general gaze showed me was caused by a charge of the mounted men on the high ground to head back the poor fugitive. I really thought a conflict would have ensued, for there was a mad rush to the point where the collision was likely to take place, and fierce vows of vengeance registered by many a stalwart fellow who bounded past me to join in the fray. A moment after the mounted men wheeled at a sharp angle, and a fresh shout arose as another smart young fellow flew before them with almost supernatural fleetness, like a fresh hare started as the hunted one was on the point of being run down. I marvelled to see him keep the unbroken ground, with the gully at his side impracticable for cavalry; but no, he made straight on for a bunch of tents with a speed I never saw equalled by a pedestrian. It was even betting, too, that he would have reached the screen first, when lo! he stopped short so suddenly as only just to escape being ridden down by the Commissioner—the Cardigan of the charge—who seized him by the shirt collar in passing.

"The rush of diggers now became diverted to the scene of capture. I hurried forward there, too, although fearing I should witness the shedding of blood and the sacrifice of human life. But as I approached I was agreeably disappointed at hearing loud roars of laughter and jeering outbursts of 'Joe! Joe!' amidst which the crowd opened out a passage for the crestfallen heroes, who rode away under such a salute of opprobrious epithets as I never heard before, for

the young fellow who led them the idle chase stopped short the moment he saw the real fugitive was safe, coolly inquiring of his captor 'What crime he was guilty of, to be hunted like a felon?' 'Your licence, you scoundrel!' was the curt reply. Upon which he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out the document, to the ineffable disgust of the police, who in grasping at the shadow had lost the substance."

The merry game of "Joe-dodging" had several variations. Sometimes the police would be lured below ground, whence they rarely emerged without having had to crawl through wet, muddy "drives," to the serious detriment of their clothes and persons. But that is only one side of the shield. Often enough the constables were successful in running down the non-licence holders, and had the satisfaction of marching off their prisoners for judgment. The usual fine, when a genuine digger was concerned, amounted to £5; in other cases terms of imprisonment were imposed.

More serious work awaited the mounted police when, as was frequently the case, acts of bushranging were reported. The gold escorts which left the fields *en route* for Melbourne offered strong temptations to the lawless element. Such a train would carry many thousands of ounces of gold, for the protection of which, often enough, only a handful of troopers could be spared. In dealing with Gardiner and other notorious raiders in a later chapter some account of notable gold-train "stick-ups" will be given. An instance of an attempt that failed in this connection occurs to us, and as the redoubtable Gardiner figures in it the story is worth telling. Our informant is Ex-Superintendent Martin Brennan, of the New South Wales Police, an officer who began his service in the old days of the Southern Patrol, under Captain Zouch.

"When I was a trooper," he said to the writer, "I was three years doing gold escort duty on the goldfields. On one occasion I formed one of a party of four men in charge of a consignment of specie and gold dust that totalled nearly 4,000 oz. We were detailed to convoy it from the Braidwood fields to Goulburn, about sixty miles distant. When we started the order was as follows: I rode in front as advance guard, then came a trooper leading the pack-horse laden with the gold, a third trooper rode alongside with a whip, and behind was Corporal Stafford, who was in charge. All of us were armed. We had been told to be exceptionally wary, as Gardiner, the bushranger, was known to be in the neighbourhood. He had stuck up one or two banks some days previously.

"The main road that we followed led through the township of Tarago, at which place there was a hotel. Here we intended to make a brief halt for refreshment and rest, and here it was that any attack contemplated would be made. Gardiner, I may say, was born near this part and was well acquainted with the road. As some precaution against surprise, therefore, we started out on our journey a full hour earlier than had been arranged. As a still further precaution I suggested to Stafford that we should take a short cut to Tarago by way of Lake Bathurst. He agreed, and I accordingly turned off sharp from the road at a certain point and struck into the bush.

"All the time, you may be sure, I kept my eyes wide open, but when, on nearing the lake, I saw a couple of men bathing I felt no cause for alarm. To my astonishment, however, the two no sooner caught sight of the police riding towards them than they promptly rushed from the water, seized their clothes and, nude as they were, jumped on their

horses, which were tethered close by. They rode off at full gallop. I spurred after them immediately, for I had recognised one of the men as Gardiner, and fired off my pistol. This weapon was a clumsy one of an old type and, I remember, made a noise like the report of a cannon! Then Stafford called to me to come back, and I gave up the chase.

"On the lake bank we found a pair of riding boots and a mackintosh, both of which articles belonged to Gardiner. These we appropriated before continuing our march. At Tarago we met two other mounted constables, and, without making our intended halt, exchanged our horses for their fresher ones in order to push on to Goulburn. We had not left the station at Tarago very long before six bushrangers, headed by Gardiner, arrived on the scene to bail up our escort. But for once in his life, at least, our worthy friend was disappointed. We made good progress to Goulburn and so escaped his clutches!"

Of Corporal Stafford and Gardiner there is another story told which throws an interesting sidelight on the bushranger's character. The police officer had known Gardiner before the latter took to evil ways, and always entertained some regard for him. Even as a trooper he was inclined to stand up for the other, declaring that he was not so black as he was painted. One day Stafford was in charge of a gold escort when he was suddenly ordered to bail up. A party of armed bushrangers had leapt out upon the police, who were three in number, from a well-chosen ambush.

At the summons Stafford rode forward, and recognising Gardiner among the rest, called out, "Hallo, Frank! Is that you?"

"Hallo, Stafford!" was the response; "so you're here!"

There was a quick interchange of friendly salutations, a grasp of the hand, and then the bushranger drew his men to one side.

"You can go on, old man," he said, "all's well."

Gardiner shortly afterwards rode in the direction of Stafford's house, and stopped to tell Mrs. Stafford of the encounter.

"If your husband hadn't been in charge of the gold," he remarked grimly, "there'd have been some black business!"

A GOLD ESCORT OF THE SIXTIES.

(From a painting by S. T. Gill, by permission of the Trustees of the Mitchell Library, Sydney.)

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CHAPTER VI

THE RUSH FOR GOLD.—II

1852–1855

The *Nelson* gold-ship robbery—Mounted Police in pursuit—Attacks on the Government—Capture of the pirates—Transportation to Van Diemen's Land abolished—Turbulence on the goldfields—Mail-coach robberies—The licence fee agitation—Proposed increase of tax—More misunderstandings—A police blunder—Riot at Forest Creek—Bendigo the centre of disaffection—Resignation of Mr. Latrobe—Sir Charles Hotham, Governor—"Digger-hunting" and other grievances—The Eureka Hotel murder—Ballarat in ferment—Obduracy of the authorities—The call to arms—Peter Lalor—The Eureka stockade—Concessions by the Government—Constitutional changes.

HOW serious was the menace of the escapee or ticket-of-leave man who made his way by hook or by crook into Victoria from Van Diemen's Land was evidenced early in 1852. Robberies, acts of bushranging and other exciting episodes by that time had become of alarming frequency; the newspapers chronicled them every day; but all these incidents were suddenly eclipsed by an act of unparalleled daring, an act that recalls remembrances of buccaneering on the Spanish Main. As reported in the Melbourne *Argus* of April 3rd the particulars are as follows—

Lying off the lighthouse at Williamstown, in a part of Port Phillip Harbour known as Hobson's Bay, was a gold-ship. This vessel, the *Nelson*, had just come in from Geelong with £24,000 worth of gold, and was shortly to leave for London. With such a valuable freight it might have been

expected that a proper watch would have been kept, but this was not the case. In the early morning of the 2nd a party of twenty-two masked men (other accounts say sixteen) put off from the beach at Sandridge in two boats, and with muffled oars rowed to the ship's side. There was no one on deck to hail them or give any alarm ; the pirates clambered on board unseen and took possession.

Two sailors and a boy who were found in the forecastle were easily secured. The rest of the *Nelson's* crew—five in all—with the chief officer, Mr. Draper, were surprised in their bunks. Each one of the robbers was fully armed, and resistance was useless in the circumstances, though the chief officer pluckily showed fight. In a few minutes the vessel was at the mercy of the gang. Having seen to the safe disposal of their prisoners, the men proceeded at once to the lazarette, where the treasure was stowed, and carried the boxes to their boats. Then they led Mr. Draper and the ship's hands to the plundered store-room, locked them in, and decamped.

Immediately the pirates had quitted the vessel's side a seaman, who had evaded capture by finding a sure hiding-place, liberated the prisoners. The chief officer at once rowed to shore to give the alarm, and the Water Police were soon at work searching for the thieves. In the darkness not much could be done, but when daylight broke a boat stranded on the beach near St. Kilda showed where the rascals had landed. On the sand were the wheel-tracks of the cart which had carried off the booty. The second boat was found later on at Williamstown.

On the strength of this information Captain Sturt, of the Melbourne force, set off with a body of mounted police to scour the country, but for several days no traces of the men

could be found. For the better conveyance of the gold the boxes had been discarded, these being picked up, empty, on the beach. In the absence of other clues the police were hard put to it to unearth the robbers, and their non-success gave the Melbourne press opportunity for railing at the Government's inability to protect life and property.

"That twenty-two men, evidently all sworn to secrecy," said a leader-writer in the *Argus*, "could meet and plan such a daring robbery among so limited a population as that of Melbourne, without exciting a suspicion among the police, is strange. Granting, however, that the cunning of the rascals evaded all suspicion, what is to be thought of the efficient police force that could not perceive any symptoms of such a deed while it was being executed? Is there a police force? And what are its duties if bands of robbers can plunder in this fashion? Again, these men were armed to the teeth. It is shrewdly suspected that they intended to attack the *Admiral*, a gold-ship which sailed yesterday afternoon—a fact which they probably did not know. It is perfectly clear that they were prepared to perpetrate any amount of violence, and to hazard their lives in the accomplishment of their project."

In a later issue of the paper a correspondent fulminated against the authorities in these terms: "We have no Government. That is a fact, as clear as noonday. What represents the Government is an imaginary will-o'-the wisp; a band of creatures like men, but actuated only by the spirits of decayed old women. There is no safety for individuals in their properties on land or water; day after day numbers of robberies are recorded; people are found dead in the street, in houses, or on the roads . . . something must immediately be done to render life and property

safe, otherwise the thief and murderer will usurp the functions of the judge and magistrate ; crime of the most degrading and abominable kind will reign supreme, and Victoria, the finest of the colonies, will be converted into a terrestrial hell ! "

Newspaper tirades do not always voice public sentiment. That Melbourne people generally were incensed at such a crime being perpetrated in their midst was natural, but the difficulties encountered by the police did not go unrecognised. Nor were the " old women " of the Government asleep, as some supposed, while the much-abused police were working surely if quietly towards their end. Within a week the principals of the *Nelson* pirates had been laid by the heels. Four men in all were arrested, one being on the point of sailing for Sydney, the three others being located at a Williamstown inn. They were duly placed on trial and were sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment.

One important outcome of this sensational affair was its effect on the question of transportation. The Order in Council of 1840, which had freed New South Wales and, inclusively, Victoria from the plague of convict shipments, had left Van Diemen's Land and Norfolk Island as the sole two penal settlements in Australia. To the former of these went the bulk of transported felons. In the few years between 1842 and 1846 the number received totalled 19,000. By the year 1851, when Victorians had cause to look askance on Van Diemen's Land immigrants, half of the island's population were either convicts or ex-convicts who had gained freedom.

In Victoria public feeling was now fully aroused on this vital question. Anti-Transportation Leagues were formed, mass meetings were held in Melbourne and other centres,

and resolutions were passed calling on the Imperial Government to cease deporting prisoners to Van Diemen's Land, or Tasmania. At home Earl Grey, the Colonial Secretary, was slow to realise how united were the colonists on this point. But the insistent petitions of Victorians and Tasmanians at length won the day. Transportation to Tasmania ceased on February 10th, 1853.

In the meantime the development of the goldfields was proceeding apace. In New South Wales the mining camps were being conducted in a fairly orderly manner; in Victoria less settled conditions prevailed. At Bendigo, Eagle-hawk Creek, and other places, there was considerable turbulence, to which the grog-shanty and the dance-hall contributed their quota. The Mounted Police, including the black troopers, already referred to in the specially raised corps of Gold Police, under Captain Mair, endeavoured to cope with the situation to the best of their ability, but the fewness of their numbers made the task an almost impossible one. More police were drafted into the colony from Tasmania and from England, the Lieutenant-Governor having no military upon which to draw. The ever-shifting and constantly increasing population of the diggings, however, at times baffled the authorities.

In these early days of the goldfields there was an additional attraction to the bushranger in the mail-coaches which ran between the diggings and the towns. Often the vehicles contained passengers who carried with them large quantities of gold in the shape of nuggets or dust, usually destined for the bank. Both in New South Wales and Victoria cases of "sticking up" mail-coaches came to be frequent, and the mounted police patrols had instructions to be particularly alert in looking out for these gentlemen of the road. In

November 1853, we find the following proclamation issued from the Colonial Secretary's Office in Sydney :—

"Whereas it has been represented to the Government that the mails on certain roads have been repeatedly robbed, and it is considered expedient to establish a fixed scale of Rewards, applying to all cases of Mail Robberies: His Excellency the Governor-General directs it to be notified that for such information, within six calendar months after the commission of the offence, as shall lead to the apprehension and conviction of those implicated, a Reward of Twenty Pounds will be paid in each case of mail robbery unattended by violence, and a Reward of Fifty Pounds in each case in which the guilty parties have been armed and have used violence, and that in addition to the above Rewards, respectively, application will be made to Her Majesty for the allowance of a Conditional Pardon to the person giving the information, if a prisoner of the Crown."

"By His Excellency's Command.

"E. Deas Thompson."

On the Victorian goldfields the monthly licence fee formed the principal bone of contention between miners and Government. It was regarded as a severe tax by the majority, especially as it was extended to every individual who resided on a goldfield, whether digger or store-keeper, and the methods employed for its collection only served to heighten opposition. In the execution of their duty the police were often provoked into taking harsh measures. Digger hunts had their tragic as well as their humorous side, and if tents were burnt down and men too roughly handled an outburst of indignation and protest was only to be expected. A sight too frequently seen, and one that caused

much resentment, was that of handcuffed miners chained to trees pending their examination for the non-production of licences. As there were no lock-ups on the diggings, the police were obliged to have recourse to this rough method. Several prisoners could be secured by their "darbies" to one chain at a time. Afterwards an attempt was made to fit up temporary cells of corrugated iron, but these "Dutch ovens" or "sardine boxes," as they were variously termed became unbearable in the heat of summer nights. The chain was often welcomed as a relief.

As if there were not already sufficient irritation on this score, Governor Latrobe's executive council now proposed to increase the licence fee to £3, double the original amount. The cost of collection so far had exceeded the value of the revenue thus obtained,[1] and the proved richness of the mines seemed to warrant a larger return. It was fondly hoped, also, that many of the less fortunate diggers would become discouraged and would make their way back to the settlements, which were practically denuded of labour. The paucity of workers, indeed, in the towns, on the farms, and stock stations, was so serious that prices had risen to a ruinous height. With rash haste the Government promulgated the new order, the official Gazette of December, 1851, announcing that from the commencement of the following year the increased fee of £3 would be imposed.

Victorians who remember those early days will easily recall to mind the storm of protest that immediately uprose. The miners were unanimous in denouncing this fresh imposition and in their determination to resist it by force if

[1] In 1853, replying to a deputation of Bendigo and Castlemaine miners, Governor Latrobe stated that up to that time the cost of administering the goldfields had amounted to £600,000, the revenue from licence fees and gold export duty having been little more than £460,000.

necessary. At meeting after meeting inflammatory speeches were delivered, until the gravity of the situation was brought home to the Council. Within two or three weeks the Government wavered and was lost. The objectionable notice was cancelled, and the agitation for the time subsided.

Early in 1852 a new cloud appeared on the horizon. Acting in concert with the Colonial Office in London, the Governor put forward a proposal that in lieu of the obnoxious licence fee an export duty on gold should be substituted, a merely nominal fee being exacted to ensure the proper registration of qualified miners. This not only seemed to offer a fairer form of taxation, but possessed the advantage of simplifying the work of collection. All such royalties would be dealt with in Melbourne, thus obviating the incessant friction with the police. Latrobe's idea had its merits, but the miners were not in a state of mind to listen even to any modification of the present system. There is no doubt that much misrepresentation of the proposal was made, for in most places it was understood that the Government was seeking to still further bleed the digger.

Signs of disaffection manifested themselves in the following year. In January unpleasantness occurred on the Ovens goldfield, where in a *fracas* an unlicensed miner was shot dead and an Assistant Gold Commissioner received some rough usage at the hands of the mob. Four months later there was a more serious outbreak at Forest Creek, near Castlemaine. A police sub-inspector who was engaged in raiding shanteys that were suspected of illicitly selling spirits blundered badly. He attempted to arrest an innocent man, burnt his tent, destroyed the stores of two other people implicated, and thereby raised a hornets' nest. The comrades of the injured store-keeper rallied round him in large

numbers. After a "roll up" meeting notices were displayed on trees and huts around the field: "Down with the trooper, Christian, and shoot him. Down with oppression!" "Diggers, avenge your wrongs." "Down with the police camp. Up with Christian. Cry 'no quarter,' and show no mercy!" Only the presence of a considerable body of police prevented the disorder developing into a riot. This and other vexatious incidents helped to swell the storm of discontent. More miners' meetings were held, and deputations waited on Mr. Latrobe to insist on the lowering of the licence fee. It was to be reduced to 10*s*. a month, they said, with the option of quarterly payments if desired, and the practice of collecting by means of an armed force was to be discontinued. Furthermore, the miners asked for proper representation in the legislature.

This last demand was not unreasonable. In the few years since the opening of the goldfields the mining population had undergone a distinct change. Whereas at first men had come and gone, mere birds of passage taking their pick of the gold here and there, thousands were now following gold-digging as a settled and permanent occupation.[1] It was this class which was clamorous for reform and for due recognition of its political and social rights.

Events now began to move rapidly. Ballarat, which hitherto had not taken any prominent part in the agitation, evinced its sympathy with its comrades at Bendigo. It was to be a common cause on all the fields. At the end of August 1853, the Gold and Police Commissioners at Bendigo were so startled by a popular demonstration that they sent urgent

[1] How vast Victoria's gold yield was becoming will be understood from the official returns. In 1851 the output was 145,137 oz. (£580,548); in 1853 it had risen to 3,150,021 oz. (£12,600,084).

Chinese diggers, with whom the Government sided. The cumulative effect of these pin-pricks was soon to be felt. Unexpectedly, an event occurred which suddenly set the goldfields aflame with rebellion, and made the name of Eureka historic in Australian annals.

What happened was in itself a trifling affair, trifling, that is, in the eyes of a mining community. A digger named James Scobie called at the Eureka Hotel, Ballarat, one October night after hours and asked for drink. He was refused. An altercation ensued, the result being that at daylight Scobie was found lying dead outside the house, his head evidently having been split open by a spade. Bentley, the hotel proprietor and a Tasmanian ex-convict, was suspected of the murder, and he, his wife and another ex-convict named Farrell, were arrested, but the trial proved abortive. The local bench acquitted the accused in the face of what was considered to be damning evidence. Instantly Scobie's friends roused the miners of Ballarat to action. The Eureka Hotel was assailed, wrecked and then burnt to the ground, while its inmates only escaped with their lives through the intervention of the police.

Upon this Governor Hotham ordered a fresh inquiry to be made into the case. In the end gross corruption was proved, the chairman of the magistrates was dismissed, with some other officials, and Bentley and Farrell were convicted. The latter received severe sentences of imprisonment. It is a pity that the authorities did not rest content with this. Their next step was to arrest and sentence three ringleaders of the mob which attacked the hotel. This act further incensed the angry miners, and a "Reform League" was formed for the purpose of insisting on "the prerogative of the people." In due course a

deputation waited on the Governor to demand the release of the prisoners, but Hotham took umbrage at the attitude of the delegates, and peremptorily refused.

The miners' representatives went back to Ballarat, to proclaim the futility of their mission to a meeting of some ten thousand indignant men. That day, 29th November, 1854, witnessed a memorable scene on Bakery Hill. Inflamed by the violent speeches of their leaders, the mob denounced the Government, hoisted a flag which was to be the emblem of the "Republic of Victoria," and proceeded to display its contempt for authority by burning all licences. A number of fires were quickly made, into which the obnoxious documents were thrown. And ere the flames had died down every man present had taken an oath to unite in the defence of any digger arrested for not having a licence.

This revolutionary action was at once reported to Hotham. "Inspect all licences!" said the Governor in a return despatch, and next morning another of the customary "digger hunts" began. But this time, when the warning cry of "Joes! Joes!" went the round of the camps the troopers were received with a hot fusillade of stones, in the face of which nothing could be done. In vain did Gold Commissioner Rede harangue and plead with the crowd; their minds were made up. Finally, as a last resort, the Riot Act was read, after which military and police combined and dispersed the assemblage. Of those taken prisoners eight were arrested for non-compliance with the licence regulations.

This completed the tale of the morning's work. More serious events were to follow. In the afternoon and evening of the same day a monster meeting was held on Bakery Hill, where again loud denunciations of the Government showed

the temper of the miners. At the head of the men was Peter Lalor, an Irish digger who had been most prominent through all the agitation. His summons to arms met with an instant response. It was resolved to seize rifles, ammunition, horses and stores, to drill and organise their forces, and to fight to the bitter end. "We swear by the Southern Cross," ran the oath taken, "to stand truly by each other and fight to defend our rights and liberties!"

There was no waste of time. The next day squads of men commenced to drill, the erection of a stockade at the junction of the Eureka lead with the Melbourne road was ordered, while sentries posted themselves on the roads leading to Melbourne and Geelong to be on the look-out for reinforcements that the military might be expecting. By night-time so much had been accomplished that the hastily formed stockade contained a small army of eight hundred men, armed with rifles, pistols, pikes and other weapons. Arms had been commandeered from all quarters, special picquets enforcing the orders and safeguarding the storekeepers from robbery. Some of the receipts given by the levying officers in the name of the League were roughly drawn up, and make amusing reading. One runs: "Received from the Ballarat store, 1 Pistol for the Comtee, x Hugh McCarty—Hurra for the people!" Another: "The Reform Lege Comete, 6 drenks, fouer chillings, 4 Pies, for fower of the neight watch patriots, x. P."

The forces on the opposing side were under the command of Captain J. W. Thomas, of the 40th Regiment, and comprised both soldiers and mounted police. This little army of less than five hundred went into camp in hourly expectation of attack. But the leaders of the insurgents were desirous of making yet another effort to end the matter amicably.

Two prominent miners, George Black and Carboni Raffaello, were appointed to meet the Gold Commissioner, to demand the release of the eight imprisoned non-licence holders and the discontinuance of "digger hunting." As before, however, the request was met with a curt rebuff. It was now realised that there was no other recourse save to arms.

On 1st December Captain Thomas's camp was fired upon. Early on the following morning, the stockade having been much strengthened and reinforced by four hundred Creswick miners, a march was made to Bakery Hill, but without coming into conflict with the police. Meanwhile, infantry, artillery and marines had been ordered up from Melbourne by the Commissioner, so that Captain Thomas could now rely on a strong body of troops.

According to an authoritative account, "every Government employé was armed and told off to his post, and sentinels and videttes were placed at every point. The principal buildings of the camp were fortified with breastworks of firewood, trusses of hay, and bags of corn from the Commissariat Stores, and the women and children were sent for security into the store, which was walled with thick slabs and accounted bullet-proof. A violent storm of rain, with thunder, commenced as these arrangements were completed, and the Mounted Police, soaked through, spent the night standing or lying by their horses, armed, and horses saddled ready for instant action. At 4 a.m. on the 2nd of December the whole garrison was under arms, and soon after daylight a demonstration in force was made towards Bakery Hill without opposition, although bodies of men were seen drilling near the Red Hill. A mounted trooper coming from Melbourne with despatches was fired at near the Eureka lead. No work was carried on through the entire diggings, and

every place of business was closed. Notices were issued stating that if any lights were seen in the neighbourhood after eight o'clock at night, or if any fire-arms were discharged, the offenders would be fired at by the military."

The 2nd of December was a Saturday. By the middle of the day the insurgents' stockade was seen to be deserted, but a little later a fairly large muster of armed miners appeared. Over a hundred Californians from adjacent diggings had joined them. Of the original roll-up not a few by this time had thought better of their decision and quitted the scene; the various delays, further, accounted for the absence of many others. This weeding-out left the foreign element in the majority. Lalor's followers were now principally Italians, Germans, French and Prussians. Despite the weakening of the force, however, and the knowledge that the men's enthusiasm had cooled somewhat, the leaders determined to stick to their guns.

The battle began in earnest in the small hours of Sunday. Leaving his camp before daylight Captain Thomas advanced upon the stockade with two hundred and seventy-six soldiers and mounted police.[1] As dawn broke the miners' sentries gave the alarm, and several shots were hastily fired at the troops. Inside the stockade all was animation as the men rushed to their posts, but the onset of the troopers could not be stayed. The outer breastwork of overturned carts, ropes and slabs was broken down, and the rebels were driven back to their inner entrenchments. From this moment it became a fierce hand-to-hand fight, bayonet against pike, and musket against musket.

[1] The troops engaged consisted of the following: 117 men of the 40th Regiment, under Captain Wise, Lieutenants Bowdler, Hall and Gardyne; 65 men of the 12th Regiment, under Captain Queade and Lieutenant Paul; 70 Mounted Police, under Sub-Inspectors Furnley, Langley, Chomley, and Lieutenant Cossack; and 24 Foot Police, under Sub-Inspector Carter.

IN A BLACKFELLOWS' CAMP.

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In his story of the *mêlée* Raffaello tells how his comrades took shelter in the rifle pits that had been dug within the enclosure. Peter Lalor, a prominent figure at his station, was one of the first to be picked off by a rifle bullet, being shot in the shoulder and so badly wounded as to necessitate the amputation of his arm. After his fall the issue of the fight was no longer in doubt. Under the deadly volleys poured upon them the defenders of the stockade were quickly mowed down, and a bayonet charge put a finish to the hopeless struggle. As the remnant of the miners broke into wild flight the troopers tore down the blue Southern Cross flag with its silver stars, and remained masters of the field.

The engagement had occupied less than half an hour, and it had cost twenty-eight lives. Of the fallen no fewer than twenty-two were diggers. On the side of the troops one officer, Captain Wise, of the 40th Regiment, had been killed. Many of the attacking force, however, received severe wounds, for the fighting had been of a most desperate character. While the injured on both sides were being tended, the troopers gathered in a large number of prisoners, one hundred and twenty-five in all being taken. These were marched back to Ballarat, to be subsequently tried for high treason.

Such was the inglorious and pathetic affair of the Eureka Stockade, which stands for all time, in the words of one writer, as "the finger-post of Democracy in Australia." Ineffective as it was in its immediate results, it was a spirited attempt to vindicate the rights of free-born citizens, and its justification, or part justification, was not long in following. While the general feeling of the goldfields community at its termination was one of relief, the widespread sympathy that

was extended to the rioters could not be mistaken by the Government. In all parts of the colony a similar expression of opinion was heard, and little doubt was felt as to the result of the impending trial.

Lalor, Black, Vern, and other leaders successfully eluded capture, and of the prisoners who eventually appeared before the tribunal of justice all were acquitted, amid universal satisfaction. Just before the trial Melbourne, at a monster meeting, had passed a resolution to the effect "that the unhappy outbreak at Ballarat was induced by no traitorous designs against the institution of monarchy, but purely by a sense of political wrong and irritation, engendered by the injudicious and offensive enforcement of an obnoxious and invidious tax, which, if legal, has since been condemned by the Commission." With as little delay as possible Sir Charles Hotham had instituted an inquiry into the matter, and the Commissioners in their report found that the diggers had many genuine causes for complaint. They also made several recommendations which the Governor promptly carried into effect. By an Act in Council the licence fee was done away with and the system of "Miners' Rights" substituted, this entailing an annual payment of 20*s.* and conferring upon the recipient both mining privileges and the franchise. A gold export duty of 2*s.* 6*d.* per oz. was fixed upon as a source of revenue. Representation in the Legislative Council was the next point conceded, two members each being allotted to Bendigo, Ballarat and Castlemaine, and one each to the goldfields at Avoca and Ovens.

Other changes that resulted included the abolition of the title of Gold Commissioner, that officer being in future styled "Warden of the Goldfields." Local elective mining courts were also established, and several of the principal miners

received their appointments as Justices of the Peace. By the end of December 1854, the miners of Victoria had settled down again into peaceable, law-abiding citizens, with a measure of local government that ensured a happier and more prosperous future for themselves and the entire colony.

Of Peter Lalor it may be added that when in 1855 Ballarat was asked to send representatives to the Council, he was among the first to be nominated. In after years he filled several important positions in the Legislative Assembly.

CHAPTER VII

THE POLICE AS EXPLORERS

Edward Eyre, Police Magistrate—InspectorRobert O'Hara Burke—The Victorian Exploration Expedition—W. J. Wills—The start from Melbourne—Division of the party—At Cooper's Creek—The dash for the Gulf—Wright at Menindie—Burke and Wills reach the coast—The return journey—Death of Gray—The deserted depôt—Wright and Brahé—A series of blunders—Burke, Wills and King in the bush—Among the blacks—Nardoo—Burke and Wills succumb—Howitt finds King—Other expeditions—Frederick Walker, Inspector of Police—From Rockhampton to the Gulf—Colonel Egerton-Warburton—In Central Australia—Sub-Inspector Robert Johnstone.

IT is among the proud boasts of the Mounted Police that they are worthily represented in the ranks of the Australian explorers. Along with those of Eyre, Leichhardt, Sturt, Grey and McDouall Stuart, are to be found the names of Burke, Egerton-Warburton and Walker, each of whom was directly and actively connected with the police service. Edward Eyre, by the way, had a link with the force, inasmuch as he held the position of Police Magistrate previous to making his memorable and hazardous journey along the coast from Adelaide to Western Australia in 1841. In the present chapter we may digress for a moment from the plain record of police administrative work in the Australian colonies to consider the achievements of those officers who have been detached for special duty in exploration.

In Robert O'Hara Burke the Mounted Police have their most famous representative. No record of Australian history is complete without the story of the great journey from south to north made by Burke and Wills in 1860. It was a journey fraught with tremendous difficulties and attended by terrible disasters, and round it has raged no little controversy. After the lapse of half a century, when the share of praise and blame to be meted out to the leaders has been properly apportioned, one can see how great was the achievement and how lacking were the attributes that make for success in such an enterprise.

ROBERT O'HARA BURKE.

The Burke and Wills expedition owed its inception to an offer made by Mr. Ambrose Kyte of Melbourne, at a time when Victoria was desirous to add her quota to the great work of exploration initiated by the sister colony of New South Wales. "I will give £1,000," said this gentleman, "towards the equipment of a party to explore Central Australia, provided that a similar sum is contributed by the public." The response was immediate and generous. Within a short time over £3,000 was subscribed, and to this was

added £6,000 voted by Government, with an additional £3,000 for the purchase of camels from India. For the first time in Australia the "ship of the desert" was to be employed as a factor in traversing the bleak, sandy regions of the interior.

Under the auspices of the Royal Society of Victoria the details of the Victorian Exploration Expedition were quickly arranged. The main depôt, the "jumping-off place," was to be Cooper's Creek, which had been the limit of Sturt's last journey. Thence the explorers were to strike out due north for the Gulf of Carpentaria. The choice of a leader was left to a selection committee, and after due consideration the appointment was given to Mr. Burke. Mr. George James Landells, who had brought over the camels from India, was second in command, the other members of the party being: William John Wills, surveyor and astronomer; Herman Beckler, medical officer and geologist; Charles Ferguson, foreman; Thomas McDonogh, assistant; William Patten, Patrick Langan, Owen Cowan, William Brahé, Robert Fletcher, John King, Henry Croker, Gray, John Dickford, and three sepoy camel drivers.

Burke, who was an Irishman, like so many prominent men in the Mounted Police, had had a varied and eventful career. He had served in the Austrian Cavalry with the rank of Captain, and in the Royal Irish Constabulary, before emigrating to Australia. Van Diemen's Land gave him his first colonial experience, his appointments there having included that of Acting-Inspector at Hobart Town. In Victoria he became Police Magistrate at Beechworth, a post he held until 1855, when the Crimean War led him to apply for leave of absence in the hope of obtaining a commission in a line regiment. His hopes were not realised, however.

The war came to a sudden termination, and he returned to Victoria to enter the police force as an Inspector. When his services were accepted for the projected expedition he had charge of the station at Castlemaine. He was then thirty-six years of age.

Wills was a native of Devonshire, where he was born in 1834, and had begun life in Australia as a shepherd on the Edwards River in Victoria. Tiring of this occupation, he entered the Government Survey Department, and in 1858 became an assistant at the Melbourne Observatory, where his scientific attainments were soon recognised. Two years previously, when an expedition had been talked of, Wills had applied for a post, but the project had fallen through. On the organisation of the 1860 expedition he was one of the first to be appointed.

The 20th of August saw the party set out from Melbourne with its complement of twenty-seven camels and a few horses and waggons. Proceeding through the settled districts to the River Darling, it reached Menindie, and here the first depôt was established. Here, also, began the first troubles. Ferguson, the foreman, was dismissed by Burke, while Mr. Landells and Dr. Beckler resigned their positions owing to differences of opinion with their leader. These three now returned to Melbourne, and Burke reconstituted his force. In place of Landells he appointed Wills second in command. A man named Wright, whom he had picked up at a sheep station and secured as guide, was given the charge of the camels. With these new arrangements effected Burke divided his party, leaving half in camp on the Darling, while he, Wright, and seven others pushed on for Cooper's Creek.

Good progress was made to this point, but ere reaching

the Creek Burke made yet another change. Wright, to whom he had taken a great fancy, was promoted to be third in command, and was despatched back to Menindie to bring up the rear party with the supplies. In the meantime a camp was formed at Cooper's Creek, where, pending the arrival of their companions, Burke and Wills made several excursions into the surrounding country. The knowledge gained by these trips did not encourage them to be hopeful. In most directions the ground was bare, rough and stony, and water was scarce. On one occasion Wills travelled a distance of ninety miles without finding water, and had the misfortune to lose several camels. On another he and King ventured into a wide desert which offered no practicable route to the north.

It was the 11th of November when the advance guard arrived at the Creek. After more than a month had gone by and there was no sign of Wright and his party, Burke became impatient of delay and decided on a bold plan. Four of his company were to remain at the depôt, to construct a stockade there and await the others. With Wills, King and Gray, he meant to make a dash for the Gulf, taking with him six camels, one horse, and three months' stock of provisions. Of those left behind Burke wrote in a despatch to the Government: "I shall leave the party which remain here under the charge of Mr. Brahé, in whom I have every confidence. The feed is very good. There is no danger to be apprehended from the natives if they are properly managed, and there is nothing therefore to prevent the party remaining here until our return, or until their provisions run short."

Burke's impetuosity had led him into making a rash move, and yet all might have gone well but for one untoward

MOUNTED CONSTABLE ON ESCORT DUTY WITH CATTLE KILLERS, NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

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and unexpected incident. The explorers had not been at Cooper's Creek more than a day when Wright, in his camp on the Darling, learned the news that McDouall Stuart had succeeded in nearly crossing the continent. As it was important that his leader should know this, with a view to following Stuart's track where practicable, Wright hastily sent off two mounted men and a native with a message to Burke. He himself, until their return, would wait at Menindie with the stores.

Wright's decision in the circumstances was undoubtedly a wrong one. In remaining at Menindie he clearly disobeyed orders, while his own intimate knowledge of the country should have told him of the danger of delay. As the weeks passed by the fierce heat of the summer dried up the herbage and exhausted most of the watercourses. The difficulties of the journey to the main depôt were multiplied a hundredfold. When at last the non-appearance of the messengers showed that things had gone amiss with them a search party was sent out and the men were discovered in a camp of blacks nearly two hundred miles away. They had lost themselves, had wandered for many days suffering great hardships, and had taken refuge with the natives, their mission unaccomplished. There was now no occasion for further waiting. On 26th January Wright broke camp and began his march to the Creek.

How this lamentable check proved fatal to the four explorers who had gone ahead in the attempt to reach the coast will be seen as we follow the story of their journeying. It was 16th December when Burke and Wills bade their companions good-bye and plunged into the interior. From Wills' diary (Burke did not keep his posted regularly) we learn that the little party made successful progress along a

fine watercourse which took them a considerable distance to the north. Both water and grass proved to be abundant, fish and wild-fowl were procured in plenty, so that there was no danger of starvation to be feared. The blacks were often troublesome, but no conflict with them occurred. Travelling easily and without molestation the explorers crossed a range of mountains which they named the Standish Ranges, after the Victorian Commissioner of Police, and reached Cloncuddy Creek, a tributary of the Flinders River. Here, owing to the swampy nature of the ground, the camels were abandoned, and, King and Gray being left in camp with the bulk of the stores, Burke and Wills pushed on to the sea.

In his brief notes Burke says: "28th February. It would be as well to say that we reached the open sea, but we could not obtain a view of the ocean, although we made every endeavour to do so." What prevented the actual accomplishment of this was the dense forest of mangroves, which barred their way. Leaving their exhausted pack-horse behind, hobbled, the two men made a gallant effort to cut a path through the tangled undergrowth, but it proved too herculean a task. They had to abandon the attempt and remain satisfied with having practically arrived at their goal. They were within a mile or so of the sea, though unaware of their exact whereabouts. The river they had followed they mistook for the Albert, but as a matter of fact they were some hundred miles to the east of this stream.

There was now the return journey to be faced, the journey to the main depôt where Wright and the rest of the expedition were to be in waiting. Having picked up King and Gray, and recaptured the camels, Burke and Wills set themselves bravely to the tremendous task before

them. That it was to be such soon became apparent. Rain poured upon them incessantly for days, making travelling slow and laborious. Then sickness broke out. Gray was the first to fall ill with dysentery, and soon after Burke fell a victim to the same complaint. As they dragged wearily along the provisions became reduced. First one camel, then another, had to be killed to supply meat. And on top of short rations and hardships came the disaster of a camel bogged and abandoned in a swamp, with the loss some days later of much valuable baggage. By the 6th April accidents and the exigencies of the journey had reduced their train to three camels. "Billy," the horse, had become so weak that it was imperative to shoot him.

Of the four men one, Gray, was now really ill. Both Burke and Wills at first believed him to be shamming, and the former is stated to have treated him roughly when the poor fellow helped himself to some flour to make gruel with. Gray was strapped on the back of a camel, which itself could do little more than crawl, and the slow progress thus made added to Burke's irritation. On the 16th of the month, when seven miles only had been traversed, Gray died, and Wills records that they were all three so weak that they could hardly dig a grave for him in the ground. The party was by this time in the terrible Stony Desert.

After a day's rest they pushed on again, now with only two camels and a slender store of meat. Happily, as they thought, the depôt at Cooper's Creek was not far distant; within a little while they would rejoin their comrades. By making a desperate spurt, travelling by night as well as by day, the three reached the Creek on the 21st, to meet with a woeful disappointment. Instead of a camp they found only a deserted stockade. No sign of life was to

be seen. Hardly crediting his eyes Burke rode on in advance and found on a tree the word "Dig" cut into the bark. Underneath, when he obeyed this instruction, he discovered a small parcel of food stuff and a bottle in which was a letter from Brahé stating that he and his companions had quitted the spot that very morning!

The message ran as follows—

"DEPÔT, COOPER'S CREEK,
April 21*st*, 1861.

"The depôt party of the V.E.E. leaves this camp to-day to return to the Darling. I intend to go SE. from camp 60 deg., to get into our old track near Bulloo. Two of my companions and myself are quite well; the third, Patten, has been unable to walk for the last eighteen days, as his leg has been severely hurt when thrown by one of the horses. No one has been up here from the Darling. We have six camels and twelve horses in good working condition.

"WILLIAM BRAHÉ."

It was an appalling moment for Burke, Wills and King. Ill and weak after more than four months' of hard travel and privation, and with their provisions sadly depleted, they were dealt the cruellest blow that Fate could have held in store for them. Wills might write cheerfully (as he did) in his diary, that they made a good supper off some oatmeal porridge and sugar that Brahé had left, and that this, "together with the excitement of finding ourselves in such a peculiar and unexpected position, had a wonderful effect in removing the stiffness from our legs." He might also touch lightly on their disappointment and the fact that they were "awkwardly placed" as to clothing; the knowledge must have been borne home to him even then that death stared them in the face.

Before leaving the Creek to strike out for Adelaide, which point Burke decided on making, Wills placed his written

record with a message from Burke [1] in a bottle and buried it in Brahé's cache. By a fatal want of thought, however, he neglected to alter in any way the word "Dig" on the tree, an omission that finally cut off their chance of rescue. Sixteen days afterwards Wright and Brahé were again at the camp. They saw that the cache to all appearances was undisturbed and left without examining it. King subsequently averred that he and his companions had left several traces of their visit, but this was denied. And so blunder was added to blunder, making the culminating disaster inevitable.

What had happened to bring about this seemingly inexplicable desertion may be briefly stated. In his tardy progress to Cooper's Creek Wright met with continuous checks. Several of his party fell ill with the scurvy, necessitating the formation of a sick camp, and the natives encountered now began to show signs of hostility. From Bulloo he made a vain effort to reach the Creek, a distance of nearly eighty miles, and returned to recruit his force. The day on which this retreat was made was the 21st of April, the very day that saw Burke and Wills stumbling into the abandoned depôt. At Bulloo Wright's party was

[1] "Depot No. 2, Cooper's Creek. The return party, consisting of myself, Wills and King (Gray dead) arrived here last night, and found that the depôt party had started on the same day. We proceed on to-morrow slowly down the creek to Adelaide, but are very weak. Gray died on the road from exhaustion and fatigue. We have discovered a practicable route to Carpentaria, the chief portion of which lies on 140 deg. of east longitude. There is some good country between this and the stony desert. From there to the tropics the country is dry and stony. Between the tropics and Carpentaria a considerable portion is rangy, and it is well watered and richly grassed. We reached the shores of Carpentaria on February 11, 1861. Greatly disappointed at finding the party here gone.

"(Signed) ROBERT O'HARA BURKE.

"PS.—The camels cannot travel, and we cannot walk, or we should follow the other party."

diminished by two deaths. To this calamity was added a conflict with the blacks, upon whom they were compelled to open fire.

Then, on the 29th, came the unexpected arrival of Brahé and his companions. Having seen nothing of the advance party under Burke for over four months, and being anxious about Wright's movements, Brahé had decided to rejoin the latter. Here was another irremediable mistake. It was the irony of fate that while Brahé was camped down the Creek, scarcely a day's journey from the depôt, the three men whose lives were in such dreadful jeopardy were only a few miles distant from him! At Bulloo the leaders of the two parties were in some indecision as to how to act. Wright's impulse was to return to Menindie, but, thinking it advisable to assure himself that the explorers had not reached Cooper's Creek, he set out thither with Brahé. As we have seen, they arrived on the spot after Burke, Wills and King had left, and failed to find any signs of their comrades. Thereafter Wright retraced his steps to the Darling, to report the situation to the Exploration Committee and suggest that a search party be sent out.

In the meantime Burke and Wills had gone forward helplessly to meet their fate. Being too weak to think of pursuing Brahé's party, they were endeavouring to make for Mount Hopeless, near which was a cattle station. This point was within a hundred and fifty miles of the Creek. The idea of thus striking out for Adelaide originated with Burke. Both Wills and King would have preferred to follow their old track back to the Darling, but their leader overruled them, and the journey by the new route was begun. How they fared is best told by King himself,

the sole survivor. His graphic narrative carries the story on day by day from the hour he left the Creek to his eventual discovery by the relief party under Mr. Howitt.

Having narrated how they worked their way by slow stages down the creek for some miles, existing mainly on camel meat (both animals had to be killed), and nardoo [1] cakes and fish obtained from friendly natives, he describes the attempts made to push on south-west for Mount Hopeless. "Our rations," he says, "now consisted of only one small Johnny cake and three sticks of dried meat daily." The little store of water carried quickly became exhausted, and no more was to be found in the parched, sun-scorched country around them. "We all felt satisfied that had there been a few days' rain we could have got through." In the face of this set-back they returned to the creek, a weary march of forty-five miles. Here the blacks again befriended them, giving them fish and other food, and at Burke's request Wills once more went on to the depôt to leave another note detailing their present position.[2]

Soon after Wills' return the attitude of the blacks underwent a marked change. They made signs that the white men's company was undesirable, and, packing up their traps, they left the camp. The others made a vain effort to follow them and obtain assistance; the natives moved too fast to

[1] The *marsilia macropus*, a plant similar to clover, the seeds of which are pounded up by the natives to make flour.

[2] Wills wrote thus: "We have been unable to leave the creek. Both camels are dead. Mr. Burke and King are down on the lower part of the creek. I am about to return to them, when we shall probably come up this way. We are trying to live the best way we can, like the blacks, but find it hard work. Our clothes are fast going to pieces. Send provisions and clothes as soon as possible.

"(Signed) WILLIAM J. WILLS."

In a postscript he added: "The depôt party having left contrary to instructions, have put us in this fix. I have deposited some of my journals here for fear of accidents."

be overtaken. Nardoo collecting now became their chief object. On this plant depended their very lives. But King, to whom this duty chiefly fell, was failing rapidly in strength, while Wills was even weaker. The latter recognised to the full the extremity to which they were reduced, and at his suggestion a quantity of the plant was gathered and made into flour sufficient to last him eight days. "You and King," he said to Burke, "must go in search of the natives and come back here for me afterwards. It is our only chance." Burke agreed to the proposal, and the two men set forth together, leaving their companion in a gunyah (a native hut) with water and firewood within reach. We will let King take up the story at this point.

"In travelling the first day, Mr. Burke seemed very weak, and complained of great pain in his legs and back. On the second day he seemed to be better, and said that he thought he was getting stronger, but on starting did not go two miles before he said he could go no farther. I persisted in his trying to go on, and managed to get him along several times, until I saw that he was almost knocked up, when he said he could not carry his swag, and threw all he had away. I also reduced mine, taking nothing but a gun and some powder and shot, and a small pouch and some matches. On starting again we did not go far before Mr. Burke said he would halt for the night; but as the place was close to a large sheet of water, and exposed to the wind, I prevailed upon him to go a little farther, to the next reach of water, where we camped. We searched about and found a few small patches of nardoo, which I collected and pounded, and with a crow which I shot, made a good evening's meal. From the time that we halted Mr. Burke seemed to be getting worse, although he ate his supper. He said he felt convinced he could not last many

hours, and gave me his watch, which he said belonged to the committee, and a pocket-book to give to Sir William Stawell, and in which he wrote some notes. He then said to me: 'I hope you will remain with me here until I am quite dead; it is a comfort to know that some one is by: but when I am dying, it is my wish that you should place the pistol in my right hand, and that you leave me unburied as I lie.' That night he spoke very little, and the following morning I found him speechless, or nearly so, and about eight o'clock he expired. I remained a few hours there, but as I saw there was no use in remaining longer, I went up the creek in search of the natives."

Two days later King found some deserted gunyahs wherein was a bag of nardoo. He rested here to recover strength, and then returned to Mr. Wills. Unhappily he was too late to save the latter's life, even had it been possible to do so. The ill-fated explorer was lying dead in his hut, stripped of some of his clothes, which had evidently been stolen by blacks. By his side was his diary, in which he had written almost up to the last moment, one characteristic entry alluding to himself as Micawber, "waiting for something to turn up." King buried the body and then tracked the natives by their footprints in the sand to their encampment, where he was fortunate in being received kindly. When he made them understand that both his companions were dead and that he was quite alone, the blackfellows gave him shelter and food. But for his gun with which he shot crows, and some little knowledge of medicine that he was able to display, King would eventually have been turned adrift again. His powers of usefulness, however, made him an acceptable guest, and with the natives he stopped for some weeks until the relief party came in sight.

It was the expedition under the leadership of Mr. Alfred William Howitt that succeeded in discovering King and the remains of Burke and Wills. This party started from Melbourne, where it had been equipped by the Royal Society of Victoria. Nearly three months after the tragic death of the two explorers Howitt picked up the tracks of camels and horses and found enough indications to convince him that he was on the right trail. At last his patient search was rewarded. In his diary he records how, at the lower end of a large reach of water near Cooper's Creek, he learned that two of his men had found King. He says: "A little farther on I found the party halted, and immediately went across to the black warleys, where I found King, sitting in a hut that the natives had made for him. He presented a melancholy appearance, wasted to a shadow, and hardly to be distinguished as a civilised being, except by the remnants of clothes on him. He seemed exceedingly weak, and I found it difficult to follow what he said. The natives were all gathered round seated on the ground, looking with a most grateful and delighted expression."

Howitt next searched for and found the remains of Burke and Wills, burying them in the bush where they lay and carving inscriptions on trees by the graves. Later on the bodies were removed to Melbourne, to be accorded a public funeral. A fine statue was subsequently erected in their honour in the Victorian capital, while another memorial marked the spot whence the expedition started on its ill-fated journey.

As soon as Wright's startling message had reached Melbourne the greatest concern for the safety of the missing explorers had been displayed in the colonies. In all five separate search parties were despatched by the South Aus-

tralian, Victorian and Queensland Governments, the leaders being, in addition to Mr. Howitt, Messrs. McKinlay, Norman, Landsborough and Walker. Of these explorers the last-named calls for particular mention here, as, like Burke, he was a member of the Mounted Police.

Frederick Walker was an Inspector in the Queensland force when he was selected for the task. He was an experienced bushman, well acquainted with the blacks, and moreover was a man of proved courage and resource. A writer has aptly summed him up as "one who could know nothing of what Mirabeau called 'that blockhead of a word —impossible.'"

On arrangements being completed Walker left Rockhampton with the intention of making his way to the Albert River on the Gulf of Carpentaria, taking with him in the party a number of black troopers. His instructions reached him in August 1861; on the 7th of the following month he was at Mr. C. B. Dutton's station on the Dawson River, whence he followed a pass through the mountains to the Barcoo River. Proceeding north and north-west Walker came upon traces of the expeditions led by Gregory and Leichhardt, and found one or two new streams to which he gave names. From the Barkly River he struck a tributary of the Flinders, near which his party came into collision with the blacks, several of the latter being killed. A little later, it now being November, one of his troopers found Burke's return track close to the junction of the Norman and Flinders Rivers. That he was actually on the right scent was proved conclusively the following morning, when Walker himself picked up two leaves from Burke's memorandum book.

At the end of November the expedition arrived at Morning Inlet, on the Gulf. Three days later it reached its goal,

the Albert River, after a journey occupying just over three months. As his object was to ascertain the whereabouts of Burke and Wills, dead or alive, Walker started back with fresh provisions to the Flinders and took up the trail again. Owing to the heavy rains and floods on the plains the tracks were in time lost, and, assuming that Burke had gone off eastward into Queensland, he struck off in that direction. It was a futile quest, of course, for the missing men were far to the southward, but a great deal of valuable information was obtained about the little-known country to the north-east. New rivers and mountains were discovered and named, and the young police officer had every reason to be satisfied with his trip. He returned to Rockhampton in June 1862, having suffered no losses except a few horses.

There was no flourish of trumpets about Walker's expedition. It was a workmanlike performance carried out in a modest yet most efficient manner. Every detail of the journey was carefully thought out, and the thoroughness of the organisation contrasted strongly with the laxity that was apparent in Burke and Wills' expedition. Howitt's comment was: "Perhaps none of the explorers of this period did their work more ably; certainly none received less commendation." Having completed his task Walker resumed his police duties and dropped back quietly into official life.

Colonel Peter Egerton-Warburton, whose explorations in the centre of the continent were of a later date, was the well-known Commissioner of Police for South Australia. He held this high office from December 1853 to February 1867. After several preliminary journeys into the interior Colonel Warburton, in 1873, headed a party which was commissioned to search for cattle country to the west of the Overland Telegraph line, in the heart of the inhospitable desert coun-

try between South and Western Australia. For a man of sixty years of age it was no light undertaking, but no one doubted that the veteran explorer would succeed. The expedition, which was a small one with camels for transport work, plunged boldly into the interior and for nearly a year remained unheard of. Then, when the gravest fears for its safety were being entertained, a travel-stained horseman one day rode into a station on the De Grey River in Western Australia to report that the explorers were in camp a hundred and seventy miles away and in dire straits.

A relief party at once set off to their assistance. They found the Colonel and his companions almost at their last gasp through the terrible privations they had undergone, and with barely more than two days' store of camel's flesh to live on. Thanks to this timely aid a tragedy was averted. The Western Australian Government took the expedition under its special care, and, having supplied all their wants, sent on the members to Adelaide.

Among other Mounted Police who went exploring in the seventies was Sub-Inspector Robert Johnstone, who accompanied Mr. George Elphinstone Dalrymple in the North-East Coast Expedition organised by the Queensland Government. With Johnstone went thirteen black troopers, their number being good testimony to their worth. Leaving Cardwell in September 1873, the party proceeded by boat up the coast and was successful in discovering some very valuable tracts of land. New ranges of mountains and rivers were also found and named. A feature of this journey was the marked hostility of the natives, who were mostly cannibals and of a warlike disposition. Johnstone and his troopers had had experience of these before, when a vessel, the *Maria*, had been wrecked near the mouth of the Moresby

River, and they had been despatched to succour the crew.

On this occasion they were unpleasantly reminded of the former trip. Seeing Johnstone and others of the party coming up the river, the blacks gathered round a certain point, evidently prepared to make trouble. They were painted white from head to waist in order to look like white men, the legs being similarly decorated from the knees downward. To add to the effect they endeavoured to imitate white men's voices and lure the boat's crew ashore. As this manœuvre failed the blacks dug up the body of one of the murdered *Maria* men and went through the process of the massacre in pantomime. The police troopers, however, were not easily daunted by these menaces. The party presented a bold front and passed on its way without hindrance.

What excellent work the Mounted Police have performed in more or less subordinate rôles in such expeditions is for the most part tucked away in official records. To be detailed for exploration duty has been "all in the day's work" with them, and nothing that any one need brag about. But officer and trooper alike, who have faced the hardships and perils of many months' journeying through bush and desert, through a country as difficult in many respects as any in the world, are deserving of a full measure of praise. The Australian Mounted Police are a picked body of men, with a high reputation won on many fields; let not this less-known side of their work pass unrecognised.

CHAPTER VIII

BUSHRANGING DAYS.—I

A new era of lawlessness—Native-born bushrangers—Causes of the outbreak—False hero-worship—Captain Thunderbolt's generosity—Francis Gardiner—Taking to "the road"—Capture by Sergeant Middleton—Trooper Hosie shot—Gardiner's rescue—John Piesley, bushranger—"I've come for 'Troubadour'"—A gold escort *en route*—Mr. Horsington and Mr. Hewitt "bailed up"—The great gold escort robbery—At the Eugowra Rocks—Inspector Sir Frederick Pottinger—First successes—An encounter with Gardiner—More arrests—Fordyce, Bow and Manns—A death sentence—What became of the treasure?

THE period of the sixties, with its continuous tale of "robbery under arms," is a notable one in the annals of the Mounted Police. It was a period that saw the birth of a new era of lawlessness, of a reign of terror surpassing anything of the like before. Up to this time the Australian bushrangers had been almost exclusively convicts or ex-convicts. How this class of criminals came into being and flourished for many years has been told in a previous chapter. By stern repressive measures bushranging was kept under in those colonies where it had raged most virulently, but although so much was done this legacy of convictism was not to be entirely stamped out. With the discovery of the gold-fields came a recrudescence of highway robbery on a larger and bolder scale than heretofore, and the appearance on the stage of a new type of outlaw. The bushranger who now terrorised the neighbourhood, plundering wayfarers, "stick-

ing up " gold escorts or banks in busy townships, was Australian born in the majority of instances.

The main reason for this extraordinary outbreak is not far to seek. In the rush to the goldfields the towns and outlying settlements had been depopulated at first, but as the fever of excitement died down large numbers returned to more regular occupations, and in every direction an impetus was given to trade. It was an unnatural impetus, however, and the violent reaction that followed was inevitable. By 1860 there was great dearth of work and consequent distress. This period of depression was made the excuse for defying the law by many of the more turbulent spirits. And for those who elected to pursue a life of crime the way was easy. In and around the diggings rich hauls of gold were to be made by a man with a good horse under him, and pluck enough to cry " bail up ! " [1] while in the country districts were scores of sympathisers and helpers to enable him to baffle the police. Not a few of the small farmers scattered about in the bush were old " lags," men who had worked out their sentences and settled on the land. These formed a tainted class, in whom the predatory instincts were still strong and whose children inherited the same traits.

While there were thus several inducements to the would-

[1] Mr. G. E. Boxall (*Story of the Australian Bushrangers*) explains the origin of this term as follows : " The first supply of horned cattle for Australia was obtained from Cape Town, South Africa, big-boned, slab-sided animals with enormous horns. These animals are much more active than the fine-boned, heavy-bodied, short-horned or other fine breeds, but they can never be properly tamed. It is always unsafe to milk one of these cows unless her head is fastened in a ' bail ' (a wooden barrier), and her leg tied. When driving the cows into the bail it was the custom to order them to ' bail up.' It was also usual for bullock drivers when yoking their teams to call out ' bail up ' to the bullocks, although no bail was used for this purpose. The words were in constant use all over Australia, and were adopted by the early bushrangers in the sense of ' stand.' "

Chief Commissioner [illegible] Cunningham.
Victorian [illegible] Force.

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Chief Commissioner T. O'Callaghan.
Victorian Police Force.

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be bushranger—prospects of fat prizes, secure hiding-places in the hills and ready helpers—there were also a spice of danger and a glamour about the calling that attracted the adventurous. Most of the men who took to the road at this time were young in years, several of them, indeed, were quite lads. That they were old in crime is easily accounted for by the vicious nature of their surroundings. Among the youth of Australia the bushrangers of other days had been invested with a false halo of romance. Writing on this point Mr. G. E. Boxall says : " Many of the exploits of the historic highwaymen of old were told as actual facts in the careers of some Australian bushrangers, with just sufficient variation to adapt them to local purposes. One of the ancient superstitions introduced into Australia by these story-tellers was that the highwaymen robbed the rich to give to the poor. I have no desire to raise any doubts as to the generosity and benevolence of Robin Hood, but I can find no evidence of any such beneficence on the part of any of the Australian bushrangers. No doubt they got their money easily, and spent it recklessly. But in the course of their dealings they did not pause to inquire whether the person they robbed was rich or poor."

One of the isolated instances of generosity which might be cited in this connection is recorded of Frederick Ward the notorious " Captain Thunderbolt." On a certain occasion he " bailed up " a German band in a gap in the mountains and, after making them play to him, took every penny they possessed. The leader of the musicians pleaded tearfully for the money to be returned, as it was their all and had been hard earned. Thunderbolt at last promised that if he succeeded in robbing the principal winner at the Tamworth Races, a man for whom he was on the look-out,

he would make restitution. He made the expected haul shortly after, and faithfully kept his word to the Germans, sending them their few pounds through the post to an address they had given. Such an instance, however, standing almost by itself, does not count for much. It may be set down as much to caprice as to kindness of heart. It is only too true that the bush robber spared none in his greed for gold, and as a rule was as brutal and callous in his methods as any of his humbler fellow-criminals.

The first to gain notoriety in this second generation of bushrangers was Francis Gardiner. It is safe to say that no other Australian highwayman—and he had many imitators—made his name so feared in his day. Possessed of daring and audacity to an unusual degree, he carried out some big *coups* successfully, and for a long time snapped his fingers in the face of a police who were at their wits' end to capture him. A native of Boro Creek, near Goulburn, New South Wales, Gardiner (his real name, by the way, is given as Christie) first came into public notice on the Wombat Flat gold diggings. Before this, however, he was known to the police of his own colony and that of Victoria as a bold horse-thief. In the early days of Ballarat he had been sentenced to five years' imprisonment for this offence, a term he had shortened considerably by breaking gaol. Not long afterwards he was again at his old game, and this time was sent to Cockatoo Island for seven years. From this place he was liberated on ticket-of-leave, and to all appearance he now seemed disposed to live by honest work. With a man named Fogg he started a butchering business at Wombat Flat. Unfortunately this migration had taken him out of his proper district, and caused him to infringe the regulations. This brought him into conflict

with the police, and Gardiner was next heard of "on the road."

It was not long before a gang had gathered round this new leader. There were many kindred spirits in and around the goldfields who were ready to try their luck at bushranging, and the police were quickly made aware that they had no light task before them. The number of the gang, moreover, was always fluctuating. Its members could never be clearly defined. Some of the more venturesome ones broke away at times to act singly or in couples, and were themselves the nuclei of fresh gangs. In their places others were soon forthcoming. Still, in his own district Gardiner was the leading spirit, and the authorities strained every nerve to secure his capture.

Remembering Gardiner's close association with Fogg, the police at last determined to watch the latter in the hope of trapping their quarry. The expected chance came in July of 1861, when, as a result of the "shadowing," they learned that the bushranger had been seen at his friend's house. Fogg was now back at his old homestead on the Fish River, near the Abercrombie. The news came to Sergeant Middleton, at the neighbouring police station of Tuena, and with Trooper Hosie he rode out to make the capture. Everything went well until the two appeared at the door of the farm. Then Fogg's wife gave a cry of alarm and ran back into the house. When the sergeant followed and was on the point of entering an inner room he was met by a shot that happily went wide. He guessed rightly that his man was within.

Without hesitating Middleton pluckily advanced, firing his pistol as he drew aside the hanging at the entrance. At the same moment the man inside fired also, and this time wounded the officer in the mouth. Had not his pistol

been empty the sergeant would certainly have tried to finish the job single-handed, but in the circumstances he deemed it wiser to fall back upon Hosie. As investigation showed that there was no back exit, they had their man in a trap, and they decided to rush the room together. Gardiner, whom they had thus surprised, was expecting nothing less. When the two suddenly burst in upon him his pistol rang out and Hosie fell forward on the floor.

Seeing that he had hit one, and knowing that the other was wounded, Gardiner flung himself at the sergeant who stood in the doorway. But Middleton was too tough a nut to crack easily, and the bushranger found himself engaged in a fierce struggle. In the tussle Middleton found a heavy-handled hunting crop that he carried a most useful weapon. Then Hosie, who was not badly wounded, but had been partially stunned, got to his feet in time to lend useful aid. Between them the sergeant and the trooper got Gardiner to the ground, where the handcuffs were quickly snapped round his wrists.

The next step to be taken was to convey the prisoner to the security of a police cell. As Fogg averred that he had no horse on the place, or any one who could act as messenger, it fell to Middleton to ride off to the nearest township of Bigga for assistance. Although weak through much loss of blood he mounted his horse and set off, while Hosie, in little better case himself, stood guard over the bushranger. The latter, it was now found, had been wounded by the sergeant in the exchange of shots, and had suffered severely from the blows of the hunting crop. At first it was believed that Gardiner was so badly hurt as to be dying, but he regained sufficient strength shortly after to enable Hosie to carry out his superior's instructions. These were that

he should start out on the road with his prisoner as soon as possible, with a view to meeting the police party from Bigga.

What followed from this stage was for long the subject of controversy. By many people it was asserted that Hosie accepted a bribe from Gardiner to let him go free. This story obtained credence in many quarters, and has been repeated again and again by those whose object has been the detraction of the police. No doubt the Australian Mounted Police have had their black sheep, men who have sold their honour for money or otherwise disgraced their uniform, but Trooper Hosie was not of this breed. We have the best authority for believing that his story as given in evidence at the subsequent inquiry was true in every detail, and that Gardiner's escape from custody was due to no fault of his. Hosie's explanation was as follows—

"In about an hour and a half," he says, after narrating how the sergeant had left him, "I found myself getting faint and called upon Fogg to take Gardiner in charge, which he did, and when I recovered I found Gardiner in the same place as when I fainted. I do not know whether he made any attempt to get away from Fogg, but shortly after I recovered he tried to get away from me. He attempted to throw me down, and we struggled together for a quarter of an hour, when he got away and rushed towards the river, which was flooded, when he turned and got a sapling and rushed at me with it. I fired at him and overcame him. Fogg then assisted me again, and we took him back to the house and gave him some refreshment. As Middleton did not return with assistance, I thought he must have died on the road, and I asked Fogg to assist me to take Gardiner to Bigga, which he did, and got two horses, one for himself

and the other for Gardiner to ride. Fogg led Gardiner's horse, and I rode behind. When we had got about three miles and three-quarters on the road towards Bigga we were attacked by two bushrangers, one of whom I believe to have been Piesley, who ordered Fogg to let go Gardiner's horse, or they would shoot him. He did so. Then they fired at me, and I fired at them—the only charge I had—when they both rushed at me and covered me with their revolvers. Fogg rushed up and begged of them not to shoot me, but to spare my life, and I believe they would have shot me only for Fogg's interference. They then left, taking Gardiner with them. After they left, Fogg accompanied me for about a quarter of a mile on the road for protection."

The man, John Piesley, referred to above, was one of Gardiner's associates who later entered upon a career of bush-ranging by himself. On the Southern Road particularly he was concerned in a large number of "sticking up" cases, including that of the mail-coach from Gundagai. But although highly successful in most of his raids, Piesley was not destined to enjoy his freedom long. The brutal murder of a settler named Benyon, a man against whom he had an old grudge, led to his pursuit and capture, and in March 1862 he was hung at Bathurst.

Gardiner, in the meantime, soon made it clear to the world that he was still alive. With such well-known and desperate followers as John Gilbert, Ben Hall, Jack O'Mealley and John Dunn, he ranged over an extensive district, making a series of robberies that the small force of police were powerless to guard against. At this time the gang's favourite hiding-place was in the Weddin Mountains. Whenever the officers of the law did get on the track of the offenders the odds were usually against them by reason

of the superiority of the bushrangers' horses. Time and time again the Mounted Police were obliged to give up the chase because their steeds failed them. With the stables of the whole country to pick from the outlaws kept themselves provided with the fastest and strongest horses, enabling them to race back to their strongholds in the hills and laugh at pursuit.

Gilbert and Ben Hall, in particular, each had a good eye for a racehorse. The latter one day walked into a station at Croggan, on the Bland Plains, and bailed it up single-handed. There were three men and a boy in an outhouse; these he tied with rope and laid upon the floor. Then he presented himself at the house of the station proprietor. "I've come for 'Troubadour,' Mr. Chisholm," he said, naming a famous horse which that gentleman kept in his stable; "no nonsense, please; I mean to have him." And a little later Hall rode off on his prize, at the same time taking with him another horse that had pleased his fancy.

The most sensational feat of Gardiner was the "sticking up" of the gold escort on its way from the Lachlan diggings to Sydney. Once every seven or ten days large quantities of gold and specie were sent by road to the capital, mostly to the banks, the mail coach in which the boxes were deposited being guarded by a body of mounted police.[1] Sometimes the value of these consignments was very high. One such escort from the Lachlan fields carried £34,000. The temptation thus offered to the bushrangers was very strong indeed. Rarely was there a guard of more than four or five constables, and along the road were several places where an ambuscade

[1] In the early days of the diggings the gold was deposited in strongly made wooden boxes on which the Government seal was affixed. Later on smaller round iron boxes took the place of these, as being safer and more convenient to handle.

could be posted. How effectively advantage was taken of one of these points will be seen.

Writing of his own experience as a digger in these stirring times, Mr. G. E. Boxall gives us a vivid pen-picture of a gold escort of 1865.[1] He says: "We [himself and two mates] were travelling along the road leading from Blaney to Bathurst, near Back Creek, when we saw the Government Gold Escort in the distance. The police authorities of New South Wales had learned a lesson from the great escort robbery of 1862, and no longer mounted all the police on the coach or drag in which the gold was conveyed to Sydney. At the place we had arrived at the road, a chain and a half (99 feet) wide, had been cleared through a stretch of heavy forest timber. It ran as straight as possible as far as the eye could reach, and was bordered on either side by a dense growth of timber and scrub rising to a height of from two hundred to three hundred feet like a wall of greenery. In the centre of the roadway was a metalled or gravelled road about fifteen feet wide. The remainder on either side was graded to near the timber lines, where a small cutting to carry off surface water was made. We rode on the soft grassy side slopes, and left the metalled or gravelled road for vehicles.

"It was in the centre of this gorge in the forest that we first sighted the escort. First rode a single trooper; at fifty yards' distance came two more, then, at about the same distance, came the escort cart, drawn by four horses, the driver and another policeman sitting on the front seat, while another trooper sat behind. A mounted trooper also rode on each side of the cart. Fifty yards farther back were two more troopers, while the rear was brought up by another single trooper. The men had their carbines ready in their

[1] *The Story of the Australian Bushrangers.*

hands, the butts resting on their thighs. When the leading trooper came within hail of us he cried 'Halt!' and raised his rifle. We halted. The two troopers behind him came forward at a rapid pace until they were near enough to support him, if necessary. The cart stopped, and the other troopers gathered round it ready to defend it.

"The sergeant in charge inquired what our names were, where we were going, and what was our business. We told him. He said our horses were superior to those usually ridden by diggers. We replied that we didn't care about riding old screws. He asked whether the two guns we carried were loaded. We informed him that one was loaded with shot in case we came across a duck or a pigeon. He told us to sit up straight and follow him. Then he motioned to the two troopers just behind him. He led the way while the troopers followed behind us. We all kept to the side of the road; the cart having been drawn up on the other side. The other troopers sat on their horses, carbine in hand, as we passed. It was a most impressive show of force out there in the bush. The sergeant and two troopers conducted us for about a hundred yards past the cart and then pulled up. The sergeant said it was difficult to tell what men were by their appearance. He advised us to be very careful, and asked if we had any gold or money with us. He then wished us good-day, after telling us to ride straight on and not attempt to turn back."

Mr. Boxall adds by way of reflection that in talking the matter over in camp later, he and his mates came to the conclusion that despite the improvement in the escort service it would not have been impossible to rob the escort again. By holding the attention of the foremost troopers in much the same way as described and posting others of its members

in the scrub, a gang of bushrangers could have shot down the police with little difficulty. However, this protection for the escort proved to be sufficient, for there is no record of its having been ever plundered again.

Before the story of the great gold escort robbery is told mention must be made of another affair in which Gardiner was concerned. It is chiefly important as having been partly the means of securing his ultimate conviction. Early in March of 1862 a storekeeper of Lambing Flat named Horsington, was driving from the township of Little Wombat to his home with his wife and another resident named Hewitt. The last-named rode behind the vehicle on horseback. The party had only proceeded a few miles when Gardiner and three companions jumped out from the bush with the cry of "bail up!" Without any preamble the cart was turned into a side track and the captives were conducted to a remote spot free from possibility of observation. The bushrangers had knowledge that the two men were worth plucking, and they were rewarded with plunder to the amount of about £1,000. Having taken this and sundry articles, including a saddle and whip, the gang made off. Messrs. Horsington and Hewitt on their part lost no time in rousing the police, but although a search party rode out no traces of the robbers could be found.

It was only three months later that Gardiner brought off his great *coup*. On a Sunday morning in June, the 15th of the month, the mail-coach with its escort set out as usual from Forbes, the centre of the Lachlan goldfields. It was driven by Johnny Fagan, a well-known and popular character. In charge of the escort was Sergeant Condell, who sat by the driver's side, the other police being Senior-Constable Henry Moran, Constable William Haviland, and a

fourth trooper whose name is not given. These rode inside the vehicle. The consignment carried in the coach comprised £700 in cash and 2,067 oz. 18 dwts. of gold for the Oriental Bank; 521 oz. 13 dwts. 6 grs. for the Bank of New South Wales; and £3,000 in cash and 129 oz. for the Commercial Banking Company. The total value was placed at £14,000. In addition to this treasure there were, of course, several mail-bags, in which were letters and packets containing various sums of money.

With no suspicion of impending danger the mail-coach rattled briskly along the road towards Sydney. It was just before noon when it started, and five hours elapsed before the first warning was experienced. Just past a place called Coobang, where the road begins to run between the Eugowra range of rocks, two drays drawn by bullocks were found standing in the path. No teamsters were to be seen. In itself there was nothing very alarming about this occurrence, and the escort turned sharply into the narrow passage between the drays and the rocks. Owing to the limited space and the curve of the roadway Fagan reined in his horses to a walk.

Then unexpectedly the attack began. From behind a group of rocks appeared six men conspicuous in red shirts and red caps, and with their faces blackened. Before the police could raise their carbines these poured a volley into the coach, wounding the sergeant and Constable Moran and drilling a hole through Johnny Fagan's cabbage-tree hat. Immediately after this discharge another half-dozen men took the places of the other party and fired a second volley, which had the effect of causing the horses to take fright and capsize the coach. The police, thus taken by surprise, fired back at the bushrangers as quickly as possible, but as they were too

exposed in the open they now sought cover in the bush at the side of the road. From this vantage point they endeavoured to hold their own, but the numbers of their enemies made it advisable to beat a retreat and seek assistance.

While, therefore, the exultant bushrangers were busy plundering the coach and packing the gold boxes on their horses, Sergeant Condell, Fagan and the three troopers made their way in the gathering darkness to Mr. Clements' station, near at hand. The squatter at once despatched a messenger to Forbes to acquaint Sir Frederick Pottinger,[1] the Inspector in charge of the police there, with the news. This officer with all promptitude organised a party of troopers and black trackers, and by two o'clock on the following morning was on the scene of the outrage. The trail of the bushrangers was picked up and followed, the troopers eventually coming upon the remains of a fire in which were the charred remnants of the red shirts, caps and masks. In the vicinity were found the mail-bags, ripped open, some empty boxes and a litter of papers and letters. From the direction of the hoof-marks the trackers concluded that the gang had ridden towards their customary haunt in the Weddin Mountains.

Sir Frederick Pottinger and his men pushed on in pursuit with all speed, but the police horses were no match for those of the bushrangers. Before anything of real value could be accomplished the party was forced to return to Forbes for fresh mounts. In the meantime, the mail-coach was rehorsed and sent forward on its journey with such of the mail as was recovered untouched. Soon after leaving Orange,

[1] Sir Frederick Pottinger had joined the Mounted Police in the days of the Southern Patrol, then being known as Trooper Parker. He assumed his real name on succeeding to the baronetcy.

however, another tragedy occurred. Constable Haviland, who was seated inside the vehicle with his fellow-trooper Moran and two passengers, shot himself dead with a revolver in circumstances that left little doubt that the affair was due to accident.

From Orange and Forbes the news of the escort robbery at the Eugowra Rocks spread quickly over the country, and the greatest excitement prevailed. Captain M'Lerie, the Inspector-General of Police in Sydney, supplemented Pottinger's efforts by ordering out several other superintendents and inspectors into the field. From Bathurst went Superintendent Morrissett with his troopers, and from Yass, Superintendent Battye. These, and other bodies of police, scoured the district as thoroughly as could be managed, but without avail until several days had elapsed. At the same time a reward of £1,000, with the promise of pardon to an informer if an accomplice, was offered by the Government.[1]

The first to get upon the actual trail of the bushrangers was Senior-Sergeant (afterwards Superintendent) Sanderson, a member of Sir Frederick Pottinger's party. It was well-known by now that Frank Gardiner was the leader of the gang pursued, as Sergeant Condell had positively identified his voice at the time of the attack. With this knowledge Sanderson followed a certain course to the Weddin Mountains, with the result that he pressed so hard upon the heels of the bushrangers that they abandoned a pack-horse which carried a considerable amount of gold. Sir Frederick, who was continuing the search at another point, later on made

[1] The mode of despatching a gold escort without the accompaniment of mounted troopers (in the Lachlan instance the men rode inside the coach) was the occasion of public condemnation. As a result of the outcry the Government shortly after issued instructions for the proper guarding of the mail-coach by mounted troopers in advance, and in the rear, of the vehicle.

a notable capture of two men implicated in the robbery, together with a portion of the plunder, but while conveying them to Forbes a rescue was effected. The police officers, three in number, were attacked by a larger party of bushrangers and compelled to fall back letting their prisoners go free. One of these men, it may be said here, was the notorious Manns who was afterwards re-arrested and hung. The only consolation the Inspector had was the knowledge that he had safely kept the recaptured gold, although Gardiner had made it known that he would never let it be taken to Forbes.

Following upon this incident many wild rumours were circulated throughout the colony. It was more than once asserted that Gardiner and other principals had been shot down in an encounter with the police, but each report was in turn falsified. What did actually happen was an attempt to apprehend Gardiner that almost proved successful. In this both Sir Frederick Pottinger and Sergeant Sanderson were concerned. Acting "on information received" the two officers with Sub-Inspector Norton and a trooper named Holster watched a house which the bushranger was believed to be visiting. There was known to be a woman in the case, the wife of a settler with whom Gardiner was carrying on an intrigue. The information turned out to be correct. From a position in the pine tree scrub outside the house Sir Frederick at midnight observed a man on a white horse approaching the place.

"The noise of horse's hoofs," he says, "sounded nearer and nearer, when I saw Gardiner cantering leisurely along. I waited until he came within five yards of me, and levelling my carbine at him across his horse's shoulder (the weapon, I swear, being about three yards from his body) I called upon

him to stand. I cannot be mistaken, and on my oath I declare that the man was Frank Gardiner. Deeming it not advisable to lose a chance I prepared to shoot him, but the cap of my piece missed fire. Gardiner's horse then began to rear and plunge, and before I had time to adjust my gun, he had bolted into the bush."

As Gardiner was riding away on the frightened animal Sergeant Sanderson and Trooper Holster both sent flying shots after him, but without effect. And so once more the bushranger gave his would-be captors the slip and once more had the laugh of the police. This unfortunate affair led to Sir Frederick and his aids being severely criticised by the public, who were chafing at the continued non-success of the authorities. That the Inspector was somewhat to blame in this instance must be admitted. A man of undoubted courage, he was impetuous to a fault, a weakness that certainly dimmed his reputation. Too anxious to make the arrest single-handed, he tied the hands of his companions by issuing strict orders that no shot was to be fired until he gave the command. When at last he did so it was too late for the other officers to do anything effective.

However, although much ridicule was levelled at the Mounted Police they stuck steadily to their work, and were not long before they were able to proclaim an arrest of the greatest importance. Sergeant Sanderson, who had been quietly making investigations in the neighbourhood of Wheogo, apprehended five men, among whom were John McGuire, Benjamin Hall and Daniel Charters. On one of these were found some notes believed to be identical with those stolen from the escort. There was certainly enough to justify arrest on suspicion, but the police were not aware of the value of their "haul" until Charters made a

voluntary confession. In his statement the latter revealed the true history of the robbery and named the men who had played the leading part therein. Among those not yet under lock and key were three, Alexander Fordyce, John Bow and Jack O'Meally. These were now arrested, while the satisfaction of the police was increased by the knowledge that another prisoner, known as Turner, was in reality Manns, a prominent associate of Gardiner.

In due course the bushrangers Fordyce, McGuire, Bow, O'Meally and Manns were tried before a Special Commission that sat at Sydney. There the informer Charters repeated his confession in more detail, and after certain of the law's delays Fordyce, Bow and Manns were convicted and sentenced to death. Charters, as promised, received a pardon. The others, with six more highwaymen arraigned on different charges, escaped with terms of imprisonment. The death sentence, however, was only carried out in the case of Manns. Strong pressure was brought to bear to secure the reprieves of Fordyce and Bow, the result being that their sentences were commuted to imprisonment for life.

What became of Gardiner, Hall, O'Meally, Gilbert and others of this noted gang, will be related in the following pages. In closing this chapter of their history it only remains to add that, beyond what the police recovered in the first stages of their search, no more of the stolen treasure was discovered. In commenting on this Mr. Charles White, in his account of the escort robbery, remarks significantly: "Some of the residents of the district have always held to the opinion that more than one of the 'shares' so carefully divided by the leader of the gang still lie hidden in the fastnesses of the Weddin Mountains. My own opinion is that

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THREE NOTORIOUS BUSHRANGERS.

"THUNDERBOLT."
(Taken after death.)

NED KELLY.

FRANCIS GARDINER.

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there are persons living at the time this is being written—and nearly forty summers have passed away since the robbery—who could, if they chose, account for the unrecovered gold and notes. More than this I dare not say."

CHAPTER IX

BUSHRANGING DAYS.—II

"Gardiner's Flying Squadron"—Inspector Patrick Brennan—Catching a tartar—Bushranging tactics—"Bush telegraphs"—Gardiner disappears—Detective McGlone—Capture of Gardiner—Trial and sentence—Ben Hall—Sticking up of Canowindra—Relaxations—Mock bushrangers and a sequel—Police caught napping—Trooper Sutton's pluck—Trooper Burns—Four to one—A bushranger shot—Medals awarded—Raid on Bathurst—Police blunders—The system at fault——Government action—Police reforms instituted.

SIR FREDERICK POTTINGER was not the only police officer who had a personal encounter with Gardiner and members of his gang. Not very long after the gold escort robbery a party of the bushrangers appeared at Pudman Creek, where they "bailed up" Mr. Dwyer, storekeeper; and at Blakeney Creek, where they similarly treated a Mr. Rudif. The band are reported as having been armed each with two revolvers and a gun. They represented themselves as "Gardiner's Flying Squadron."

When the bushrangers had taken toll and ridden off, the discomfited storekeepers apprised the police at Yass, the nearest point, whence word was passed on to Goulburn, sixty miles farther along the Southern Road. At this latter town was the late Inspector Patrick Brennan. On receipt of the intelligence he and a trooper saddled up and started to get on the trail of the thieves. Riding direct to Yass they reached the house of a Mr. Phillips at nightfall and stabled

their horses while they went inside. Within less than half an hour Mr. Phillips and his guests were enjoying the unusual experience of being "stuck up," for two bushrangers had reined up at the door with a summons to the inmates to surrender.

It was a veritable case of catching a tartar. The Inspector and his assistant dashed out, revolver in hand, and called on the surprised bandits to yield in their turn. In a flash one of the men fired, hitting Brennan in the left shoulder, but the officer was quick to respond and his assailant dropped his gun with an oath as a bullet struck his right arm. While the wounded bushranger leapt into the bush to make a bolt for it, pursued by the trooper, Brennan shot the horse of the other man, and closed with him in a desperate struggle. After being badly knocked about the head with the butt of a revolver the Inspector gained the upper hand and disarmed his opponent. To his gratification, the prisoner proved to be one Sedwicker, a well-known criminal wanted on several counts, and clearly one of those who had robbed Mr. Dwyer. Some of the stolen property, saddles, guns and revolvers, was found in the possession of himself and his mate, whom the trooper soon brought back in triumph.

To return to Gardiner, the efforts of the mounted police to hunt him down were unceasing, but the tactics of the bushranger leader constantly outwitted them. By dividing his forces Gardiner kept the troopers busily engaged in two separate districts at the same time, so that some confusion as to his movements arose. It was openly stated that he used the newest members of his band, the "neophytes," to decoy the police by making a demonstration at some point; then, when the troopers had been called out, Gardiner and his "men-at-arms," as the older hands were styled, would

descend on the diggings or the township to make their haul. This plan was worked successfully many times, at Lambing Flat and other places, and in letters to the press Gardiner taunted the police with the ease with which they fell into his trap. That he was well served, also, by "bush telegraphs," is shown by a newspaper of that date. Says the writer—

"About three or four months ago the [police] patrol were on the Bland Plains (near the Abercrombie River) in pursuit of some well-known desperadoes, who they knew were not many miles off, and they called at a slightly suspected station. Being unsuccessful they proceeded to the next station, the residence of a truly loyal man. He gave the officer in command all the information in his power, but while doing so he suddenly exclaimed: 'Haste, or you'll be too late: for, by Jove, there goes the "telegram" from Mr. ——'s place, you passed last!' The officer looked in the direction pointed out, and there saw straight across one of the highest ranges at a stretching gallop, a finely mounted youth. No time was lost by the patrol, but when they got to their destination they found the residents calmly waiting their arrival, having been evidently on the look-out for some time. Of course, everything was found correct and square, so that the police had to return sadder, but in slightly one sense (i.e. bush telegraphy), wiser men."

There was reason to believe that the organisation of this service was so thorough that every township had its "telegram." Certain it is that throughout a wide extent of country the bushrangers were kept fully posted as to the movements of the police by their many friends. Such help was forthcoming sometimes through fear of the consequences of refusal, but often, no doubt, it was purchased. In the

bush community the majority of men had their price, and were not loth to buy immunity for themselves. How immensely this added to the difficulties of the Mounted Police will be readily understood.

For many months the depredations of the gang continued with few checks. Then a rumour was circulated to the effect that Gardiner had disappeared from his old haunts, and that the bushrangers had a new leader. Police and public were alike incredulous at first, but for once rumour did not lie. The "Prince of Tobymen," as he liked to sign himself, had actually resigned from office and betaken himself to pastures new. At the same time Mrs. Brown, the woman whose name had been linked with his for a year or two, disappeared, and it was rightly conjectured that the two had fled together.

The eventual hunting down of Gardiner was the work of a smart Sydney detective named McGlone. This officer learned that the bushranger was in Queensland, at the new diggings at Apis Creek, where he had been recognised by a man whom he had "stuck up" on a New South Wales goldfield. Having been furnished with a warrant for arrest and all necessary documents, McGlone left Sydney in January 1864 and sailed for Rockhampton. He was accompanied by two policemen, Constables Pye and Wells, to neither of whom he confided the true reason of their mission.

On arrival in Queensland the detective set to work cautiously, knowing that Gardiner would be keenly suspicious of newcomers. He and his companions, therefore, dressed themselves as diggers and in this guise travelled slowly along the road to the Apis Creek goldfield. It was here that Gardiner, or Christie, as he now preferred to be known, had settled. In partnership with a man named Craig, whom he

had picked up while travelling, and who was blissfully innocent of the other's real character, he had started in business as a publican and storekeeper, "Mrs. Christie" assisting by serving behind the bar. In his quest for the much wanted bushranger McGlone was favoured by no little luck. That he was on the right trail he knew by meeting several faces that he remembered having seen in the Lachlan district, faces of men who were known to be "in" with Gardiner. But how close he was to the latter himself he little guessed.

The three policemen pitched their camp within a stone's throw of the new public-house, and in due time McGlone took a stroll round to prospect. To his astonishment the first individual he encountered was Gardiner himself, seated in the entrance to the house. The detective identified him at once. "Native of Goulburn, New South Wales, 32 years of age, 5 feet 8½ inches high, a labourer, dark sallow complexion, black hair, brown eyes, small raised scar in left eyebrow, small scar on right chin, scar on knuckle of right forefinger, short finger-nails, mark on temple from a wound by pistol ball or whip": so ran the published description which he knew by heart. Whether Gardiner at the time still wore the moustache and beard that he affected during his raids is not stated. Our portrait depicts him as he was in later years, after serving his term of imprisonment.

McGlone in his account of the capture tells how he invited Gardiner into the house to have a drink, and how convinced he was that the other had no suspicion that he was being tracked. Afterwards the detective explained the situation to his two assistants, and then went off to secure the help of Lieutenant Brown, of the Queensland Native Mounted Police, who was in the neighbourhood. The utmost care was taken to prevent any hitch in their plans. As arranged,

Brown and his black troopers came sauntering by the house at the moment that the pseudo-diggers were preparing to strike camp. Gardiner was skilfully engaged in conversation and then, at a signal, he was seized and thrown to the ground. The native police meanwhile covered those who were spectators of the scene, to prevent any attempt at rescue. There was no occasion for force, however. The surprise had been complete. With his prisoner McGlone set off for Rockhampton, where his warrant obtained Gardiner's remand to Sydney. Without any delay—for the influence of the bushranger's many "friends" was to be feared—the detective hurried his man on board a steamer leaving for New South Wales, and safely got clear.

At his first trial in Sydney, the charge being "shooting and wounding Sergeant Middleton with intent to murder him," Gardiner was acquitted. He was remanded to gaol, however, as another indictment was to be preferred against him. In the court-house satisfaction at the verdict was openly expressed by the spectators, but the press of the colony adopted a very different tone. On all hands the newspapers condemned the false spirit of hero-worship that prevailed, principally among the lower classes, and called for Gardiner's conviction and punishment. This followed in due course two months later, when he appeared before the Chief Justice, Sir Alfred Stephen, to answer the charge of robbing Messrs. Horsington and Hewitt "under arms," and that of wounding Trooper Hosie "with intent to do grievous bodily harm." On a verdict of "guilty" being returned, Gardiner was sentenced to three terms of penal servitude which amounted in all to thirty-two years.

Although the prison gates had now shut upon the notorious bushranger, seemingly for life, the good fortune that

had marked his career was still to follow him. In July 1874, after only ten years' incarceration, he was released through a strenuous agitation on the part of his sympathisers. In setting him free, however, the Government made it conditional that he should leave the country, and in accordance with this provision Gardiner was immediately shipped to San Francisco. Here he spent the remainder of his days, the proprietor of a flourishing "saloon" and, so far as is known, an honest and law-abiding citizen.

Of the other members of the Gardiner gang those who most claim attention are Ben Hall, John Gilbert, Jack O'Meally and John Dunn. John Vane, who attained no little notoriety, was a later addition to the band. In Hall the bushrangers found a capable successor to their late chief. At the outset of his career a well-to-do and popular squatter, this worthy came under the suspicion of the police as an accomplice of Gardiner. Hall himself always stoutly maintained (and with some show of reason) that he was innocent of any such charge. When the gold escort robbery occurred he was arrested by Sir Frederick Pottinger, who believed him to be implicated in the affair, but the charge fell through. Shortly after he was thrown into the company of a bushranger named Daley, whom the police hotly pursued, and in desperation Hall openly took to the road.

One of the earliest exploits of the new leader was the "sticking up" of Canowindra. In company with Gilbert and O'Meally, Hall rode into the township soon after midnight and roused the proprietor of Robinson's Hotel. Everyone in the place having been bailed up, the household was collected in one room, where they were invited to partake of refreshment. This little company was increased after daylight by several drovers who were brought in by Gilbert.

Then three gentlemen arrived at the hotel in a buggy, these being similarly made prisoners. But, though they had so far found little in the shape of plunder, the bushrangers treated their captives with all consideration. Dinner was served by their orders, and, what was more surprising, it was paid for, as were the spirits and cigars that were provided.

In the meantime, other hotels and stores were visited and the leading citizens conducted to the temporary prison at Robinson's Hotel. To add insult to injury, the one policeman in the township was next hauled up and forced to act as sentry, the three bushrangers hugely enjoying the spectacle of the representative of the law marching solemnly to and fro on the verandah with a musket in his hands. Two days passed thus, the time being mostly filled with dancing and music. At night only the women and children were allowed to go to bed. All the male members of the party slept in their seats. On the third morning permission was given to the prisoners to go on their way. Hall, Gilbert and O'Meally then rode off, poorer in pocket than when they had arrived, but expressing themselves very well content with their "spree." They had demonstrated the ease with which a whole township could be bailed up.

The liking for a little relaxation in the way of music was a not uncommon characteristic of the bushrangers of the sixties. Some of the gang were themselves no mean performers on the piano, and could sing a good song. One of Gardiner's followers, having stuck up a station, compelled the daughter of the house to play his accompaniment, while with unconscious humour he regaled his host with a rendering of "Ever of thee!" Captain Melville, the Victorian celebrity, was also noted among the fraternity for his musical accomplishments.

A story which bears on this subject and relates to this period has an amusing as well as a tragic side to it. A certain wealthy squatter once gave a large dance at his station. While the festivities were at their height three young fellows of the party slipped away unobserved, to present themselves soon after in the doorway of the ball-room with blackened faces and revolvers. At the sight of the roughly dressed, ominous figures a silence fell on the company, the ladies shrinking timidly to the wall. "Hands up!" came the stern order from the leader of the trio, but, not wishing to carry the joke too far, he and his companions laughingly revealed their identity.

Every one joined in the merriment and the dance proceeded. It had been a good joke, even if a little in bad taste. About an hour later there came another interruption of a like kind. When two bearded and masked men appeared with levelled revolvers and a command to "Hands up!" as before, no one realised that anything serious was amiss. "It's those boys again," said one voice. A gentleman who was near the door tried to pull off one of the masks, but he was met by a blow and a volley of curses that left little doubt as to the real nature of the intruders.

"Turn out your pockets, and no blank fooling!" said one of the bushrangers. And as the scared dancers stood in rows along the walls he and his mate made a goodly haul of cash and jewellery. There was no nonsense this time; the robbers were the genuine article. After they had collected all the portable property the two ruffians ordered refreshments to be brought them, while some of the ladies played and sang. Then, with polite thanks for their entertainment, they withdrew and rode off into the darkness.

To hold the police up to contempt whenever possible was

another delight of the bushrangers. In one instance that is recorded they caught a sergeant and two mounted troopers napping. One of the latter was pounced upon in the bush, where he was chasing a runaway horse, and was promptly tied to a tree. The sergeant and other trooper were surprised in a hut, which was affording them a temporary rest, and made prisoners without difficulty. The policemen then had the mortification to see the rascals coolly appropriate their carbines, revolvers and even handcuffs, being left helpless and without any alternative but to return to their quarters. It was little wonder that when such occurrences were made known (and the bushrangers took good care that this was done) the inefficacy of the police was the subject of general comment. On the face of it the gentlemen of the road were having the best of the game. And yet this much must be said for the troopers. By the shortsighted policy of the authorities they were poorly horsed and poorly armed. However courageous they might be—and there were certainly few cowards among them—they had small chance of success against men whose equipment was superior to theirs at all points.

That a mounted policeman could show pluck in the face of fire, despite repeated taunts to the contrary, was evidenced on many occasions. Take the case of Trooper Sutton of the Bathurst detachment. A raid had been made upon some stables near the town, and one or two valuable horses stolen. As pursuit had proved unavailing, a substantial reward was offered for information leading to the apprehension of the offenders, while steps were taken to guard against the police plans becoming public. Bush telegraphs were to be caught at all costs and made examples of. To this end Superintendent Morrissett of Bathurst, and a small party,

was pursued by Sergeant Cleary of the Mounted Police and two black trackers, being caught at Coonamble, over two hundred miles away. The man who was shot died almost immediately. He proved to be a desperate character named Heather, who had committed a highway robbery only half an hour previously. At the inquest the jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide, and Mr. Lowe afterwards had the gratification of receiving a gold medal from the Government for his act.

The presentation of medals for resisting and capturing bushrangers, it may be noted here, was instituted in 1875. Gold medals were awarded to private individuals who had distinguished themselves, and silver ones to members of the constabulary. Each medal bore on one side the head of the Queen, surrounded by the words "The Colony of New South Wales"; on the reverse was the Australian coat of arms, surmounting the recipient's name which was encircled by a floral wreath. Round this design was inscribed "Granted for gallant and faithful services." Six such gold medals were given to civilians, a seventh being presented to the widow of Captain McLerie, who was Inspector-General of Police between 1856 and 1874, in recognition of her husband's great services. The Mounted Police who were decorated were Sergeant John Middleton, who arrested Gardiner at Fogg's hut, as has been related, and Sergeant A. B. Walker, whose encounter with Captain Thunderbolt has yet to be told. A third silver medal was bestowed upon an innkeeper of Pine Ridge, named Beauvais, who had a thrilling fight with the bushranger Rutherford and killed his assailant.

Of the numerous daring exploits which signalised Ben Hall's leadership of the "Gardiner gang" space will only permit brief enumeration. Scarcely a day went by without

some outrage being reported. Next to the "sticking up" of Canowindra, perhaps the most notable feat was the raid upon Bathurst. This was the outcome of a remark made by a resident of that town whom Hall had robbed in open daylight in the bush. "You daren't come to Bathurst!" said that gentleman. "You'll see," had been Hall's reply.

No significance was apparently attached to this brief conversation, for no one in Bathurst dreamed that any bushranger would be bold enough to show his face in the town. But Hall fully intended to give the public another surprise. Several weeks later a raid was made on Caloola, a township on the old Lachlan road to the south of Bathurst, and, as was anticipated, a strong body of troopers under Superintendent Morrissett of Bathurst set out in pursuit of the gang. That it was merely a ruse to lure them out into the hills was not suspected by the police, yet such was the case. A few hours after they had left down came the bushrangers to carry out Hall's half-veiled threat.

The raiders were five in number: Hall, Vane, Gilbert, O'Meally and Burke. Riding quietly into the town they visited one or two shops without exciting any comment, Vane being detached to watch the main road. At a jeweller's store, however, where they proceeded to take toll an alarm was given and the quartette mounted their horses and galloped off. There was now considerable commotion in that quarter of the town, and every trooper left in the barracks was hastily called into action. Never supposing for a moment that the gang would attempt another robbery in the town limits, the police dashed out along the roads leading to Caloola or Carcoar, and thus again favoured the bushrangers' movements. What Hall had done was to proceed to a hotel kept by one Alderman De Clouet, at the

far end of the town, and "stick up" the household. At this place some small booty was secured, but the raiders failed in their chief object, which was to secure a famous racehorse owned by the alderman. This animal had fortunately been removed from his former quarters. Eventually the four took the southern road and escaped to their retreat without meeting any of the parties who were then searching the district.

Bathurst had a breathing space of two days. Then, with an audacity that amounted to bravado Hall and some of his followers appeared again on the outskirts of the town, plundering stores and creating a new reign of terror. This time the police parties from Bathurst were headed by Superintendent Morrissett and the Inspector-General, Captain McLerie, who had come specially from Sydney to investigate matters in person. Owing to the methods of red tape that existed, by which individual action on the part of inferior officers was stifled, and owing to crass blundering by the leaders of the police, the bushrangers were allowed to get away when a sharp pursuit would undoubtedly have brought them to book. So marked was the lack of generalship that strong representations were made to the central authorities, and the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Charles Cowper, was moved to take action.

It will be remembered that in 1862 the New South Wales legislature had passed a new Police Act, under which the whole of the force in the colony was brought under one central control, with headquarters at Sydney. The first Inspector-General, the supreme chief, was Captain McLerie. In theory this scheme was admirable, but in practice it was not justifying itself. The constant dependence on orders, the fear of reprimand through acting on one's own initiative,

A STATION IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

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led to too much inaction, and what should have been a mobile force was robbed of its most important characteristic at the beginning. The fact could not be concealed that the Mounted Police of the day were in general unfit for the special duties they were called upon to perform. The force was disorganised to a great extent, and jealousies between officers were allowed to nullify whatever good there lay in the system. It was with a view to remedying these evils that the Inspector-General had himself gone into the country districts and undertaken actual police duty. But in the condition of things reform could not be instituted immediately. And while blunder after blunder occurred, and the authorities were forced to admit their failure to check the depredations of the bushrangers, public indignation boiled over.

"Now," says Mr. White, "the full force of the condemnatory blast was felt in Parliament, and the Government were at their wits' end to stand against it. They could not defend a force as inefficient as that under McLerie's command had proved itself to be, but Mr. Cowper would not admit that it was the system that was in fault. He was loyal to his offspring, but terribly indignant at the manner in which those in whose charge he had placed it were acting. A bitter correspondence ensued between Mr. Cowper and the Inspector-General, during which the Premier threatened at one time to 'set the regular police aside and organise another band under an entirely different arrangement,' and in a later letter added: 'The Colonial Secretary is, however, unwilling suddenly to withdraw the Inspector-General, but intimates his intention of doing so if, within one month, Gilbert and party are not apprehended. It will then become a question for immediate determination what modification

of the police system shall be made to remedy the defects so loudly complained of.' "

These were strong words and they show how the gravity of the situation was realised at headquarters. Following upon these strictures the Government issued notices of rewards of £500 each for the apprehension of the five leading bushrangers, Hall, Gilbert, Vane, O'Meally and Burke. The last-named was a new recruit who had made himself conspicuous in several affairs. To fit the police more suitably for their work in the bush it was ordered that uniforms were to be discarded and the rough bushman's outfit adopted instead. The change from the dragoon equipment was a welcome one. Hitherto the troopers had been conspicuous objects wherever they went, making secrecy practically impossible. Their heavy tight-fitting uniforms, too, while smart in appearance, had not conduced to comfort. What was no less important, improved patterns of rifles and revolvers were now issued, and a better class of horse provided. A final special instruction in the Government's minute was that the Mounted Police in future, in the area of operations, were to be devoted exclusively to hunting down bushrangers. They were to freely use the services of black trackers and be prepared for continuous work in the bush.

How these measures acted in quickening the energies of the police will be seen as the story of the bushrangers is followed. Rome was not built in a day, nor were these pests of society to be destroyed by a single sweep of the arm of the law. More stringent means had to be resorted to ere " robbery under arms " was stamped out in the colony and the authority of the police became paramount.

CHAPTER X

BUSHRANGING DAYS.—III

Death of Lowry—The Dunn's Plains affair—Burke shot—Surrender of Vane—O'Meally at Goimbla station—Sergeant Parry's death—The Felons' Apprehension Act—Shooting of Ben Hall—Gilbert and Dunn—Dan Morgan on the Southern Road—Sergeant McGinnerty—Another police tragedy—Morgan at Peechalba station—A Chinese bushranger—The brothers Clarke—Murder of the special constables—Hunted down at last—Sir Watkin Wynne, black tracker—Captain Thunderbolt—Trooper Walker—A hand to hand fight—Captain Melville in Victoria—The "Moonlight" gang—The Wantabadgery "sticking up."

THE Gardiner gang were not to have an uninterrupted career of success, although to the popular eye they seemed to be flaunting the police with impunity. In the spring of 1863 Frederick Lowry, one of its members, was cornered by Sergeant Stephenson and Trooper Herbst at Cook's Vale Creek, and after an exciting encounter shot down. The next to suffer was Burke, the scene of his dramatic ending being Dunn's Plains, near Rockley.

It had been arranged by Hall and Gilbert to make an attack upon Assistant Gold Commissioner Keightley, whose house was in that locality. One day in October, a week after the "sticking up" of Canowindra, the bushrangers rode out to the Plains. They were five in number, O'Meally, Vane and Burke accompanying the two leaders. In this instance they failed to take their victim by surprise. Mr.

Keightley saw them coming, barred his door and windows, and returned the others' fire with such good effect that he accounted for one of the attacking party. Burke was seen to throw up his hands, crying out that he was "done for," and though he was not killed outright his wound soon proved to be mortal.

This fight at Dunn's Plains fortunately was attended by no other tragedy. When the ammunition of the besieged became exhausted Mr. Keightley surrendered. The bushrangers were incensed at the death of Burke, and at first were for shooting the Gold Commissioner in revenge, but in the end better persuasions prevailed. After a conference it was decided that his life should be spared on payment of a sum of £500. This system of ransoming was a new departure for the bushrangers. To obtain the money—the exact amount, by the way, which Mr. Keightley would receive from the Government as a reward for shooting Burke—his friend Dr. Peechey, an inmate of the house, rode to Bathurst. He returned within the appointed time, and their prisoner having been released, the outlaws left the scene.

Immediately after this serious outrage the reward for the apprehension of Hall, Gilbert, O'Meally and Vane was raised in each case from £500 to £1,000. The last-named member of the gang was shortly after brought to justice through the instrumentality of a priest, who induced him to surrender to the police before retribution overtook him. On being tried Vane was convicted of highway robbery under arms and was sentenced to a long term of penal servitude. That he chose a wise course was made evident by the fate of his companions, each of whom died a violent death. Had Vane continued with the gang there is little doubt but that

he would have been shot by the police or would have ended his days on the scaffold.

O'Meally's death occurred at Goimbla Station, the owner of which, Mr. David Campbell, had incurred the animosity of the gang. This was in November of the same year. Making a descent upon the station to " pay out " Mr. Campbell for his former vigilance in joining search-parties to hunt them down, the bushrangers set fire to the barn and stables. They then prepared to attack the house, and Mrs. Campbell, while pluckily crossing a verandah to obtain a gun, had a narrow escape from being killed. It was the lady who from her point of vantage noted where the men were under cover in the stackyard and informed her husband. Mr. Campbell thereupon stalked them successfully and had the good fortune to shoot O'Meally, whose face he recognised in the glare of the flames. As the mounted police from Forbes, attracted by the light of the burning buildings, were now galloping up, the other bushrangers, Hall and Gilbert, made off without delay. It may be added that both Mr. Campbell and Mr. Keightley received gold medals from the Government for ridding the colony of two such ruffians.

After the loss of their allies Ben Hall and Gilbert continued their depredations by themselves with varying success until fresh recruits were attracted to them. Of these new bushrangers only one, Johnny Dunn, achieved any notoriety. But little time, indeed, remained for the gang to add to their unsavoury reputation. The mounted police were now pressing them close, drawing the net round the two principals.

After one or two raids in which they secured some new mounts, well-known racehorses being lifted in each instance, there came a crime which set the seal on their fate. This was the shooting of Sergeant Parry. In November 1864, Hall,

Gilbert and Dunn were out on the Southern Road at Black Springs, near Jugiong, where during one day they bailed up no fewer than fifty people of all classes. This assemblage was kept under close surveillance in the bush while the trio waited to hold up the mail from Albury, which was hourly expected. With the mail when it arrived came two mounted troopers, Sub-Inspector O'Neil and Sergeant Parry. Inside the coach were Mr. Ross, District Police Magistrate, and a constable.

The two mounted men received the first fire, and the sergeant was shot dead by Gilbert. Sub-Inspector O'Neil, using the coach as cover, kept up a spirited defence until his ammunition was expended, as also did Mr. Ross, but both were compelled to yield. They then joined the "camp," where the other prisoners were huddled together. Of the constable the less said the better. He had been ordered by Mr. Ross to get among the trees and open fire upon the bushrangers from safe cover. On seeing Parry fall and the others surrender he took to his heels. Happily for the credit of the Australian Mounted Police such cases of showing the white feather are few and far between. For every man who bolted in the face of danger they can show a hundred who stood their ground until killed or overcome.

Weeks went by, with an almost daily record of highway robberies, now in the Goulburn district and now at Canowindra or some outlying spot. Yet another policeman, Constable Nelson of Collector, was shot down in cold blood, the aggressor this time being Dunn. Thereafter the gang were heard of in their old haunts in the Lachlan, where many stations were raided to provide fresh horses. It was at this juncture, early in 1865, that the Government was driven to pass an extreme measure by which the bushrangers

were proclaimed outlaws. This was the "Felons' Apprehension Act." Hall, Gilbert and Dunn were now to be hunted like dogs; it was in the power of any one to shoot them on sight. They were to be human vermin in the eyes of men.

"If, after Proclamation by the Governor with the advice of the Executive Council of the fact of such adjudication shall have been published in the *Gazette*, and in one or more Sydney and one or more country newspapers, such outlaw shall afterwards be found at large armed, or there being reasonable grounds to believe that he is armed, it shall be lawful for any of her Majesty's subjects, whether a constable or not, and without being accountable for using of any deadly weapon in aid of such apprehension, whether its use be preceded by a demand of surrender or not, to apprehend or take such outlaw alive or dead." In this clause of the second section was provided the necessary authority. The Act was to remain in force for a year from the date of its passing.

The Proclamation of outlawry and summons to surrender was issued shortly after. But knowing full well that their crimes of murder and robbery could only be expiated on the gallows, the bushrangers still defied the law. That they realised the game was nearly up is probable. The penalties against "bush telegraphs" and harbourers had been made so stringent as to alienate many of their sympathisers. Their hiding-places were no longer secure, and the large bodies of mounted police drafted into the western district kept them in a state of continual unrest.

The first of the gang to fall into the hands of the police was Ben Hall. Sub-Inspector James Davidson, of the Lachlan detachment, got on the track of the bushrangers on

the last day of April. Five days later the party found two horses hobbled in the scrub about twelve miles from Forbes. In the evening a man was seen to take the animals some little way off, and a black tracker was sent to follow his movements. The native located his whereabouts, returning to inform the police. Through the night the man's camp was watched, and at daybreak, when he appeared in the open, he was called upon to stand. It was Ben Hall. The hunted man turned to run for his life, but ere he could gain cover the police had fired, several bullets taking effect. He dropped to the ground and died within a few moments.

After the death of their leader Gilbert and Dunn seem to have thought more of their safety than of committing robberies. But practically every former refuge was now closed to them. In their extremity the two fled to the hut of Dunn's grandfather, an old man named Kelly. Even here, however, there was no sanctuary. Betrayed to the police, they were caught like rats in a trap, and in the brief fight Gilbert was shot. His companion escaped in the scrub for the time, wounded in the leg, but only to wander about the country with the police ever on his heels. He was captured at last by Troopers McHale, Elliott and Hawthorne, of the Canonbar force, at a station to the north of the Western Road and not far distant from Dubbo. It began with a duel between McHale and the outlaw, in which both were seriously hurt, and it ended in Dunn being overcome and haled off to Dubbo barracks. From this temporary prison, where his wounds were attended to, he made a desperate effort to escape. But within a few hours he was recaptured, and in due time was sent to Sydney for trial. In the February following he was executed.

The Western and Southern Roads, whereon the Gardiner

gang practised their nefarious trade, saw many other bushrangers during the same period. Of all who achieved any notoriety the most striking figure was undoubtedly Dan Morgan. He stands out prominently among the malefactors of that day by reason of his ferocity and innate cruelty; there was no redeeming feature in his case to lessen the horror with which he was regarded.

As soon as it was discovered that there was no gang to contend against, but that he was acting single-handed, or at the least in the company of only one other man, the police laid their plans for hunting him down. Beginning operations in 1862, in the Southern districts of New South Wales, Morgan soon had a long list of robberies to his credit. That he would not stop short of murder was to be expected, and the death of a lonely shepherd on a station was rightly ascribed to him. Later on there came an encounter with the mounted police near Tumberumba, with fatal results to one of the latter. Sergeant McGinnerty and Trooper Churchley were on the main road when they overtook Morgan ambling along. Not knowing whom he had to deal with, the sergeant passed him a civil "Good-day." The bushranger turned in his saddle with an oath. "You're one of the traps looking for me, are you?" he exclaimed, and drawing his revolver he shot the poor fellow through the breast.

In the accounts of this occurrence one finds some discrepancies. According to one writer Morgan's horse was shot under him by McGinnerty and the two men came to hand-grips; according to another the sergeant's riderless horse bolted into the bush at the side of the road, whither the bushranger followed. Trooper Churchley's horse, it would appear, bolted likewise, and its rider finally turned back to the nearest township to obtain assistance. What-

ever the actual details may have been, Sergeant McGinnerty was left dead on the road, another victim to a bushranger's vengeance,[1] while Morgan coolly proceeded to the station at Round Hill owned by Mr. Watson.

Here his bloodthirsty mood evinced itself quickly. Having "stuck up" the station, he became incensed at a remark made by one of the hands and began shooting freely. A young man named Heriot was badly wounded in the leg as a result, and shortly after Morgan shot one of the overseers, a Mr. McLean, in the back. Heriot in time recovered, though permanently crippled, but McLean succumbed to his injuries. This tragedy caused the police to redouble their efforts, and Superintendent Carne, of the south-western district, sent out several parties of troopers to search the country. Morgan's day of reckoning, however, had not yet come. He continued to terrorise that part of the colony for many months.

Another member of the mounted police who met his death at the bushranger's hands was Sergeant Smyth. With three other troopers this officer took up Morgan's trail in the bush and tracked him as far as Kyamba. Here the party camped for the night. As they sat together in the little canvas tent with a lighted candle their shadows betrayed them to Morgan, who was close at hand. Firing through the tent at close range, he shot the sergeant. The constables jumped out to counter the attack, but the bushranger had disappeared and their search was futile. Smyth never recovered from his wounds, dying about a fortnight later.

Morgan's undoing was the acceptance of a challenge that he dared not venture into Victoria. It had been boastfully asserted that if he crossed the border he would be captured

[1] See Appendix D for list of police killed and wounded by bushrangers.

with little delay, the implication being that the Victorian police were capable of performing what evidently was beyond the power of the New South Wales force. If this boast were actually made it was certainly unjust, for no charge of ineptitude could be levelled against the police of the elder colony. For months they had worked unremittingly to track their quarry, and only the inferiority of their horses robbed them of success. Indeed, so close did they run the bushranger that fear of capture had not a little to do with his change of venue.

So into Victoria went Morgan, crossing the Murray River at Albury. His first exploits met with no check. Two or three stations were robbed, and then he ventured upon what proved to be his last raid. On the 8th of April, 1865, only a few days after his appearance in this new field, he reached Peechalba Station, near Wangaratta, which was owned by Messrs McPherson and Rutherford. With revolver in hand he forced all the inmates—four men and eight women—into one room, where they ranged themselves against the wall. Then, his weapons on a table before him, Morgan sat down and gave instructions for tea to be made for him, the while he chatted freely with Mr. McPherson. At intervals Mrs. McPherson played to him on the piano.

Among those who were thus bailed up was a servant named Alice Macdonald, a plucky and quick-witted girl. On the pretence that one of her mistress's children was crying for her, she insisted on leaving the room, and even went so far as to smack the bushranger's face when he objected. She had her way, however, Morgan being in the mood to admire her audacity. Once outside, the girl found one of the station men who had escaped notice in the round-up, and told him to ride off at once to Mr. Rutherford's house, a

quarter of a mile away. She then returned to take her place in the line with the other prisoners.

Mr. Rutherford, on receipt of the news, sent a messenger to Wangaratta to summon the mounted police. In the night a number of troopers surrounded the house, and, with a few civilian volunteers, waited anxiously for the dawn. Contrary to their fears Morgan did not work himself into a frenzy for bloodshed in the meantime. The night passed without incident. Soon after daylight, having partaken of breakfast, the bushranger prepared to leave, and bade Mr. McPherson get him the best horse in the stables. The station owner and three men started to fulfil this request, with Morgan following close in the rear. This gave the watchers behind the fences their opportunity. From his position a station hand, John Quinlan, easily covered the bushranger. He took careful aim, and Morgan dropped with a bullet through his shoulder.

As he fell he cried out angrily: "Why didn't you challenge me? You didn't give me a chance!"

"A lot of chance you gave those other fellows, Morgan," said one of those who now came forward to carry him into a wool shed close by. "Remember McGinnerty and Smyth!"

A few hours later the dreaded bushranger was dead, the news being quickly flashed to New South Wales where, as a matter of fact, the police were still seeking him in the ranges. When the reward of £1,000 that had been offered for his death or capture was distributed, Quinlan received £300, Alice Macdonald £250, the remainder of the sum being divided among others who had taken a notable part in the proceedings.

Next in the list of New South Wales bushrangers come the brothers Clarke and Frederick Ward, *alias* "Captain

Thunderbolt." In the late sixties these held high sway in the south and north respectively. That they had many imitators was only in the natural order of things, for no individual outlaw leapt into notoriety without starting a wave of bushranging in his own particular section of the country. Of the numbers thus attracted to "the road" there is no need to speak in detail; they were mere highway robbers, with little distinction between them. In this connection, however, it may be noted as a curious fact that this period witnessed the only case of a Chinaman turning bushranger.

Sam Poo, the individual in question, deserted the diggings at Mudgee to try his luck at "sticking up' wayfarers. This promptly brought the police on his track, and he was confronted by Trooper Ward, of Coonabarabran. The latter, not crediting the Chinaman with boldness enough to fire, called on him to surrender, but Sam Poo had no intention of doing things by halves. He levelled his gun and shot the policeman. Ward died on the following day, to be avenged a fortnight later by Troopers Todd, Burns and Macmahon, who with the assistance of a black tracker ran the miscreant to earth in the scrub. After a sharp fight the Chinaman was overpowered and disarmed. He was executed some months later, at Bathurst.

Thomas and John Clarke, of Manaro, near Braidwood, found the path to crime an easy one. They came of a criminal family, and were brought up in a criminal atmosphere. Beginning with commonplace "cattle duffing," they soon advanced to highway robbery. A third brother, James, was early suspected of complicity with Ben Hall's gang, and was eventually sentenced to a long term of penal servitude. Thanks to this turn of fate he probably saved his neck, for

there is little reason to doubt that had he not been "lagged," he would have joined his brothers in their career.

To retail the several exploits of Thomas and John Clarke is beyond the compass of this chapter. Highway robbery and the "sticking up" of stations followed each other in quick succession, making a lengthy list of crimes. At times both men were associated with a relative named Connell and another man, Fletcher, but many of their deeds were performed without the aid of these supporters. Owing to their wide circle of friends, so many of whom were themselves not above suspicion, the Clarkes were constantly kept informed of the movements of the police, so that the latter were for a long time baffled in their endeavours to come to close quarters.

In April of 1866 the murder of Constable Miles O'Grady, of Nerrigundah, brought sentence of outlawry upon Thomas Clarke and Connell. The four bushrangers had attempted to raid the township, when O'Grady and another trooper (the sole police in the place) sallied out to meet them. In the affray Fletcher was shot by O'Grady, but the constable paid dearly for his devotion to duty. As he and his mate fell back down the open street to seek cover he received a mortal wound from the elder Clarke's rifle. The bushrangers then jumped on their horses and fled the town, leaving one of their number dead behind them.

Recognising the great difficulties with which they had to contend, especially the prevalence of "bush telegraphs" and harbourers, the authorities at last determined on a bold plan to checkmate the outlaws. They accordingly enrolled as special constables four men who were peculiarly fitted for the work in hand. Two of them at least knew the country well, and one had had intimate dealings with the Clarke

family. These four men were John Carrol, a warder in Darlinghurst Gaol, Sydney, and an ex-trooper; Patrick Kennagh and Æneas McDonnell, both ex-warders; and John Phegan. Under pretence of surveying the party commenced to spy out the land in the neighbourhood of the Clarke homestead, but the disguise could not be long maintained. The bushrangers, suspicious of the new-comers, attacked them one night, and thereafter Carrol and his companions openly avowed their business.

For three months the special constables gave the gang no rest, their knowledge of the bush and the ranges making them formidable enemies. Then came the final tragedy. On a night in January of 1867, the little party was surprised in the scrub near the Jinden station, in the Braidwood district, and every man was shot down. Their bodies were found some days after by a stockman, while rounding up cattle. The dastardly murder—two of the poor fellows had been shot kneeling, having apparently surrendered—aroused intense indignation and the Government immediately offered a reward of £5,000 for the capture of all concerned in the crime.[1] Furthermore, an extra body of police was drafted into the district, so that the ground should be well covered. From Goulburn and other centres came Sub-Inspectors Brennan and Stephenson, old hands at bush work, and with them some picked black trackers.

While at the end of 1866 the Clarke gang had increased in numbers to five or six, early in 1867 it was known to be reduced to three men—the two brothers and one William Scott. Other members had been killed or captured. By

[1] This was the highest amount offered by a State Government for the apprehension of bushrangers. In the case of the Kelly gang, for whose capture £8,000 was offered, both New South Wales and Victoria contributed to the reward.

this time the bush was literally "alive with police"; the hunted men were continually being driven to change their quarters. The day of the Clarkes—and it had been a long day—was nearing its end. Towards the close of April a party of mounted police consisting of Senior-Constable Wright, and Troopers Walsh, Lenehan, Wright and Egan, got upon the trail of the bushrangers. With them, also, was a famous black tracker, named Sir Watkin Wynne, through whose acuteness chiefly they had been so successful.

Late on the evening of the 27th, a Saturday, they reached a hut in a paddock near the Jingera range, not far distant from where Carrol and the other special constables had been murdered. It was soon discovered that the wanted men were inside, further proof being afforded by the presence of two fine horses tethered near by. These animals were now secured by Walsh, while the rest of the police took cover behind a haystack. At daybreak the Clarkes came out from the hut, and missing the horses guessed some danger was nigh. They immediately turned back to their shelter, but the police were in time to send a volley after them, wounding John Clarke. From the hut, the loose slabs of which provided loopholes for their rifles, the brothers kept up a hot fire. Constable Walsh and Sir Watkin were now both hit, the latter in the arm.[1] The bushrangers, however, realised that the game was up, and when the troopers rushed the hut they surrendered and submitted to be handcuffed. The party then retraced their steps to Ballalaba, the nearest township, whence the prisoners were in time transferred to Braidwood Gaol.

[1] The black tracker's wound proved to be so severe as to necessitate the amputation of his arm. This operation he bore with the stoical indifference to pain that is associated with savage races. He was promoted to the rank of sergeant-major for his services in capturing the Clarkes, and in after years rendered much valuable assistance to the force.

THE CAPTORS OF THE "MOONLIGHT" GANG.

ROWE. WILES. HEADLY. WILLIAMSON. SERGT. CASSIN. GORMAN. BARRY. JOHN.

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After being tried at the Central Criminal Court in Sydney, in May, the Clarkes were sentenced to death, and were executed on the 25th of the following month. Of their associates two had been shot dead by the police, and another, Tom Connell, sent to penal servitude for life. The fate of Scott was never satisfactorily cleared up, but it has always been assumed that he was murdered by the brothers, who perhaps feared that he would turn informer.

The bushranger who masqueraded under the picturesque cognomen of "Captain Thunderbolt" was a native of Windsor, New South Wales, and an ex-convict who had escaped from Cockatoo Island. At the time Ward took to the road he was twenty-seven and, in addition to being a man of exceptional strength and daring, was a splendid horseman. With a mount of racehorse breed he was more than a match for any policeman who came in sight of him. What was almost of equal importance, he possessed an intimate knowledge of the hill country in which he made his retreat.

The northern district was Thunderbolt's field of operations. By "sticking up" the Warialda mail he soon gave notice that a new highwayman had appeared, and ere many days had elapsed several other robberies were put to his account. At various times subsequently Thunderbolt was aided by youths whom the excitement of bushranging drew from other employment. One of these, a mere boy named Thompson, was but sixteen when he was shot by the police in an encounter. Of the same age, too, was young Mason, another of his companions. This lad was arrested early in his new career, but it was too late to save him from a life of crime. He was released from prison only to be sentenced again and again.

On several occasions during his raids Thunderbolt came into close contact with the mounted police. By his fine horsemanship, however, he was always able to show a clean pair of heels, so that for six years he pursued his calling without any serious check. The inevitable reckoning arrived in 1870. In May of that year he was engaged in "sticking up" a hostelry a few miles out of Uralla when intelligence of his whereabouts was conveyed to the police. The officer in charge at the township, Senior-Constable Mulhall, rode out to try conclusions with the bushranger, instructing Trooper Walker to follow as quickly as possible. Mulhall found Thunderbolt, as his informant had stated, at the inn, but on firing his revolver his horse took fright and bolted with him back along the road to Uralla.

The rest of the story belongs to Trooper A. B. Walker. On meeting his comrade and learning that Thunderbolt with a mate were just ahead he pushed on and saw the two men part company. Judging rightly that the one who turned into the bush was the "Captain," Walker spurred after him, being met with a revolver bullet on the way. Mulhall, meanwhile, followed the other man, who took another direction. Thunderbolt now made an attempt to regain the high road, but this move the trooper thwarted, driving his quarry down a gully leading to the Rocky River. Reaching a deep pool the bushranger left his horse and plunged into the water, evidently expecting his pursuer to follow him. But the trooper was no novice. He had no intention of allowing the other to outwit him by doubling back to his horse. He promptly shot the animal and then made a dash along the bank to a spot where he could cut off his man.

Face to face across a narrow strip of water policeman and bushranger met for the final struggle. The spot was a wild

and lonely one, the pool being surrounded by granite rocks, beyond which the thick scrub ran up the hillside.

Thunderbolt was the first to speak. "Who the blazes are you?" he asked, allowing for some modification of terms.

"Never mind who I am," answered the trooper, who was in rough bush dress. "Put your hands up and surrender."

"Are you a policeman?" was the next question.

"Yes, I am," said Walker, again calling on the other to yield himself prisoner.

"Are you married?" asked Thunderbolt.

The trooper replied that he was, adding that he had considered that before he came there.

"Then you had better think of your family," said the bushranger, grimly.

"I've thought of them," said Walker. "Now, will you surrender?"

"No, I won't," returned the other, "I'll die first!"

"It's you or I for it, then," cried Walker, and he forced his horse into the water.

Thunderbolt at this drew his revolver and fired point blank at the trooper, but by good fortune his shots missed their mark, Walker's horse having stumbled as it went down the bank. The bushranger next rushed into the pool and the two men engaged in a fierce hand to hand tussle. As they swayed together in the water Walker got in a shot at close quarters, wounding his opponent severely and making him loosen his grip for the moment. Then, holding the empty weapon by the barrel, he clubbed the other over the head with it repeatedly, until Thunderbolt fell back and sank. Walker dismounted, dragged him up, and laid the bushranger on the bank, believing him to be already dead. He then returned to the inn for assistance, a party setting

out some hours later to bring in the body. To every one's astonishment it had disappeared, but the wounded bushranger was found not far off in the bushes, whither he had dragged himself. Too weak to stand, he was carried in a cart to Uralla and there, almost immediately after arrival, he expired.

For his gallantry in this encounter Trooper Walker gained instant promotion, besides receiving the substantial reward of £200 that had been offered by the authorities. He later rose to be Superintendent, being placed in charge of the Goulburn district, and is to-day the senior officer holding that rank. It may be added that the man seen in Thunderbolt's company proved to be a drover whom he had bailed up and whose horse he was trying at the moment that the police came upon the scene. His own steed, a thoroughbred, he had left standing by the inn.

In the story of Frederic Ward's career, stained as it was with many black crimes, it is pleasing to find one redeeming feature. For several years before his death he was accompanied and assisted by a half-caste woman to whom he was greatly attached. In all his vicissitudes he remained faithful to her, and when at last she fell ill he found a resting place for her at no little risk to himself. Such cases of gratitude are rare in the records of bushranging. One recalls by way of contrast the fate of Howe's paramour, Black Mary, treacherously fired upon by the man for whom she had given up all. Ward's loyalty to his mistress may be placed ungrudgingly to his credit account.

As has been seen New South Wales saw the birth of bushranging and suffered severely through it, but it must not be assumed that the other parts of Australia escaped being afflicted with the same pest. Victoria, Queensland, and

South Australia, each had its own highwaymen of more or less fame, and something may be said of these gentry in dealing later with these colonies. In Victoria, particularly, bushranging came to be practised on a grand scale that eclipsed anything that had gone before; the Kelly gang of the seventies put Gardiner and his contemporaries in the shade by the extent of their depredations. Before the Kellys, however, Victoria had Captain Melville and Power, to mention two of the best-known outlaws, and a few notes about the former may be given here.

Frank McCallum, who posed to the world as "Captain Melville," was a runaway convict from Van Diemen's Land. In the "roaring fifties" he made a daring escape from the penal settlement to Victoria, where he mingled with the motley horde of miners at the Ballarat diggings. This was early in 1852. Before the year was out he had abandoned pick and shovel for "the road," taking a kindred spirit with him to work in the Geelong district. One of the daring escapades recorded of him at this time was the "sticking up" of a station on which were eighteen men. By force of arms Melville and his mate herded the whole of the company into a wool shed, whence they were summoned one by one to be tied to a fence.

For some months after the colony had little to talk about save the bushranger's exploits. But his daring and bravado led to Melville's undoing before he could quite realise his ambition to become another Claude Duval. While in Geelong for a few days' recreation he was indiscreet enough to boast of his identity, and some one overhearing him gave information to the police. A party of troopers at once proceeded to the house where he was located. On the alarm being given Melville jumped from a window and ran for

his life, eluding the police for the time. He was arrested soon after while endeavouring to steal a horse from a young man whom he met in the street, was promptly gaoled, and subsequently sentenced to thirty-two years' imprisonment.

While in the hulks at Williamstown, Melville headed a desperate attempt to escape, two warders being killed by the convicts. All the latter were recaptured and the leaders sentenced to death. For some technical reason the extreme penalty was not exacted, but Melville was determined not to endure longer the rigours of the chain gang. In November 1856 he put an end to his life by strangling himself in his cell. In a brief memoir of this Victorian character it is recorded that during one prison term he whiled away the time by translating the Bible into an aboriginal dialect with which he was familiar. In earlier days he had lived for a considerable period with a tribe in the interior. Of that portion of his life nothing is known, but what interesting story lay behind one may conjecture.

With the capture of the "Moonlight" gang of bushrangers we may bring this chapter of colonial history to a close. Captain Moonlight, the leader, was an Irishman curiously named Scott, who emigrated to Victoria viâ New Zealand. After some minor robberies he openly took to the highway with five associates, among whom were two youths, Rogan and Nesbit. The first operations of the gang were in Victoria, but in time they crossed the border into New South Wales. Their rashness, as was conversely the case with Morgan, cost them dearly.

One November evening they proceeded to "stick up" the Macdonald station at Wantabadgery, on the Murrumbidgee River. Some twenty or more people were here kept prisoners while the bushrangers raided the place, and in the course

of a few hours the number was increased to thirty-five as fresh victims were brought in. By a lucky chance one station hand, named Alexander Macdonald, got away on a horse and notified the Wagga Wagga police of what was happening. Four mounted men thereupon set off for Wantabadgery, where they found the gang still in possession. The troopers now waited for a reinforcement of five men from Gundagai station and then advanced to the attack.

When the affray commenced, it is said, quite three hundred people from the surrounding district had assembled to witness the fighting. The first honours fell to the police, but soon afterwards Trooper Bowen was shot, almost at the moment that he wounded a second bushranger. A third man was hit by Trooper Carroll, and some little time later Moonlight and his companions surrendered. It was found that Nesbit had been shot dead, while another man was so badly hurt that he subsequently died. On the police side the one casualty was Trooper Bowen, whose wound proved mortal within a few days.

Moonlight and Rogan were condemned to death and hung at Sydney, their surviving comrades being sent into penal servitude for life. Constable Carroll and the other troopers engaged in this notable capture were generously awarded sums ranging from £50 to £100, while poor Bowen was commemorated by a public monument. And so ended as sensational an encounter between police and bushrangers as Australians had heard for many a long day, an encounter, indeed, that was not forgotten until the sudden rise of the Kellys provided a new and all-absorbing topic of conversation.

CHAPTER XI

BUSHRANGING DAYS.—IV

The Kelly Gang—Constable Fitzpatrick attacked—The tragedy at Stringy Bark Creek—Troopers Kennedy, Scanlan and Lonergan shot—Escape of McIntyre—The police hunt begins—Hart and Byrne—Proclamation of outlawry—At Euroa—Robbery of the bank—The raid on Jerilderie —"£8,000 Reward"—Police officers in the field—A chance missed—Sub-Inspector O'Connor—The black trackers—Hoaxing the police—Aaron Sherritt—Superintendent Hare—A trooper's pluck—Murder of Sherritt—The Kellys at Glenrowan—Superintendent Sadleir—Death of Byrne—Ned Kelly captured—Dan Kelly and Hart—A Royal Commission.

PERHAPS no more dramatic figures are to be found in the whole gallery of Australian bushrangers than Ned and Dan Kelly, with their associates, Steve Hart and Joe Byrne. Certainly none others have excited such widespread interest or inspired so many writers. Quite a literature exists on the subject of their history, while to the present day the Kelly drama, with some meretricious ornamentation, is enacted in all its terrible verisimilitude on stage and bioscope for the edification of a younger generation. The reason is not far to seek. For over two years the gang set at defiance the government and police of two states, bringing off several daring and successful coups, and they went out at the last with something of a blaze of fireworks. In some quarters, unfortunately, there has been a tendency to glorify their exploits, to invest these common thieves and cut-throats with a false glamour of romance. Such a tendency is to be deplored. One does not willingly linger on

ON THE TRAIL OF THE KELLYS.

Police officers and Queensland trackers engaged in hunting the bushrangers.

SENR. CONST. KING. INSPECTOR STANHOPE O'CONNOR (Queensland). SUPT. J. SADLEIR. CHIEF COMMISSIONER F. C. STANDISH (Victoria).

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the sordid details of their crimes, but from a police point of view it is important that the story of the Kellys should be told at some length.

In 1878, when they first leapt into the public eye, the Kellys were well-known to the police as habitual thieves. It was a criminal family. The father had been a transported felon ; the three sons, Ned, James and Dan, were all expert cattle-duffers and horse "planters," and Ned was strongly suspected of association with the bushranger Power, who had been captured a few years back ; some of their relatives were also interested in the same lucrative industry. The "Kelly country," by which was meant the north-eastern part of Victoria in the vicinity of the Warby and Strathbogie ranges, was notoriously unsafe to travel through with stock. Cautious drovers went out of their way to avoid it. Many hundreds of horses were stolen at various times by the gang, and disposed of in the markets of Melbourne, Ballarat and Geelong, or at some town across the border.

The second son, James, disappeared from the family in 1876, when he fell into the clutches of the New South Wales police for highway robbery. He had previously been convicted and was now sentenced to a term of ten years' imprisonment. The youngest of the trio, Dan, was wanted two years later on no fewer than six charges of horse-stealing. According to instructions, Constable Fitzpatrick of Benalla proceeded to the Kellys' home at Greta to arrest the youthful criminal, who was then but seventeen. Ned Kelly, it may be said, was twenty-four.

The policeman found the object of his quest without difficulty. Dan was at home and received the news of his arrest calmly. He pleaded, however, that he had been out all day without food, so Fitzpatrick consented to wait

while he had a meal. In the meantime Mrs. Kelly asked to see the warrant. "I haven't one," said the constable, "but I've got a telegram which is just as good." Being invited to sit down at the table, Fitzpatrick went inside the house, or hut, for it was little better, and so played into their hands.

"If my son Ned was here you wouldn't take Dan," said the mother. "He'd throw you out of the window."

Dan suddenly got up. "Why, here is Ned," he exclaimed. Then, as Fitzpatrick turned around to look, he flung himself on the constable, while Mrs. Kelly struck the latter on the helmet with a spade that was being used as a fire shovel. At the sound of the scuffle in rushed Ned Kelly and two other men, one of them his brother-in-law, William Skillian, and the other a man named Williams. Both the latter joined in the fray. Ned had a revolver in his hand, and with this he suddenly fired at Fitzpatrick wounding him in the wrist. Affecting to be sorry for this, because he had not recognised the policeman, whom he knew, Ned helped to extract the bullet and to bind up the wound. He then warned the other not to tell how the injury came about and eventually allowed him to ride back to Benalla.

Fitzpatrick gave his version of the affair to his superior and on the next day Mrs. Kelly, Skillian and Williams were arrested. All three were sent to gaol for varying terms. Ned and Dan Kelly, however, were nowhere to be seen, and the troopers searched the neighbouring bush without avail. As a precautionary measure the police made several other arrests of persons suspected of complicity with the wanted men, in the hope of putting a check upon "bush telegraphs." But the Kellys' friends were too numerous; the police net was not thrown far enough.

The Fitzpatrick incident occurred in April 1878. For

six months, although a reward of £100 was offered for their capture, the two Kellys remained at large in the bush, during which period they were believed to have taken part in some highway robberies that were committed. Then, in October, the colony was startled by the news of a terrible tragedy in the Wombat Ranges, where the brothers, with two confederates, had pitched their camp. A police party of four men had been surprised by the gang and three of the troopers shot dead.

It was from Trooper T. McIntyre, the survivor, that the story of the affair was gleaned. With Sergeant Kennedy and Constables Scanlan and Lonergan, he had been sent out from Mansfield to search the ranges at the head of the King River. Another party, under Sergeant Steele, had set out on a similar expedition from Greta, great secrecy having been preserved in both cases, while there was also Detective Michael Ward, a very smart officer, at work in the Fern Hills. It is presumable, however, that the movements of the Mansfield police were observed and reported to the Kellys, for it was apparent afterwards that they had lain in ambush in readiness for their enemies.

Sergeant Kennedy and his companions left the township on the 25th of October. Having travelled some twenty miles into the bush they camped on Stringy Bark Creek, with no suspicion that the gang was in the vicinity. It was believed that the latter were many miles farther up the river. There was nothing to alarm them during the night. In the morning the sergeant took constable Scanlan with him to make a preliminary survey of the district, while McIntyre and Lonergan stopped behind. At 5 p.m. the two troopers were busying themselves making tea when there came the peremptory summons, "Bail up! Put up your hands!"

Ned Kelly, Dan Kelly, and two other men, all mounted, were at the entrance to the clearing with rifles levelled and covering them. McIntyre had put down his revolver by the tent door, and he had no arms upon him. Lonergan's weapon was in his belt. Making a dash for a tree he was about to pull out the pistol when one of the rifles cracked, and he fell dead.

In obedience to Ned Kelly's command McIntyre surrendered and submitted to be searched. He was then ordered on penalty of instant death to sit down and behave as if nothing had happened. On the arrival of the sergeant and Scanlan he was to summon them to surrender, in which case Ned promised their lives should be spared. If, on their approach he attempted to warn them of danger, he might expect a bullet through his brain. The four bushrangers, having collected all the police arms in the camp, withdrew behind the trees to await the coming of the others. Some minutes later Kennedy and Scanlan rode up. McIntyre now rose up and carried out his instructions. "Sergeant," he said, "we are surrounded! You had better surrender!"

Kennedy did not believe his ears. He gave a laugh and was placing his hand on his revolver when Ned Kelly sprang out into the open. "Put up your hands!" he ordered. Both Kennedy and Scanlan jumped from their horses to take cover, but Kelly and his mates were too quick for them. Almost instantly Scanlan was shot down, while the sergeant fell to his knees wounded. The noise of the firing had so startled Kennedy's horse that it promptly bolted, and as it rushed past him McIntyre flung himself on its back and rode at full gallop down the creek. Two or three shots followed him, but luckily none took effect.

For this action in deserting his officer and seeking his own safety McIntyre has been severely censured by some. But who shall blame him? Who shall say that he would have acted otherwise in such circumstances? The trooper was unarmed; he had Ned Kelly's assurance that the sergeant's life would be spared if he surrendered—and what other course was left open to Kennedy? Furthermore, by seizing this chance to escape he might procure assistance, without which they were helpless. Right or wrong in his decision, McIntyre soon put some distance between him and the bushrangers. Then his horse, which had been hit, failed him, and he crawled into a piece of scrub wherein he found a wombat hole. Here he hid for some time, hearing his baffled pursuers searching for him close by. While thus concealed the trooper wrote a hasty memorandum of what had occurred, tearing the leaves out of his pocket-book, and placing them in the hole. After dark he started again on his perilous journey, to reach Mansfield early in the following afternoon.

On learning the sad news Inspector Pewtress, the officer at Mansfield, set out for the scene with a strong party of troopers. They saw nothing of the Kellys, but they found the lifeless bodies of Lonergan and Scanlan. That of Kennedy was discovered some days later, a few hundred yards from the camp, with three bullet wounds in it. Over the face of the dead man was thrown a cloak, this having been done by Ned Kelly himself as a tribute to "the bravest man he had ever met." The leader of the bushrangers said afterwards that Kennedy had not given up until the last shot from his revolver had been fired.

It was a sad reflection on the Government of the day that the police parties despatched in search of the gang were so

poorly armed. The only two rifles Kennedy and his troopers carried had been furnished them by a Mansfield resident, who noticed how ill-equipped they were, and it was a well-known fact at the time that the bushrangers were all armed with rifles of an up-to-date pattern. The protest that was made against this laxity was well-deserved. As a police officer remarked to the writer, it was almost like sentencing a man to death to send him hunting bushrangers with only a revolver.

Where the Kellys and their two companions, Steve Hart and Joe Byrne, had sought refuge no one knew—no one except their sympathisers. All four men were now proclaimed outlaws, for the Victorian Government, following the precedent of New South Wales, hastily passed an Outlawry Bill, framed on similar lines to the Felons' Apprehension Act. But in vain were the rewards for the miscreants increased to £500 in each case; in vain was the country searched and patrolled for miles around. No news of their whereabouts leaked out until early in December, when a station at Faithfull's Creek, near Euroa, was "stuck up" by the gang. Mr. Macaulay, the manager, pertinently asked Ned Kelly why he went to so much trouble to secure what he wanted. All the station hands had been collected and placed under lock and key, and a great show of force was made. "You can have everything you want without all this nonsense," he is reported to have said: "and as for horses, we've none here better than those you've got." To this Ned answered darkly that he had something else in view. What this purpose was the manager was soon to learn. The gang knew that by the shooting of the police officers in the Wombat Ranges they had "burnt their boats behind them," and they had resolved on making a daring coup.

After a day's wait (four men who were returning to town having been added to the captives), Ned Kelly announced his intention to rob the bank at Euroa. He procured a cheque for £3 from Mr. Macaulay, and with this the two brothers and Hart proceeded to the township, three miles distant. One of their prisoners was a travelling hawker, of whose store of clothing they made use in order to dress for the part. They also took his cart and another light vehicle, Hart alone riding on horseback. The other member of the gang, Joe Byrne, was left in sole charge of the station. Before departing, however, the precaution was taken to cut the telegraph wires by the railway line, the posts being carried into the farm buildings to prevent communication being re-established easily.

In Euroa the bushrangers found the bank already closed, but after some little pressure Mr. Scott, the manager, consented to cash the cheque. Once inside the building Ned Kelly flashed out his revolver with the order to "Bail up!" and the manager, accountant and two clerks were quickly in his power. Steve Hart, entering the premises from the back, now joined his leader, to assist by securing all the firearms in the place. Since the gang's outbreak all the banks in the neighbouring townships had provided their employés with guns in the anticipation of a raid.

From the Euroa bank the Kellys got in all over £1,900 in cash and notes, together with some 30 oz. of gold dust. When he was satisfied that the haul was complete Ned gave orders that the entire household was to accompany him back to the station. The manager, his wife, children and servants, with the accountant and two clerks, were accordingly packed into the carts and Mr. Scott's own buggy, and as quickly as possible the procession started. On reach-

ing the station they found all safe there, Byrne having only to report the capture of a telegraph repairer who had been sent up the line on the discovery of the breakdown.

The next exploit of the gang was the "sticking up" of the bank at Jerilderie in New South Wales. This occurred in February 1879, only two months after the descent upon Euroa. The first move was made at midnight on the 9th, when the two constables in charge of the little police station on the outskirts of the town were roused up by an urgent summons. "There's a big row on down at Davidson's Hotel," shouted out this late caller, "you're wanted at once." Constables Devine and Richards tumbled out of bed, dressed and went out, to immediately fall into the hands of the Kellys. The two officers were then disarmed and locked up in their own watch-house, while Mrs. Devine and her children were shut up in another part of the building.

All the following day, a Sunday, the outlaws—all four being present—lay low. To allay any suspicion Dan Kelly, Byrne and Hart put on police uniforms, but there was no real occasion for them to go abroad save once. This was when it was learnt that it was Mrs. Devine's custom to go into town early on the Sabbath morning to prepare the church for service. Ned Kelly decided that she must do this as usual, so the lady went about her duties with Byrne in attendance, returning in due course to the station. Afterwards, during the afternoon, Byrne and Hart in police uniforms took a walk through the town with Constable Richards. The object was to learn the position of the principal buildings, etc. It was agreed that if they were accosted, the constable was to introduce them as new men sent to the town from headquarters.

The actual raid was planned for Monday. At about

NEW SOUTH WALES MOUNTED POLICE, SYDNEY HEADQUARTERS.

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10 a.m. the gang set out for the town, dressed as troopers, and accompanied by Constable Richards. In this fashion they passed down the main street, Hart and Byrne alone being on horseback, and, strange to say, excited little attention. It was assumed by many that Richards was showing some friends of his round the town. Mr. Gill, the editor of a Jerilderie paper, met the party in the road and remarked to a companion that "those smart policemen would be the coves to send after the Kellys!" The newspaper man was probably the first to scent any danger. He was then on his way to the police station, and on arrival there, he was told by Mrs. Devine to go away or he would be shot. "You will hear all about it when you go down the town," she added. Mr. Gill thereupon took counsel with Mr. Rankin, a well-known resident of Jerilderie, and the two with another man made their way towards the bank. But they were too late. The Kellys were already in possession, and of the three Gill alone managed to escape.

From the statement of Mr. Living, the accountant of the bank, we learn how the "sticking up" was carried out. The gang had taken possession of the *Royal Hotel*, which backed on to the bank, and made use of it to enter the premises from the rear. Mr. Living turned round on his stool at the sound of footsteps in the passage, and found himself looking into the barrel of a revolver. "I'm Ned Kelly," was the brief exclamation, "keep quiet if you value your life!"

The intruder was in reality Byrne, but the effect was the same. Under the other's orders Mr. Living yielded up what arms there were in the room, and then with young Mackie, his assistant, was escorted to the hotel. There were several prisoners here guarded by Ned Kelly. Mr.

Cox, the landlord, following instructions, was serving at the bar, so that no one coming in should suspect anything was wrong.

Ned Kelly now demanded Mr. Tarleton, the bank manager, and Mr. Living went back to find him. Tarleton, who was in his bath, was incredulous at the news, but on joining the little company at the hotel he saw that there was no mistake. "Ned," says Mr. Boxall in his account of the affair, "had hitherto been walking round as a sort of inspector-general of the proceedings, and giving orders. He now entered the room and ordered drinks to be served all round. Then he made a speech in which he blamed Constable Fitzpatrick for all that had occurred. "I wasn't within a hundred miles of Greta when he was shot," he said, "and up to then I'd never killed a man in my life." He went on to say that he had stolen two hundred and eighty horses from Whitby's station, and had sold them at Baumgarten's. He took out a revolver and exclaimed: "This was Lonergan's! I took it from him. The gun I shot him with was a crooked, worn-out thing, not worth picking up. I shot him because he threatened my mother and my sister if they refused to tell where I was."

After this display Ned Kelly proceeded to get to business. From the bank safe and drawers were taken about £2,150, the gold being thrown into a bag which the local schoolmaster was made to hold open. This gentleman then wrote out a notice at Kelly's dictation, giving the school-children a whole holiday in honour of the gang's visit to the town! In the same braggadocio spirit the outlaws, after quitting the bank, swaggered about the town, being desirous to emulate the exploit of Hall and Gilbert at Canowindra. It was during this parade that Hart robbed a local clergyman,

the Rev. J. B. Gribble, of a gold watch, which Ned Kelly insisted on Hart returning.

As the telegraph wires had been cut, there was no means of communicating with Conargo or Narrandera, the nearest townships. For the time, therefore, Jerilderie was completely isolated. It remained thus at the mercy of the gang until the afternoon of Wednesday, the fourth day from their arrival. Then, with their booty packed on a police horse, the bushrangers rode off into the hills, each one taking a different route to render pursuit more difficult. They "stuck up" Mr. Mackie's station at Wannamurra *en route*, after which they quickly crossed the Murray and got back to their Victorian retreat. The principal hiding-place of the gang was revealed by Ned Kelly at the time of his trial. It was an old mining shaft, about twenty-five feet deep, at the bottom of which was a long drive affording them ample room. The shaft was close to the junction of three roads leading to Chilton, Yackandandah and Kiewa, and some ten or eleven miles from Beechworth.

A big price was placed on the heads of the outlaws after this daring robbery. The Governments of New South Wales and Victoria each offered a reward of £3,000 for their capture, dead or alive, the banks in the two colonies contributing another £2,000. The blood-money thus totalled £8,000, a sum large enough, one would think, to have led to betrayal. But the Kellys, Hart and Byrne, still lay safely hidden, being loyally served by their womenfolk. Kate Kelly, Ned's sister, and other girls more or less connected with the family supplied them with food, managing to elude observation with great dexterity. At the same time that a reward was offered, the New South Wales legislature re-introduced the Felons' Apprehension Act, making this

statute permanent and so comprehensive as to provide that any criminals outlawed in a neighbouring colony should be outlawed in New South Wales. Every man's hand in two colonies was now to be against the Kelly gang.

In the hunt after the outlaws there were engaged several prominent police officials. From Melbourne came Superintendent Francis Hare, and Assistant-Commissioner C. H. Nicholson of the Victorian force; and from Queensland Sub-Inspector Stanhope O'Connor, with a party of five black trackers. Also in the field at various times were Superintendent Sadleir, the officer in charge of the north-eastern police district, and Captain Standish, the Commissioner of Police. It was an unfortunate thing for the colony that in the progress of operations a feeling of jealousy manifested itself between certain of these officers. Through an unwillingness to pull together amicably, and the consequent miscarriage of well-matured plans, the chase of the gang was undoubtedly unduly prolonged. That there was gross blundering cannot be gainsaid, and there was no little reason for the strictures that were passed upon the police.

One notable chance of capture that was missed occurred early in the hunt. At One Mile Creek, near to the township of Wangaratta, a woman one morning heard the sound of horses' feet, and looking out of her hut she saw four young fellows on horses that were evidently blown. These riders were identified as the Kelly gang, hard driven by the pursuit of a police party. The creek was swollen by the recent rains and to ordinary folk impassable, but Steve Hart, who knew it well, led his companions safely across, and they were last seen to be heading for the ranges.

This occurrence was reported to the inspector at Wan-

garatta, but with a dilatoriness that called for a stern reprimand from the Inquiry subsequently held, he lost a good deal of valuable time in following up the trail. When a party of troopers at last set out they found a horse, which was recognised as being that of murdered Sergeant Kennedy, abandoned in a swamp. There was no doubt that they were on the right scent, but the supine officer ordered a return to barracks. The next day the search was again taken up; the Kellys, however, were by this time well beyond reach.

Of all those who pressed close upon their heels, the bushrangers most feared O'Connor's trackers. These blacks, Hero, Jack, Johnny, Jimmy and Barney by name, were men of exceptional skill who had been in the Queensland Native Mounted Police for some years. By their quickness in picking up and following a trail, the trackers kept the gang in a continual state of suspense. The Kellys more than once evinced their fear of these sleuthhounds,—"little black devils," they called them, being far more anxious to shoot them than the troopers whom they could more easily hoodwink. It is difficult to understand therefore, except on the score of jealousy, why the Victorian Government should have been pressed, as was the case, to dispense with their services after a comparatively short trial.

For several months more the effective aid rendered the band by their sympathisers paralysed the efforts of the police. The two Kelly girls, Kate and her married sister, Mrs. Skillian, were especially to the fore in this respect. Well aware that their movements were watched, they endeavoured to hamper the police by hoaxing them whenever possible. On one occasion Mrs. Skillian was seen to leave the Kelly house at Greta at an early hour in the morning,

and to ride off with a bulky package on her saddle. With all promptitude the troopers followed her stealthily into the Warby ranges, whither it was supposed she was conveying provisions to the outlaws. After a toilsome climb up a hill slope they were rewarded by seeing Mrs. Skillian seated on a log, derisively laughing at them. The bundle in her saddle proved to be nothing more than an old tablecloth.

But every camp has its possible traitor, and in the case of the Kellys, the possibility became a certainty. One Aaron Sherritt, a confederate of the bushrangers and the more closely allied by reason of his attachment to Byrne's sister, was won over to the police side. By the help of this "outrageous scoundrel," as Hare termed him, the Superintendent shadowed several known allies of the gang, and came very near to surprising his quarry. Among others, Mrs. Byrne's house, a solitary building in the hills, was kept under close observation, but a little carelessness on the part of the troopers revealed their proximity, and Hare had the mortification to see the old lady one day walk right into the police camp.

Of these days of toilsome plodding through the bush, of long journeys, and wakeful cold nights, during which they frequently lay out in the open without fires, Superintendent Hare writes feelingly. He gives the troopers under his command high praise for their pluck and endurance. Every man of them, he says, was "keen as mustard" to go for the Kellys, and ready at any moment, night or day, to up saddle and ride off in pursuit. As an instance of the personal bravery of the men, in striking contradiction to the charges of cowardice levelled at the force by outside critics, he cites the following.

Information, apparently from a reliable source, had been

received to the effect that the gang were lying hidden in a haystack near a certain house. The troopers surrounded the place, and when a large hole in the haystack was discovered, the Superintendent called for a volunteer to crawl inside. There was a chorus of " Let *me* go, sir ! " Each of the party wanted the honour. In the end Trooper Johnson was commissioned to undertake the task and, revolver in hand, he disappeared in the aperture. He came out a minute or two later, saying that he heard a noise inside, and that they had better keep " a sharp look-out all round." " I started him back," says Hare, " and told him to send the fellows out. He had hardly been away more than a few seconds when he came out again in a great hurry. " Lor, sir," he said, " there's an old sow in there with a lot of young ones, and she *did* go for me ! "

It was a ludicrous ending to the episode, but one can pay a just tribute of praise to the trooper who went in not knowing what was before him, but fully expecting to meet four armed and desperate outlaws.

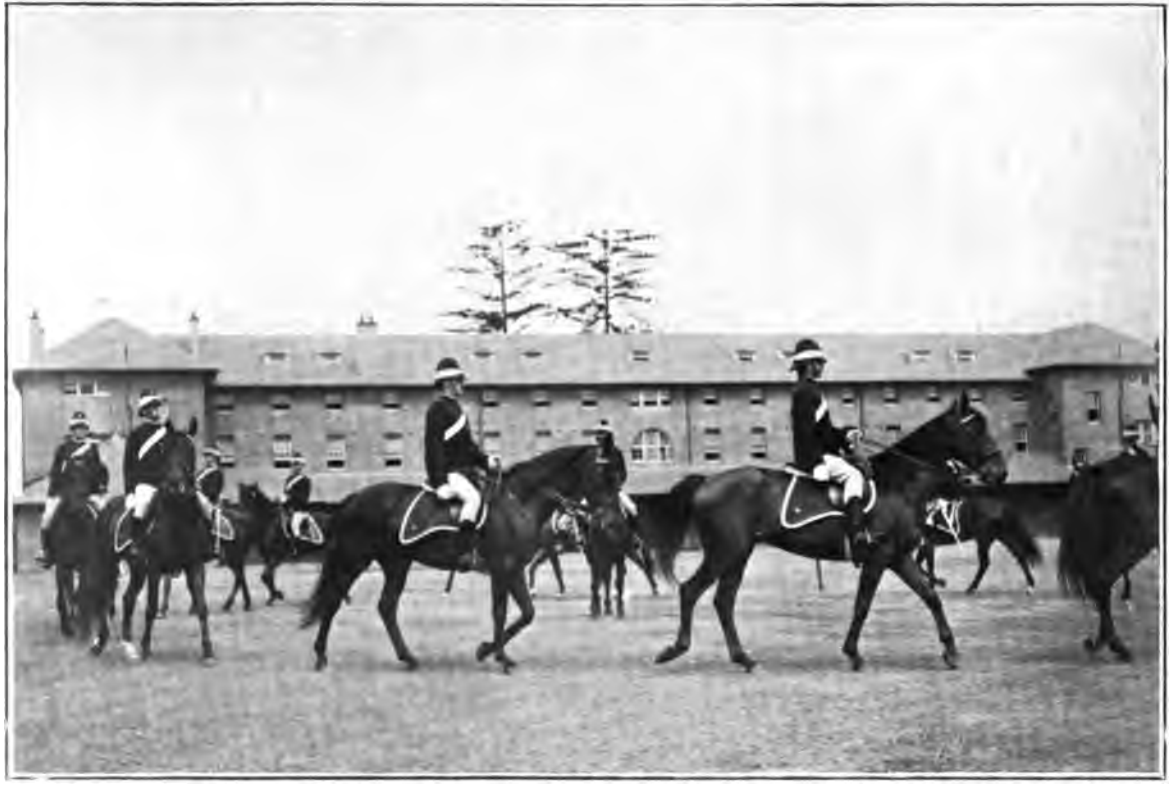
That Aaron Sherritt ultimately would have given the Kellys into the hands of the police is possible, but all chance of this was destroyed by the sudden murder of the spy in June of 1880. Since the *contretemps* at Mrs. Byrne's hut Sherritt had incurred the suspicion of the gang. His relations with Byrne's sister were broken off abruptly, and he felt that the shadow of death was over him. This foreknowledge of doom was soon to be realised. Sherritt was shot one night at the door of his house at Beechworth by Byrne, who with Dan Kelly had boldly ventured out from his lair.

In this desire for revenge, the outlaws threw discretion to the winds. Their whereabouts were now proclaimed. Soon after their departure the intelligence was flashed along

the wires from Benalla to Melbourne, and instant preparations were made to corner the band. Sub-Inspector O'Connor, who had retired from the search by order, was now commanded to proceed to the scene of the outrage with his black trackers, while Superintendent Hare (then in Melbourne) and other officers lost no time in following suit. In the meantime, Ned Kelly and Hart had taken steps to check pursuit by tearing up the railway line some distance from Glenrowan station, selecting a part where the track ran over a high embankment. The object was to derail any special train that the authorities might send up towards Beechworth.

The railway gangers commandeered at point of pistol to perform this devilish work were afterwards kept prisoners at the station-master's house at Glenrowan, where many others were detained. When Byrne and Dan Kelly joined their companions, having ridden over from Beechworth, all the prisoners were removed to the hotel. Among them was the one constable that the little township possessed. To some extent every one was free to move about the place between the hotel and the station, but clear warning was given that any attempt at escape would be punished by immediate death.

It was on a Saturday night that Sherritt had been killed. The next day, Sunday, was given up to preparing for the stand against the police which must inevitably come. All had been carefully arranged, Glenrowan having been chosen as the most suitable spot for their purpose. The only flaw in the bushrangers' scheme was the escape of one individual from the company under surveillance, and the consequent warning of the police. The hero of this incident was Mr. Curnow, the school-master at Glenrowan. He had gained



TROOPERS AT MOUNTED DRILL, REDFERN BARRACKS, SYDNEY.

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Ned Kelly's confidence sufficiently to obtain permission to remove his family to his own home in the evening. This achieved, he set about his purpose of stopping the special train which was then on its way up the line. At great risk he took a candle, a red scarf and some matches, and ran down the railway track in the darkness to display his improvised danger signal. His efforts met with success. The train came to a standstill before the embankment was reached, and the wondering police officers, with Superintendent Hare at their head, jumped out to learn to their surprise that the outlaws were at Glenrowan instead of Beechworth.

On the way up to the hotel the police were met by the town constable, Bracken, who had given his guards the slip. He, too, had some useful information to impart, and at a run the whole party dashed up to the hotel. The place was in darkness as they approached, but was not deserted. A volley blazed out from the verandah, one of the shots striking Superintendent Hare in the wrist and disabling him. The fire was returned, though necessarily somewhat at random, but with what effect could not be ascertained. Ned Kelly's voice, however, was heard above the din, taunting the police and bidding them "come on."

The attack of the police was now checked by the knowledge that a number of non-combatants, including women and children, were in the building. Superintendent Sadleir, who arrived by train with a reinforcement of troopers from Benalla, meanwhile assumed command in the absence of Superintendent Hare, the latter's wound proving to be more serious than was at first thought to be the case. The order to cease firing had been given before Mr. Hare left the scene, but not before some of the unfortunate people penned in

the hotel had suffered. One or two were children, and one Mr. Reardon, a railway man whom Ned Kelly had compelled to help in destroying the line. This indiscriminate firing aroused intense indignation after the affair was over, the interval between Mr. Hare's departure and Mr. Sadleir's advent having left the attackers without a recognised commander.

Immediately the Superintendent realised the situation he called on the non-combatants in the hotel to come out, and several took advantage of the lull to escape. The Kellys, to do them justice, had no desire to keep the prisoners or in any way profit by their presence there. What fault there was lay with those of the police who in the excitement of the moment lost their heads, and failed to discriminate between the innocent and the guilty.

One of the last volleys poured into the building shot Joe Byrne, just after the outlaw had come within an ace of hitting Sergeant O'Dwyer. A little while earlier Ned Kelly had left the house by the rear for some unknown reason, and he was seen returning through the trees. Sergeant Steele, who was posted near at hand at first thought that he was a blackfellow well known to the district, what was apparently a blanket over the man's shoulders, and some black strappings on his trousers, giving him a curious effect. As the bushranger came nearer he flung up this covering, which was actually a cape, and opened fire on the police with a revolver. The fusillade was returned, but to the troopers' amazement, Kelly seemed to bear a charmed life. Bullet after bullet struck him without bringing him down. This extraordinary situation lasted fully twenty minutes, the grotesque figure of the outlaw standing in the open defying every gun that was concentrated upon him. Then the secret

of his immunity was understood. He was protected by a casing of armour, an iron helmet guarding his head and thick plates covering breast, sides and back.[1]

Sergeant Steele seized his opportunity and made a dash for Kelly, firing low to wound him in the legs. In this he was successful. Dropping to the ground the outlaw lay with his helmet fallen off, and was quickly disarmed. He was divested of his armour, and carried to the railway station to be medically attended prior to his removal to Benalla.

Meanwhile, the hotel having been emptied of all its occupants save Dan Kelly and Hart, the attack was renewed. A proposal to carry the place by storm was negatived, in the fear that there would be too much loss of life. Superintendent Sadleir now decided to wire for a field-piece from Melbourne and in response a 12-pounder Armstrong gun was actually despatched; but before it came, the fight was brought to a finish. A police trooper volunteered to fire the building. This was effectually done, and when the hotel was entered the bodies of Dan Kelly and Steve Hart were found side by side, charred beyond recognition. It was known that they had been shot before the fire reached them, but whether by the police or by their own hands was not evident. The body of Byrne was removed from an outbuilding where it had been placed, being subsequently handed over to his friends for burial.

With Ned Kelly's execution which followed upon his trial at Melbourne in November, the curtain fell upon the grim tragedy. Several prosecutions of persons implicated

[1] The armour worn by Ned Kelly, and similarly by the three other bushrangers, was made of ¼ inch iron plates. The headpieces were quilted inside, this having been done, presumably, by one or other of the Kellys' womenfolk. Altogether each suit of mail must have weighed close on 100 lbs.

in the gang's doings were undertaken, but the authorities did not press their investigations very far home. The destruction of the outlaws had put an end to bushranging in Victoria, for no other outbreak was to be feared. What remained was to count the cost, and this, it proved, was no light matter. The sum expended in the hunting down of the gang amounted to nearly £50,000.

In 1881 a Royal Commission sat to inquire into the conduct of the police hunt after the Kellys, and to consider the need for reforms in the administration. It was an exhaustive and searching inquiry, and its result was to exonerate several officers against whom charges of incompetency had been levelled. At the same time it awarded blame to those officials whom it considered responsible for the bungling that had been so apparent from the first. By its recommendation Captain Standish, the Commissioner, Assistant-Commissioner Nicholson, and Superintendent Hare were retired upon superannuation allowances. Certain other officers of high rank were censured for their want of *esprit de corps*, and drastic changes were made to ensure a better condition of things in the future.

The Commission was not wholly destructive, however. It made many wise recommendations for the more efficient policing of the districts affected by the recent outbreak. Among other things it urged the immediate re-equipment of the troopers with better weapons and better horses than had been the case hitherto. These improvements were carried into effect in due course, and in time, as we shall see when considering the Victorian Mounted Police in more detail, the force was brought up to a high pitch of perfection.

CHAPTER XII

POLICE WORK IN NEW SOUTH WALES

The Act of 1862—Initial difficulties—Changes in uniform and equipment—Captain M'Lerie, Inspector-General—Bushranging suppressed—Mr. Edmund Fosbery—The "Angel" and Thurston case—Superintendent Day—An exciting encounter—The Darling River mystery—Ex-Superintendent Brennan—"Waterloo Tom"—Aboriginal murderers—A long chase—Mr. Thomas Garvin—Mr. Day, Inspector-General—Mounted Police of to-day—Necessary qualifications—An "Out-back" story—Extraneous duties—Equipment and pay.

THE evolution of the New South Wales police force from the military guard of the old convict days has been traced in the foregoing pages. In 1862 the Police Act (25 Victoria, No. 16) brought about a revolution in methods, and it is from this date that the story of development may be taken up. By the new Act, as has been already noted, the previous laws relating to the police force of the colony were consolidated and amended. The Bench Constables,[1] the Sydney Police and the Mounted Patrols now ceased to exist as separate bodies: they became merged in the general organisation. Centralisation was aimed at as the keynote of efficiency. To this end the colony was split up into divisions, each of which was controlled by a Superintendent. Under this officer

[1] These were constables controlled by the Bench of Magistrates, as at Goulburn in 1859, where Chief Constable McAlister was in charge. At some towns these were supplemented by night watchmen who perambulated the streets and proclaimed hourly in stentorian tones: "All's well!"

were inspectors and sub-inspectors, with the lesser ranks of senior-sergeants, sergeants, senior-constables, constables and supernumeraries. In all, foot and mounted, the force totalled about 800 men.

Sir Charles Cowper, the Colonial Secretary, who established this new system, found his scheme subjected to a severe test during the troublous years of the great bush-ranging outbreak. Owing to the low strength of the force and its wide distribution, and owing also to the poverty of its equipment, many weak points were exposed. Public criticism was ever ready to denounce the ineffectiveness of the police to deal with lawlessness when offenders continued to remain at large uncaptured, but such criticism was often hasty and ill-considered. There was much that might have been, and no doubt was, urged in defence. One especial difficulty experienced was in recruiting for the force. Natives of the colony were reluctant to join the police, who were not popular, while there was the compelling attraction of the rapidly expanding goldfields. The Inspector-General, Captain M'Lerie, was often obliged to fall back upon ex-sailors from the coast towns, and others who were hardly more suitable for the task in hand. For the mounted men, too, there were difficulties in the way of procuring horses that were equal to the strain imposed upon them by arduous bush work.

The changes in uniform and equipment made in 1862 must be noted. A trooper's outfit now comprised a blue cloth jumper, grey cloth riding pants, blue cloth overalls, a waterproof cape and cloak of military pattern, and Napoleon boots. For bush service, as before, the mounted man's dress was less precise. Red tape, fortunately, did not prescribe any hard and fast regulations in this respect.

One new feature that was universal, however, was the adoption of leather leggings; before their introduction the trooper was wont to strap his trousers tight with basil.

In the matter of arms we find the old muzzle-loading carbine yielding to the Terry rifle, while the cumbrous and often ineffective horse-pistol, with its percussion cap, was replaced by the Colt revolver. Swords were still carried for parade purposes and other special occasions.

In his choice of the head of the re-organised Police Force the Colonial Secretary was exceptionally fortunate. Captain John M'Lerie was an English Army officer who had risen from the ranks and proved himself a capable disciplinarian. He had come out to Australia in 1844, the following year seeing him engaged in the Maori war in New Zealand. In 1847 he left the Army to become Paymaster and Adjutant of the Mounted Patrol, with headquarters in Sydney. Thereafter his appointments were Principal Gaoler at Darlinghurst, Police Magistrate, Superintendent of Police, and finally Inspector-General. For his lieutenant Captain M'Lerie had Mr. Edmund Fosbery, who held the rank of Superintendent and Deputy Inspector-General. This officer did much towards increasing the efficiency of the force, and when in 1874 his chief died he succeeded naturally to the post.

An important feature of the new system was the establishment of mounted patrols which passed to and fro in the Colony at irregular intervals. No station owner could say when he might not be visited by one of these police parties, and this uncertainty did much to check the harbouring of criminals. On their way through the bush, too, the troopers took count of every one they met: suspicious characters were questioned and, if not found satisfactory, were sub-

jected to closer examination. As the years went on and the sphere of police work widened, Sir Charles Cowper's scheme came successfully through its ordeal. The force grew not only in numbers but in usefulness. The mounted constable in the country districts made himself indispensable to both old and new settlers ; he was guide and friend, in addition to being guardian of the peace, and his abilities in this pioneer work are deserving of full recognition.

Before Captain M'Lerie's death bushranging had been suppressed in New South Wales. Such cases as did occur after the reign of the Clarkes and "Thunderbolt" were sporadic and of brief duration. Interest in this peculiar phase of crime was diverted to the neighbouring colony of Victoria, where the notorious Kellys were keeping Captain Standish's troopers busy. The depredations of cattle-duffers and horse-planters, too, were considerably checked. The mounted police were prompt in running down any gangs that engaged in this nefarious traffic, and the severe sentences imposed on such offenders as were brought to justice had a salutary effect.

Under the rule of Mr. (now the Hon.) Edmund Fosbery the New South Wales Police gained much in prestige. The new Inspector-General was a man of considerable administrative ability. The policing of outlying districts was taken in hand thoroughly, and people quickly recognised that a new order of things had set in. What was of no less importance, the status of a mounted constable greatly improved. The force had survived the searching criticism to which it was subjected in former years ; it had proved itself under the most severe tests. To become the wearer of the blue uniform was no longer to lose caste. There was now no lack of applicants, and with the opportunity for

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THE HON. EDMUND FOSBERY, C.M.G., INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF POLICE, N.S.W.,
1874–1903.

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selection the Inspector-General could report that the type of man who joined was better all round than it had ever been.

In the calendar of crime of this period one finds nothing of the magnitude of the great escort robbery, but several minor affairs are worth chronicling for various reasons. Take the case of the "Angel," a very promising desperado. The story of his bringing to book has a dramatic touch. It is of particular interest, too, inasmuch as it concerns an official high up in the police service.

The "Angel," to those who were interested in him professionally, was Thomas Hobson, expert cattle thief, aged twenty-seven. Early in 1885 he was arrested by Senior-Sergeant (afterwards Sub-Inspector) Boyd at Coonamble, which is on the Castlereagh River, in northern New South Wales. After being convicted and sentenced to a term of penal servitude he was transferred to Bathurst. This stronghold impressed the "Angel" unfavourably when he cast about for means to escape, and he set his wits to work. In the prison, as it happened, was one William White, *alias* Thurston, a young man of his acquaintance whose branch of crime was forgery. Thurston was serving a term of seven years. To this man the "Angel" represented that if they could get back to Coonamble on some pretext they might break gaol easily. The lock-up there was none too strong. In accordance with this plan he made out a petition in which he urged that Thurston was an invaluable witness in his defence, and that new evidence was forthcoming that would clear him of the charge of cattle-stealing on which he was convicted.

The plausible manner in which the petition was worded persuaded the authorities that the case ought to be reopened. In due course a new trial was ordered and the two men were

sent to Coonamble. The lock-up had only two or three cells. As the "Angel" had anticipated, he and Thurston were placed together. This simplified matters greatly. Their plans were carefully laid and on the morning after their arrival the warder who entered the cell was knocked down and stunned. His revolver was seized by the "Angel," who waited for the coming of the gaoler, Constable Mitchell. This officer no sooner showed his face at the door than he was shot dead, his body being dragged in and laid alongside that of the unconscious warder. Then the two, prisoners no longer, locked the cell door behind them, armed themselves with guns and revolvers, and took to the high road.

The next that was heard of the "Angel" and his partner was that they were engaged in bushranging on a small scale in the Warrumbool and Wollar Mountains. Some stores and isolated settlers' houses were reported to have been "stuck up." News of this came to Gulgong, and a police party of three—Senior-Sergeant (afterwards Inspector) Burns, Constable McKinley and Constable Day—went in pursuit of the fugitives. It was now April, about four weeks after the escape from Coonamble.

In the hill country the mounted police received special information which led them to believe that their quest would soon be ended. Two men, answering to the description of the "Angel" and Thurston, had visited the store of a Mr. Charles Stuart, at Green Gate, near Mudgee. There they had purchased a few goods, paying for them with a pound note. By this means, it was surmised, they had learned where the old man kept his money, as he had had to go below to the cellar for the change. It was a natural assumption that the two would return ere long to rob the store, and the police prepared to lie in wait for them.

Before nightfall Sergeant Burns and McKinley concealed themselves in a room at the back, a small window giving them a view of the store front. Constable Day's post was behind the counter of the store, where he crouched, revolver in hand, to await events.

Three hours passed without any cause for alarm, and then the watchers heard the sound of horses' feet clattering over a small wooden bridge that spanned the river close by. The riders went by the store without drawing rein. They had a call to make before the raid actually began. Old Mr. Stuart was to be routed out of bed and forced to accompany them, half-dressed, to unfasten his money-bags. Their returning footsteps told the police that the moment was at hand. Then the three entered, the store-keeper holding a lighted candle in his hand, and the door closed to behind them.

Immediately Burns' sharp summons rang out: "Hands up! You'd better surrender quietly!" And the "Angel" and Thurston found themselves looking into the barrel of the sergeant's rifle, levelled at them through the little window. With an oath the former turned on the old store-keeper, believing that he had led them into a trap, and shot him through the head. At the same moment Burns fired and Thurston dropped dead to the floor.

Day now jumped up from his hiding-place to face the "Angel." It was close quarters, only a few feet separating the two. The candle, flickering on the floor, gave little light. The trooper pulled first, his shot hitting the other in the shoulder. The "Angel's" bullet went wide, for as he fired he half fell. Recovering himself he made a dash for the door, but Thurston's body had rolled against it, blocking the way. Then Day leapt over the counter to make a

plucky attempt to capture his man, and in so doing had the narrowest shave that he ever experienced in his career. The "Angel" turned in a flash and fired again, but only once more to miss. Darkness and the excitement of the moment combined to favour the trooper's escape.

A second shot from Day's revolver found its mark, but wounded though he was the "Angel" succeeded in breaking down the door and gaining the open. He did not go far, however. The constable, who followed, saw him fall to the ground, and his capture was effected without any further resistance. That was the end of the "Angel." He cheated the gallows by dying the next day from the wounds he had received. His captor, Constable Day, had the satisfaction of being warmly commended for his gallantry and of gaining his first step to promotion. Thereafter the young officer's rise through the various grades was rapid; at the present time he holds the supreme rank of Inspector-General. Sergeant Burns, for his share in this notable exploit, was made a sub-inspector.

A case that puzzled the police for some time was that of Tommy Moore, hawker and murderer. If you were to ask Mr. Day about it he would probably tell you that it was certainly one of the hardest nuts he had to crack. The affair was wrapped in mystery from the outset. There were no clues to work upon for some weeks, and even then such discovery as was made seemed to offer little towards elucidation. The attention of the police was first engaged by a report that six mutilated bodies had been found in the bush in the district of the Darling River. Owing to several reasons these were unrecognisable, and nothing was found in the vicinity to point to the perpetrator of these terrible deeds.

By special instructions from headquarters, Day went out

to see what he could do to unravel the mystery. He visited Cootamundra, Yarrabool, Forbes and other places where the ghastly finds had been made, but for some time had to own himself baffled. Then he came upon the traces of a camp in the bush by the river. Inquiry revealed to him that the crew of a small steamer that plied up and down the Darling had seen a man—"a small man"—punting across while the water was low. With this slender information to work upon Day searched the river banks diligently, and was at last rewarded by finding a pair of sculls hidden in a clump of reeds. Later on he discovered a lightly-built boat filled with sand and sunk in the stream. He felt now that he was on the right track.

By long and careful investigation the officer traced the little boat to Adelaide, where he learned that it had been sold to a man named Edward Smith, who made a living by catching and selling fish to the shearers on the Darling stations. In this way a careful hawker could accumulate a fair-sized cheque. The man in question answered to the description of the "small man" passed on the river. Furthermore, he had been seen in the company of another hawker, a general peddler, and Day now set himself to follow this man. It was a long and difficult hunt, but in the end successful. Tommy Moore was properly taken aback when he was arrested in the market-place of Bourke, where he was laying in a fresh outfit of goods. There was no mistake made, though Moore swore stoutly to his innocence. A cheque stolen from the murdered vendor of fish, with other damning pieces of evidence, were traced to him, and enough was discovered to assure the police that all of the six dead men had met their fate at his hands. So after due trial Moore was found guilty and was hanged.

on the retirement of Mr. Fosbery.[1] That he has proved himself to be a capable chief of police is shown by the present high state of efficiency in the service. To-day the New South Wales troopers are among the smartest in the Commonwealth, while the organisation of the force leaves nothing to be desired. In 1909 Mr. Garvin was created a Companion of the Imperial Service Order by his late Majesty King Edward VII.

At the end of last year a notable change in the administration took place. Mr. Garvin retired from the force on a pension, and was succeeded by Mr. Ernest Day, who, although a junior Superintendent, had been acting as Deputy Inspector-General for some time. This appointment has afforded universal satisfaction, for the new chief has given ample evidence that he is possessed of the right qualifications for this onerous position.

We may turn now to consider the mounted police of the State as they are at the present time, under the same Police Act of 1862 that effected their establishment. Exclusive of the officers—superintendents, inspectors, and sub-inspectors, who have charge of both mounted and foot police—the troopers number 718. Of these thirty-five are at the depôt in Sydney, on duty at the Inspector-General's office, acting as orderlies to his Excellency the State Governor, or undergoing a course of instruction; the remainder are distributed over the nine country districts into which the State is divided.[2] If we reckon in the above-mentioned

[1] Mr. Fosbery on leaving the service in December, 1903, received the distinction of C.M.G. and a seat in the Legislative Council.

[2] The distribution of the force is as follows, the headquarters being printed in brackets: Northern (Armidale), 88; Southern (Goulburn), 112; Eastern (depôt at Redfern, Sydney), 90; Western (Bathurst), 122; Bourke (Bourke), 54; North-Eastern (West Maitland), 78; North-

INSPECTOR J. S. CLARKE, DRILL INSTRUCTOR, N.S.W. MOUNTED POLICE.

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officers the full total is 780. To these must be added sixty-six native trackers who are employed almost exclusively with the mounted men.

The metropolitan force is a foot service, and comprises all told 1,010; the country force is a mounted and foot service, and comprises 1,425, being an excess of 415 men over the metropolitan district. The latter has 104 police stations, while the country has 551.

The Police Depôt was formerly at Belmore Barracks, Sydney, but has been transferred to new quarters at Redfern. Here are commodious buildings covering an area of nearly four acres, with drill ground, armoury, stables and manège. On being drafted here recruits for the mounted branch commence their training under Superintendent Sykes and Inspector J. S. Clarke, the latter, who formerly served in the 17th Lancers, being well qualified to act as drill-master and riding-instructor. For the mounted police, who must all be picked men, the standard is as follows: Age, from 21 to 30; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 11 stone; chest measurement, 38 inches. Every candidate has to pass a severe educational test in dictation and arithmetic, in addition to the medical examination, and it is indispensable that he should be able to swim.

The best type of recruit is, of course, the man from the country districts, who is generally a good horseman and possessed of special knowledge of cattle and sheep. The town-bred policeman, as a rule, is an indifferent rider. All, however, are tried after the initial selection has been made, and their certificates are placed before the Inspector-General. Those who survive this stage

Western (Tamworth), 59; South-Western (Deniliquin), 64; Murray (Albury), 51.

then pass on to the manège, where their education begins in earnest. The course of military equitation which is now undergone includes "physical, sword, revolver, and carbine exercise, on foot and horseback, formation drill, such as increasing and diminishing the front, the aids in horsemanship, right and left closing, the proper applications of the bridle, hand and legs, which enable the riders to direct and determine the turnings and paces of their mounts, make them obey the bits, and at the same time have freedom of the right hand to use their swords or other arms." Mounted recruits are also regularly exercised in marches of eight or ten miles in military fashion, and sent out in patrol parties under an experienced leader.

So much for the riding-school side of the mounted recruit's life. From the farrier and the veterinary surgeon he next learns how to take care of his steed while out in the bush, how to shoe it and how to apply remedies for simple ailments. The horses supplied to the troopers, it may be said here, are of a very high standard. Bred from good strains and raised in the State, they can compare with any in the country. A fine specimen of the breed is depicted in the illustration opposite page 216.

In the class-rooms of the depôt the would-be mounted policeman is instructed in the various other branches of his work. He is taught how to take finger-prints, a most important feature of the system; and how to discover finger impressions on smooth boards, glass, or other material. Then come lessons in matters relating to police duties, necessitating the study of the "Police Rules," and the various Acts referring to vagrancy, police offences, crimes, etc. To acquire proficiency in framing reports he practises drawing up accounts of cases given in the official *Gazette*,

while he further gains knowledge of the conduct of police cases by attending the courts.

As the trooper stationed in a country district must be ready to meet any emergency that may arise he can hardly know too much. Such useful qualifications as a knowledge of ambulance work and first aid to the injured come within his scope. Special instruction in this direction is given to every man, and one finds many notes in the police files testifying to the value of such teaching. "Constable Campbell of Bobadah," we read in one instance, "is deserving of commendation for his humane action in assisting in a case of snake-bite, some distance out of the township, in the absence of medical advice. The constable, on hearing that a lad had been bitten, hastened to the scene, tied ligatures around the limb, scarified and sucked the wound, and did everything else possible, with the satisfactory result that the boy recovered."

The mounted policeman "out back" is often Clerk of the Petty Sessions and the stand-by of the local magistrate. More often than not he knows the statutes better than the entire bench, and his timely word helps to preserve the majesty of the law. They tell a good story of a local justice of the peace who was a big station owner in the north and a man noted for his fiery temper as for his lack of education. Riding round his domain one day with a trooper who had paid him a call, he made a terrible discovery. A swagman had camped on his sheep run and killed a ewe for his dinner. What was even worse, he had broken down the wire fence, allowing some hundreds of sheep to stray.

Mr. Brown, as we will call him, fixed the delinquent with blazing eyes. In a country where every wayfarer, however poor, may reckon upon hospitality, the commission

of such a crime as sheep-killing is regarded as a most heinous offence. When he had found words to express his wrath he spluttered out—

"Do ye see this, Beresford! The unmentionable blackguard! We'll make an example of him, Beresford."

Beresford (it was not his name, really, but never mind) said, "Yes, sir," with stern significance.

"It's worse than *murder*, Beresford!"

"Yes, sir."

"Am I not a magistrate, Beresford?"

"Yes, sir."

"The law must be upheld, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, I'll—I'll *hang* him for it, Beresford," cried the irate squatter. "I will—I'll *hang* him!"

"Yes, sir," said the imperturbable trooper. And the wretched swagman, conscious of the enormity of his crime and by this time in abject fear, grovelled on the ground.

"I'm in my rights, Beresford, and the evidence is conclusive. We've caught him red-handed." Mr. Brown paused for another explosion of wrath, which incidentally brought him under the Act directed against the use of strong language, and proceeded to address the "prisoner at the bar." Having summed up judicially he passed sentence of death in his most impressive manner, and Beresford, uncovering, wound up with "God save the King!"

Pending his execution the miserable and well-frightened prisoner spent the night in bonds in a stable. The next morning (much against Mr. Brown's will, no doubt) the trooper carried him off to the nearest township, where in due course a less severe sentence was imposed upon him by a properly constituted bench.

Whether or no the above story is apocryphal, the allusion to troopers acting as Clerks of Petty Sessions reminds us of the many extraneous duties that are constantly being performed by the mounted police. The following note on a year's work, which occurs in a recent report of the Inspector-General, is illuminating. He says :—

"The inquiries made and the work performed by the police for other departments of the public service continue to increase. Six hundred and twenty-one (621) communications were received from the Department of Public Health for transmission to the police in country districts, in addition to a number forwarded direct to the Metropolitan Superintendent of Police. Proceedings have been conducted by the police, on behalf of the Department of Public Instruction, in four hundred and sixty-eight (468) cases under the compulsory clauses of the Education Act, for neglect to send children to school, etc. Inquiries have been conducted in two thousand five hundred and forty-four (2,544) cases for the Master-in-Lunacy, one thousand nine hundred (1,900) for the Boarding-out Officer and Chief Officer under the 'Children's Protection Act, 1902,' and one hundred and sixty-seven (167) for the Medical Inspector of Charities. One thousand six hundred and twenty-six (1,626) inquiries were made by the police to recover moneys advanced, and on other matters connected with the State Labour Bureau. Seven hundred and fifty-four (754) notices were served on behalf of the Department of Lands, and four hundred and fifty-eight (458) for the Land Appeal Court. One thousand two hundred and forty-four (1,244) inquiries were made for the Department of Agriculture in connection with the recovery for moneys for seed wheat supplied, etc., one hundred and forty-eight (148) inquiries were made for the

Fisheries Department, five hundred and twelve (512) for the Government Statistician, sixty-five (65) for the Government Savings Bank of New South Wales, twenty-four (24) for the officer in charge of the 'Shearers' Accommodation Act,' two hundred and eighty-six (286) for the Explosives Department, twenty-seven (27) for the Taxation Department, one hundred and fifty-seven (157) for the Resumed Properties Branch, fifty-nine (59) for the Randwick Asylum, and twenty-five (25) for the Registrar-General under the 'Registration of Firms Act'; six hundred and seventy-three (673) for the Chief Secretary's Department respecting Justices of the Peace and nominations for the Commission of the Peace; two thousand seven hundred (2,700) for the same Department respecting charitable allowances, and nine hundred and nine (909) respecting the licensing of racecourses.

"Reports were furnished regarding one thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight (1,828) applications for expenses of witnesses attending Police and Coroners' Courts, one hundred and fifty-seven (157) in connection with tramway accidents, and forty-nine (49) for the Sheriff respecting the death of jurors (a considerable number of reports were also furnished direct by the police for the information of the Board for Invalidity and Accidents Pensions in Sydney, in addition to numerous inquiries made for the various local Boards), and one hundred and forty-eight (148) inquiries were made for the Immigration and Tourist Bureau respecting the proposed settlement of immigrants on the land, etc.

"With a view to assisting the Board of Health in their administration of the 'Private Hospitals Act, 1908,' inquiries have been made by the police during the year regarding all persons conducting private hospitals throughout the

State, the class of buildings utilized, and the accommodation provided, etc. Four thousand five hundred and nineteen (4,519) similar inquiries were made by the police, at the instance of the Chief Secretary, upon the passing of the 'Theatres and Public Halls Act,' regarding halls required to be licensed under the Act.

"Arrangements having been made by the Government for the payment of invalidity and accidents pensions, which are payable by the State, through public officers, half-monthly, on and after the 11th November, instead of monthly, through the Bank of New South Wales, as formerly, I consented to the police, at certain places, including those who are Acting Clerks of Petty Sessions, undertaking these duties as may be found necessary.

"The police at various centres still continue to perform duties for the Commonwealth in connection with the 'Commonwealth Invalidity and Old-age Pensions Act,' consisting of the completion of forms, submitting original claims for and renewals of pensions, furnishing reports to the Registrar in regard to applications for warrants under section 33 of the Principal Act, collecting necessary evidence, and reporting where further information is required in connection with claims, reporting cases of removal, attending Board meetings when required to give evidence, and filing informations against pensioners where false declarations have been made, and prosecuting offenders in Police Courts.

"In the month of September, at the instance of the Commonwealth Government, the police throughout the State commenced a canvass with a view to bringing the Federal electoral rolls up to date. The work was satisfactorily and expeditiously completed, the only expense to the Commonwealth Government being the travelling allowances of the

police engaged on the work and actual out-of-pocket expenses for postage, freight, baits, etc."

In addition to the foregoing we find the mounted police filling the important posts of mining registrars, mining wardens' clerks and bailiffs, registrars of Small Debts Courts, issuers of miners' rights, business and mineral licences, acting foresters, registrars of births, deaths, and marriages, inspectors under the Diseases in Sheep Act, inspectors of vineyards, inspectors under the Alien Immigration Acts, inspectors under the Fisheries Act, crown lands rangers, inspectors under the Early Closing Act, inspectors under Noxious Trades Act, agents for the Curator of Intestate Estates, agents for the Aborigines Protection Board and collectors of aborigines yearly census, agents for inquiries under the Poisons Act, issuers of permits for sheep to travel, receivers and distributors of money under Deserted Wives and Childrens Act, inspectors under Factories and Shops Act, issuers of timber, fuel, and quarry licences, agents for Labour Commissioners, receivers of cormorant heads and issuers of certificates for payment.

And this is not all. Almost every Department of the State looks to the police for assistance in one way or another, and the whole of the help rendered is done free of charge. The Inspector-General not unreasonably asks whether the Commonwealth Government ought not to pay for these varied duties. There is not the slightest doubt that, were the services of the police not made available, the Commonwealth would be at considerable expense both in the matter of the collection of electoral rolls and in obtaining the information now furnished by the police of the State. It is a fact, too, that in view of the prevailing conditions some of the work could hardly be carried out without this assist-

Chief Commissioner A. H. Bergmann
South Australian Police Force.

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Chief Commissioner W. H. Raymond
South Australian Police Force.

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ance, and the present arrangement certainly makes for effectiveness and economy. The police do not grumble at the burden of work, they are ready enough to "run the show": what they ask is adequate compensation for services rendered.

With the course of years have come a few changes in uniform, all of which have tended to increased smartness in appearance. The New South Wales trooper of to-day is a striking figure in his blue cloth jacket, Bedford cord breeches, black riding boots, and black cloth cap with its French peak. This is his working dress; for parade he dons a white helmet, white buckskin crossbelt and sword-belt, and white buckskin gloves. In the bush he will exchange his showy "Wellingtons" for more serviceable brown boots and leggings, which do not call for constant cleaning. The carbine now used by the mounted police is the Martini-Henry, this being carried in a bucket on the saddle. The revolver is the well-known Adams pattern or the Webley, these having superseded the heavier Colt.

Lastly, a word as to the pay of the police, which is the same for mounted men as for the foot. The scale is as follows: Probationary constables, 6*s*. 6*d*. per day; ordinary constables, 7*s*. 6*d*. rising, after three years' service, to 8*s*.; constables, 1*st* class, 8*s*. 6*d*.; senior-constables, 9*s*.; sergeants, 2*nd* class, 10*s*. 3*d*.; sergeants, 1*st* class, 11*s*. 6*d*.; detectives, from 10*s*. to 14*s*. All non-commissioned officers and constables not provided with quarters receive an allowance of 1*s*. per day. On retirement at the age of sixty, or if certified unfit for service earlier, a policeman is awarded a pension according to the number of years he has been in the force. For thirty years' service full salary is granted, for twenty-five years' three-quarters pay, for twenty years'

augmented in 1840 when the boundary of New South Wales was fixed to include a number of districts which it had been proposed to leave in the southern division. It was felt that the time had come when Port Phillip was strong enough to stand on its own legs.

A concession was made in 1842 when the English Parliament passed an Act by which the southern settlement was empowered to send six representatives to the Legislative Council. But this was not sufficient; the inhabitants clamoured for autonomy. Two years later an attempt was made to bring about the desired separation without avail, the Council negativing the proposal. In order, therefore, to draw the attention of the Imperial Government to the state of affairs, Melbourne nominated and duly returned "The Right Honourable Henry Grey, Earl Grey in the peerage of Great Britain," the then Secretary of State for the Colonies, as its representative in Sydney. To this farcical proceeding the Governor, Sir Charles Fitzroy, rejoined by declaring the election null and void. But though eventually local representatives were secured, Earl Grey was now made aware of the necessity for reform, and steps were taken to effect the change.

The defeat of the Government of which Earl Grey was a member somewhat delayed matters. In 1850, however, an Act passed through the British Parliament authorising the separation, and in the following year the colony of Victoria was proclaimed. Mr. Latrobe was appointed the first Governor. At this juncture, as we have seen, there occurred the great gold discoveries, following upon those of New South Wales. The influx of people into the colony sent up its population by leaps and bounds, and Victoria entered upon its independent career with bright prospects. Its

subsequent vicissitudes are a matter of history, which it is beyond our purpose to follow.

The policing arrangements of Port Phillip in its earliest days were very primitive. That some sort of watchmen or constables were appointed is evident from the fact that there was a High Constable in charge of the settlement. In 1836 this post was filled by Robert Day, his successors being Henry Batman (1837), William Wright (1838), F. A. Falkiner (1841), and Joseph Bloomfield (1848). A few years before Mr. Latrobe received his commission as Superintendent of the embryo colony the authorities at Sydney had sent out Captain Lonsdale with a small—very small—body of soldiers to assume charge of affairs. So far as he may be regarded a chief of police Lonsdale represents the first attempt at legally constituted authority.

The following memorandum, which appears in the Captain's report to his superiors at Sydney, throws an interesting light on the conditions prevailing in the settlement. He says: "As to the state of order among the people, I have no reason to doubt that they were as peaceable as could reasonably be expected under the circumstances in which they were placed, but I know that repeated representations were made to the Sydney Government to the contrary, of so strong a nature that Sir Richard Bourke thought there was a probability of some resistance being offered to his establishing authority in the place; and directed me to apply to Captain Hobson for the marines of his ship, should I find the detachment of troops I took with me insufficient. This, however, was perfectly useless, the people were quite quiet, the only indication to the contrary was the simple circumstance of the printed proclamations which I had caused to be posted up being torn down.

political life. In 1856 he was elected to the Legislative Council, of which he subsequently became President, and in 1875 his services were recognised by the bestowal of a knighthood. A fitting successor to Mr. Mitchell was found in Captain Charles Macmahon, who had been appointed head of the city police of Melbourne and Assistant Commissioner. In 1854 this officer took control of affairs in his chief's absence, in due course being appointed to the supreme command.

By the time that the digger troubles had culminated in the Eureka Stockade episode the Victorian mounted police were freed from their vexatious duties on the fields, and were able to concentrate their energies on the suppression of crimes of violence. These had increased considerably within a year or two. The motley crew who found their way into the colony in the wake of the genuine gold-seekers provided no little sensation in the matter of "sticking up" and robbing travellers. In 1853, to cite but one instance of the kind, the Gold Escort from the McIvor fields was stopped and over £5,000 worth of gold was stolen. Three police troopers, who rode with the cart, were all wounded, while the driver was shot fatally. The robbers made away with their booty into the bush, but a few months after the guilty parties were arrested, and three of the five implicated were executed.

In and around Melbourne cases of highway robbery were so frequent as to arouse public indignation over the powerlessness of the police. The streets after dark were unsafe for individuals, owing to the number of desperate characters about. But with the hardened, stop-at-nothing criminals were several amateurs who in the general terror saw a chance to try their luck at the game. It could not have

been a genuine "tough" in the case of the Geelong resident whose experience was chronicled in the newspapers of the time. This gentleman was returning home with a bottle of brandy under his arm when he was suddenly summoned to "Bail up!" With the utmost *sang-froid* he drew out the bottle in pistol fashion and presented it at the head of the seeming bushranger with the words, "*You* bail up!" At this the other dropped his weapon and took to his heels, but a peremptory command to "Stop or be shot dead!" checked his flight. Then the hero of this story, after deciding that it was too much trouble to take his capture to the lock-up, administered a sound drubbing to him, carrying off the man's pistol as a trophy.

This incident reminds one of that other occasion when "Thunderbolt" is said to have introduced a like touch of comedy in an encounter with the police by scaring two troopers with an empty ginger-beer bottle! Much has been made of this by those who have sought to belittle the Australian mounted police, but even if it be true what does it count for? The bushrangers of those days had ample experience of the pluck of the troopers when it came to hand-grips. The redoubtable "Captain" Melville, one of Victoria's highwaymen, once encountered a well-known police officer who was riding through the bush alone and unarmed. He carried off his prisoner to his "camp," where two other men, his accomplices, were waiting. The officer taunted Melville with his "bravery" in seizing him with such a show of force. The "Captain" lost his temper, and, snatching a revolver from his belt, pointed it at the other's head.

"If you say another word," he growled, "I'll blow your brains out!"

"Not you," answered the policeman coolly; "you daren't do it."

They remained eye to eye for some moments, then the bushranger's hand dropped. "You're a —— plucky chap, and no mistake!" he said.

Melville treated his prize with more consideration after this test of nerve, and probably did not begrudge the chance of escape which afterwards offered and of which the policeman promptly availed himself.

The rank and file, too, were not slow to show their mettle when put to it. There is the right ring about the story of the trooper who kept three bushrangers at bay until they forced him from his cover. Although the odds were so heavy against him he still refused to surrender, and he died fighting with his back to a tree, having emptied his revolver and accounted for one at least of his assailants.

In a copy of the "Police Regulations" for 1856 we find particulars of the uniform of that period. The dress of the mounted men was modelled after that of the New South Wales troopers, comprising blue cloth jacket, waterproof cape, cloak, blue cloth trousers (white for summer wear), white cotton or buckskin gloves, a jumper, neck scarf, and Wellington or Napoleon boots. A black leather cap was worn, with a detachable white cover. A note is added to the effect that the jumper must be used only in quarters, while the constable was on fatigue or other duty of a similar nature, or while patrolling in the bush or doing escort duty. On all other occasions the jacket was to be worn.

Each mounted man in addition was to supply himself with sword-belt, cap pouch, trouser straps, military and bush spurs, and the outfit necessary for grooming his horse.

The uniform of officers included a blue cloth single-

breasted frock coat, with standing collar and service buttons; an overcoat of like fashion; blue cloth trousers with black lace stripe down the sides, white cloth being adopted for the summer; white cotton or buckskin gloves; high riding boots of the usual pattern; and a blue cloth cap with patent leather peak and black lace band. The cap was provided with an oil-skin or leather cover for winter, and a white cover for summer use. An old-fashioned touch was given to the dress by the wearing of a stock, or black silk neckerchief.

Experience showed that the cloth trousers tore too easily, and they were in time replaced by serge ones of more strength. The riding pants, as now, were made of narrow-rib Bedford cord, such as is worn by the trooper police of other States. A later modification was the adoption of a helmet in place of the old type mounted police cap, which was of the following shape—

Police carbines, pistols and swords were the arms carried; swords, however, being used only for parade occasions.

Captain Macmahon resigned the post of Chief Commissioner in 1858, to enter Parliament shortly after.[1] He was succeeded by Captain Frederick Charles Standish, another retired Army officer who had come out to Australia. Captain Standish reached Victoria in 1852, and two years later was appointed Assistant Commissioner of Goldfields at Sandhurst. He afterwards became Chinese Protector, from which position he was transferred to the command of the police.

In the twenty odd years of Captain Standish's tenure of

[1] He became Speaker of the Assembly in 1871 and received the honour of knighthood in 1875.

office the most striking events were the outbreaks of the bushranger Power and the Kelly gang. The story of the latter has been told at some length elsewhere, that of Power may be dealt with here. For many months this ruffian terrorised the Ovens and Beechworth districts, with one excursion into New South Wales, and at the last gave the mounted police one of the most exciting chases on record.

An Irishman by birth, Harry Power began his criminal career in Victoria as a horse-thief. It was soon evident that he was one of the smartest hands at the game, being a first-class rider and a skilled bushman. The police had the utmost difficulty in bringing him to book. Power's undoing was his firing at a constable who called upon him to show the receipt of a horse he was riding. The animal was a stolen one, as the policeman well knew. For "wounding with intent," Power received a sentence of fourteen years' imprisonment, but before the term had expired he had regained his freedom. The escape was effected by concealing himself in a heap of rubbish which he and other convicts at Pentridge Gaol were dumping on some waste ground outside the prison walls. Before his absence had been noted the missing man had crept out from his hiding-place and made off into the country. A raid on a farmhouse provided him with fresh clothes, while for a weapon he relied upon the blade of an old sheep-shears tied to the end of a long stick. This formidable "persuader" soon brought him into possession of a pistol, which he took from a wayfarer, and Power forthwith started on his career as a bushranger.

As was only to be expected from such an adept in crime, Power made his plans carefully. He employed an efficient service of bush telegraphs, but beyond these had no com-

panion in his raids. It was a boast of his that he would never make a confidant of man or woman. One of his youthful aids at this time, it is interesting to note, was Ned Kelly, the sharp-witted youngster keeping him well-posted in police intelligence. By this means, and by his remarkable daring, the bushranger performed some "sticking up" exploits in the grand manner. Single-handed he would hold up a stage coach, and make the passengers empty their pockets before him on the road one by one, each victim then being directed to a certain spot (usually a fallen log) where he was under the cover of Power's gun. On one such occasion, it is stated, he plundered no fewer than thirty people, whom he kept for hours sitting by the roadside.

The recklessness and audacity with which Power defied the police goaded the authorities to exasperation. The most expert bushmen in the country, and black trackers, were alike unable to run him down. At last the Chief Commissioner sent for Superintendent Hare. "I want you," he said, "to go into the north-eastern district after Power. Take any steps you wish, incur any expense advisable, but *get* him." With these *carte blanche* instructions the superintendent left Melbourne early in May of that year, 1870, on his quest.

The mounted police party was composed of Superintendents Hare and Nicholson, Sergeant Montford, and Native Tracker Donald. It was only possible to get on the trail of their quarry by suborning one of his "telegraphs," and the desired opportunity soon offered itself. A man was found whom a reward of £500 was sufficient to tempt. He promised to lead the police to Power's lair.

The bushranger's chosen hiding-place was in a ravine among the ranges at the head of the King River. It was

Hare and Montford were at that time exploring a short distance off. I attracted their attention by a low hissing whistle, but knowing that there was not an instant to be lost, as Power might wake up at any moment, I did not wait for them, but commenced running up the gully, whilst Hare and Montford followed, making a short diagonal cut to get on my line. As I ascended, a defined track became plain, and I then observed some distance above me a thin column of smoke rising among some boulders. A little more, and a few yards to the left of the line I was following, the small fire and a few cooking utensils around it appeared in view, close to a large boulder; and straight before me, what might have been taken for a small thicket of leafy green scrub, but the straightness of one or two of its outlines, as well as a foot in a clean worsted stocking projecting from the end next to the fire, betrayed its artificial character. These were on a small plateau or shelf on the side of the range.

"With a twist of my shoulders, as I ran, I got rid of my loose pea-jacket, which was soaked and heavy with rain, and quickened my pace. The thicket was broadside to me, its entrance and the foot facing the fire. Apprehensive lest the owner of the foot should escape either by the rear or far side, I waved my right arm to Hare and Montford, who were still behind and below me, to go round, whilst I made a dash at the entrance, and throwing myself into the gunyah upon the prostrate body of the occupant, I seized and held him securely by the wrists until the Superintendent and the Sergeant appeared almost immediately, the former catching the man by his legs and Sergeant Montford by his ankles. With one simultaneous heave we swung our prisoner outside, and then the Sergeant quietly handcuffed him."

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VICTORIAN MOUNTED POLICE, ST. KILDA ROAD BARRACKS, MELBOURNE.

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The structure in which Power had lain hid is described as having been low and narrow, but well put together and comfortable. It consisted of a good tough frame covered with blankets, and these were skilfully concealed by leafy twigs and branches. There was a neat floor of small saplings about six inches above the ground, upon which straw and blankets were spread. When the Superintendent entered, Power lay half-dressed on his back, apparently asleep, with his revolver by his side. A double-barrelled gun, loaded and cocked, was slung from the ridge pole and so placed that the trigger was within easy reach of its owner's hand immediately he was roused. Mr. Hare averred that he seized Power by the ankles and drew him out of the den; Superintendent Nicholson declares this to have been impossible, as it would have meant certain death for the aggressor. Nicholson's account bears the impress of truth, and while the honours of the capture may be shared fairly equally by all concerned, the actual facts of the case were no doubt as he stated.

Once arrested, Power gave no more trouble. He willingly showed the police, who were nearly starving, where he kept his provisions, and accompanied them to Wangaratta, where he was safely locked up in a cell. It was a Sunday when the party arrived in the township, and a crowd greeted their arrival with the notorious bushranger. The latter waved his hand coolly to the people. "They've caught Harry Power," he cried out, "but they had to catch him asleep!"

On being tried and convicted on four separate counts of highway robbery, Power was sent into penal servitude for fifteen years. This term he served in full, showing himself to be a very tractable prisoner. It was during his incarceration that a mutiny broke out among the convicts while

a large number of them were assembled in the gaol dining-hall. The warders on duty had great difficulty in quelling the disturbance, and seeing this Power offered to "lend a hand." "Do what you can," said the chief warder, "and I promise you I won't forget it." Seizing a big iron ladle that was used for stirring the skilly, Power sailed into the fray, and in a few minutes the ringleaders were laid out with broken heads.

"I'm sorry if I've hurt 'em much, sir," explained Power, when order was restored, "but you told me to do the best I could."

His good conduct in gaol was no mere pose assumed in order to obtain a remission of his sentence. On his release Power found honest employment without displaying any tendency to revert to his old evil ways. His death occurred in 1891, when he was drowned in the Murray River while making an overland journey to Sydney.

The Special Commission which sat to inquire into the conduct of the police hunt after the Kelly gang of bush-rangers was responsible for the retirement of several officers high in the service. Among others, as has been noted in an earlier chapter, Captain Standish left the force on pension. This was in 1880. For a time Superintendent Nicholson, as senior officer, held the post of Acting Chief Commissioner until a fresh appointment was made. Eventually Mr. Hussey Malone Chomley, who had risen through the various grades from cadet to superintendent, was selected, the new chief entering upon his duties in March 1882.

The following two decades saw the Victorian mounted police brought to a very high state of efficiency. The lessons learned during the recent troublous years were not forgotten, and no pains were spared to horse and arm the

troopers in the best possible manner. Old type carbines and pistols were discarded, the newest patterns being obtained. To afford adequate protection to outlying districts several new stations were opened, with the result that the State ere long was regularly patrolled from one end to the other. Chief Commissioner Chomley's reign was not marked by any serious outbreak. It is remarkable for a decrease in crime, a continuous strengthening of the power of the police, and for administrative work quietly but most effectively carried out.

When in 1902 Mr. Chomley retired on a superannuation allowance he was succeeded by the present Chief Commissioner, Mr. Thomas O'Callaghan. Thirty-five years of distinguished service in the force[1] had well earned Mr. O'Callaghan this promotion, and he has proved its justification by his firm grasp of affairs. At the present day the Victorian police—particularly the mounted branch—can vie with any in the continent for smartness and ability.

For police administrative purposes the State is divided into ten districts as follows, the headquarters in each case being given in brackets :—Melbourne (Russell Street), Bourke (Police Depôt, St. Kilda Road), Central (Ballarat), North-western (Bendigo), Western (Hamilton), North-eastern (Benalla), Gippsland (Sale), Southern (Geelong), Midland (Maryborough), Wimmera (Stawell). In all, mounted and foot, the force distributed over these points totals 1,638. Of this number but 271 are mounted men, a considerable reduction in strength having taken place after the last bushranging era had passed. It is a striking tribute

[1] Mr. O'Callaghan entered the police service in 1867 as a detective; was promoted Sub-Inspector February 1886, Inspector January 1892, Superintendent January 1895, Inspecting Superintendent January 1898, and Chief Commissioner July 1902.

to the power of a trooper that out of the 417 Police Stations in the State there are 165 at which a mounted constable is the only representative of authority.

The duties may be prosaic enough in these matter-of-fact days of the railway and telegraph, but there is an appealing picturesque touch about the solitary blue-coated, helmeted trooper at Wallaloo or Mudgeegonga, as the case may be, ruler of a good many square miles, doing several men's work in one and doing it remarkably well. In the country districts, in what may be termed generally "the bush," the mounted constable is a highly important personage. "Out back there," said an officer to the writer, "the police are in absolute fact the Government. There's a good deal that they have to do off their own bat, so to speak, but they don't blow about it. It's just done, that's all."

To join the mounted police of Victoria [1] one must be between twenty and twenty-five years of age, and at least 5 feet 9 inches in height. A recruit, having passed the medical officer and a preliminary riding test, has then to be approved by the Chief Commissioner, after which, if successful, he is attached to the Depôt for a course of instruction. The education of a mounted policeman at the St. Kilda Road barracks in Melbourne is much the same as that received by the New South Wales trooper, and need not be dwelt upon in detail. He attends lectures on police duties, while under Sub-Inspector Allcock [2] he learns his mounted and dismounted drill. Musketry and revolver practice is

[1] Up to about 1876 men trained in the Garrison Artillery were mostly chosen for this branch of the service. After that date the range became wider.

[2] Formerly of the 17th (Duke of Cambridge's Own) Lancers, and instructor to the Rupertswood Battery of Victorian Horse Artillery up to the time of its disbandment.

provided for at the rifle ranges at Williamstown or Ellwood. Swimming and life-saving drill is a compulsory subject. In the physical drill curriculum the art of ju-jitsu is now being taken up by many of the troopers, but this is quite optional. Probably the future will see this special branch of self-defence become a more important feature of instruction.

The uniform of the mounted policeman has undergone little change from that of the earlier period referred to on page 234. Blue cloth tunics and jumpers, trousers of similar material, riding breeches and high knee-boots of the usual pattern, are the order of the day. Brown dog-skin gloves are worn by both officers and men. The helmet is of the customary style, the white one of light make for summer use being shown in the illustration of Victorian troopers on another page.

In the matter of pay the mounted man has nothing to grumble at. The rate compares favourably with that, say, of the Royal North-West Mounted Police of Canada to whom he approximates most nearly. Here is the scale: Constables: Under two years' service, 6*s.* 6*d.* per day; over two and under four years, 7*s.*; over four and under six years, 7*s.* 6*d.*; over six and under ten years, 8*s.*; over ten years, 8*s.* 6*d.* to 11*s.*; Senior Constables, 8*s.* to 9*s.*; Sergeants (1st and 2nd class), from 10*s.* 6*d.* to 12*s.* 6*d.*; Sub-Inspectors, £255 per annum; Inspectors, £300; Superintendents, £375; Inspecting Superintendents, £500. Pensions on a liberal scale are granted to members of the force on retirement.[1]

[1] Members of the Force who were appointed before the 25th November, 1902, are entitled to pensions or gratuities (as provided in Part 3 of the Police Regulations Act, 1890) on their retirement from the service. (Act

While unmarried constables, and married sub-officers or constables in charge of stations, are provided with free Government quarters, an allowance of 6*d*. per day is granted to married men living out of barracks in lieu of quarters, fuel, light and water. Inspectors and sub-inspectors receive the generous sum of £70, and superintendents £90, per annum, in lieu of quarters, with free fuel, light and water. So that, taken all round, the lot of the mounted policeman of Victoria is not the unhappy one sung of in Sir William Gilbert's ballad. He is a picked man, however, and worth his price, and the Australian citizen who contributes to his maintenance may well be proud of him.

1127, as amended by Act No. 1412). Members of the Force who were appointed after the 25th November, 1902, or who may hereafter be appointed, are not, and will not be, entitled to either pension or gratuity on retirement (Act No. 1798)."—*Victorian Police Code*.

CHAPTER XIV

IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA

First settlement, 1836—Adelaide founded—Governor Hindmarsh—Colonel Gawler—Early troubles—Sir George Grey—Police Act of 1839—Inspector Inman—Major O'Halloran, first Commissioner—The police in 1840—Uniform—Undesirable immigrants—Jack Foley "The black-faced robbers"—Cattle-duffers—A trooper's hallucination—After aboriginal murderers—Commissioner B. T. Finniss—Mr G. F. Dashwood—Mr. Alexander Tolmer—Inspector Alford—Major Egerton-Warburton—Later Commissioners—Consolidating Police Act—Expansion of the colony—Growth of the force—Crime—Northern Territory—Tom Egan's fate—Police of to-day—Commissioner W. H. Raymond—Distribution—Scrub and desert—Varied duties—Camels—Training and equipment.

THE founding of the first settlement in South Australia was effected in 1836, on the lines laid down by Edward Gibbon Wakefield, the economist.[1] In the spring of that year two shiploads of colonists left England, among them being Colonel Light, holding the appointment of Surveyor-General. His Excellency the Governor, Captain (afterwards Sir) John Hindmarsh, R.N., followed some months later to proclaim "His Majesty's Province of South Australia."

From Hold Fast Bay, where the landing was made, the settlers migrated to the spot on which the present fine city of Adelaide stands. There were dark days to begin with, days of privation and unremitting toil. Everything was in the rough. Huts of reeds had to be hastily run up to house the population, but the men and women were of the right

[1] See page 31.

stamp and the work of colonisation went steadily, if slowly, forward. That mistakes were made was not surprising to those critics who realised how ineffectual ideal theories were when put into practice. The weak points in Wakefield's scheme evidenced themselves before very long. To add to the difficulties of the land question came dissensions between the Governor and certain of the leading settlers, with the result that the finances of the colony sank low. After two years' troublous rule Captain Hindmarsh was recalled, and Colonel Gawler appointed in his place. The story of the three successive years' ups and downs is too long to be told here: suffice it to say that the new Governor incurred the displeasure of the home authorities by his excessive expenditure of money on public works, and that he too was called upon to resign.

At this critical stage of affairs Captain (afterwards Sir) George Grey was selected by the Colonial Office to restore order out of seeming chaos. The right man had now been found for the task. The statesmanlike qualities which in later years found wider scope in Cape Colony and New Zealand were displayed in a new policy of retrenchment and reform. Under his skilful management the land which many had left undeveloped after the boom had subsided was made to yield profitable labour, and scores of settlers who were thinking of quitting the colony for Victoria or New South Wales remained to reap the rich rewards of their enterprise. Within four years from Grey's arrival in 1841 the population had nearly doubled itself, while the area of tilled land had risen from 2,500 to 26,000 acres.

One of the earliest acts of the first Legislative Council of the new province was to pass an ordinance authorising the formation of a police force. This measure was agreed to

A SOUTH AUSTRALIAN MOUNTED POLICEMAN.

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in 1839, Colonel Gawler being Governor. Owing to the exclusion of the convict labour that had been the bane of New South Wales, South Australia escaped many of the initial trials of the older settlement. Unfortunately, however, proper precautions were not taken to supervise the landing of immigrants, and in the course of a few years a large number of undesirables found their way into the colony. Vessels bound from Hobart and Melbourne brought escaped convicts, ticket-of-leave men and emancipists, to sow the seeds of crime in the community. Others arrived by the overland route, having joined stock parties in various capacities.

As the colony grew, therefore, the need for police protection became more urgent. In 1838 Mr. Henry Inman had been placed in command of a small body of police, foot and mounted, with the title of Inspector. In the following year he was given the rank of Superintendent. At this period the force numbered only three other officers, an inspector of mounted police and an inspector and sub-inspector of foot. Both of these branches were badly in need of discipline, and on the dismissal of Mr. Inman, whose conduct was unsatisfactory, the Board of Police Commissioners—the ruling power—brought about drastic changes. The office of Superintendent was abolished: the mounted and foot police were regarded as two distinct forces, each being entrusted to the command of a separate inspector: lastly a permanent Commissioner of Police was appointed to exercise general control over the whole force. This chief officer was also empowered to sit as a magistrate.

In June 1840, the official *Gazette* announced the dissolution of the Board and the appointment of Major Thomas Shuldham O'Halloran as first Commissioner. Inspector

Stuart was placed over the Metropolitan and Port police, while Sub-Inspector Alexander Tolmer was given command of the mounted police as Inspector.

The new chief was a retired army officer who had seen considerable service in India and Burma. On throwing up his commission Major O'Halloran emigrated with his family to South Australia to settle near Glenelg, at a place which was named after him O'Halloran Hill. Within a few months he was nominated a justice of the Peace, and very soon afterwards was asked by Colonel Gawler to undertake the reconstruction of the police service. In this direction he was eminently successful, the force being placed on a basis that ensured its providing adequate support to the little colony.

From the published records of Inspector Tolmer, who was himself destined to become Commissioner in the course of time, we learn some interesting facts about the mounted police of those early South Australian days. New barracks and stables were prepared for the troopers, who up to this time had been quartered here and there in different public-houses and private lodgings.

"The barracks," he says, "consisted of two wings, each containing three small rooms, one of which was set apart as a guard-room, cook-house and mess-room; three were sleeping apartments; and the other two (in the west wing) were especially made over to my own use. The whole structure was built of *pisé*,[1] with paling roofs. The stables extended from wing to wing, were built of broad palings, and afforded accommodation for about twenty horses, with a loft above for hay. Fronting the stables a paling fence extended right across the yard, with a wide gate in the centre,

[1] Hard earth or clay rammed into moulds.

the whole forming a square. Subsequently a small brick room, which was used as an office, was added to the western wing."

The uniform of the troopers was neat and effective, comprising a double-breasted blue cloth jacket with white buttons, a blue cloth cap with white band, and blue cloth trousers with white piping down the seams. For summer wear trousers of white drill were substituted. The riding breeches were of the usual cord. In addition to the police carbine the mounted man carried a sword, with black belt and pouch, the regulations further ordering the use of white cotton gloves. This outfit, it will be understood, was in the main "full dress" such as would be worn on parade; while on active service some features of it would naturally be dispensed with.

With the constant arrival of all kinds of immigrants, so many of whom belonged to the criminal class, the mounted police were kept hard at work in their task of supervision.[1] A large number of the worst characters made their home in the back district known as "The Tiers," in the deep thickly-timbered ravines of which they built themselves log huts. It was an ideal haunt for cattle-stealers and midnight marauders, the surrounding bush making it difficult to follow their tracks. Among those who thus came into the colony under the protection of overland stock parties was one Jack Foley, who affords the only instance, perhaps, of a bushranger turning policeman. His early career is typical of a hundred others.

[1] As illustrative of the character of the criminal class, it may be noted that at the gaol delivery at Adelaide on March 3rd, 1840, out of thirty prisoners only one was convicted who had come to the colony direct from England. The majority were ex-convicts or escapees from the penal settlements.

Foley, whose real name was Lovett, escaped from New South Wales with two more convicts, all three having been sentenced to a "life" term. His companions, Stone and Stanley, were ruffians of a worse stamp than Foley himself, and the last-named separated himself from them on reaching South Australian soil. He had done some bushranging before being laid by the heels, but there is no record of his having taken any life. His particular line of business was horse-stealing, in which he was expert. However, having shaken off the dust of New South Wales and, as he hoped, blotted out his past, Foley struck out a new line for himself.

The point at which he decided to stop was Encounter Bay, where a whaling station had been formed. Here he eked out an existence by supplying the little community with kangaroo flesh and other game. For a time all seemed to go well, then some of his customers grew suspicious of this solitary hunter who was reticent about his antecedents, and a trap was laid for him. The settlement was running short of stores; it was necessary to send to Adelaide for supplies. Foley was now asked whether he would mind acting as messenger. At first he refused, fearing that the police would be furnished with the New South Wales *Hue and Cry*, and that he would be recognised, but on persuasion he consented to go. A letter was given him to present to the manager of the Bank of South Australia.

Arrived in the city Foley executed his mission. At the bank he was invited to partake of a meal in the kitchen, the manager meanwhile acting on the hint contained in the letter. A little later Superintendent Inman made his appearance, strolling in casually and taking up the visitor's double-barrelled gun as if idly examining it. But Foley's suspicions were aroused. In a few moments he made a dash

for the door and was on his horse by the time the officer reached him.

"You're my prisoner," exclaimed Inman, who had identified him as an absconder.

The other made no answer, but drew a pistol from his belt. Inman clutched at this instantly, his fingers closing round the lock, the flint of which cut them. This action, however, prevented the weapon's discharge, and Foley was compelled to surrender. In due course he was brought before the Resident Magistrate, when it was found that the Court had no jurisdiction as to offences committed out of the colony. The prisoner was accordingly released, and Superintendent Inman found it no difficult matter to induce him to help in tracking the wanted men Stone and Stanley. Not long afterwards Foley became an auxiliary member of the police force, in which capacity he rendered much valuable service. Eventually he returned to England, to end his days there.

A notorious gang which was broken up by Inspector Tolmer was that of the "black-faced robbers," headed by Joseph Storey. These desperadoes pursued a somewhat lengthy career of cattle-stealing in the ranges, their practice of burning the skins making it almost impossible to bring any crime home to them. After the police had rendered the game too dangerous the gang turned to raiding settlers' houses, wearing black masks for disguise. But it was not long before nemesis overtook them. Sergeant-Major Alford of the mounted police got upon their track, and Storey was arrested with several others. The ringleader was condemned to death, but this sentence was afterwards commuted to transportation for life to Van Diemen's Land.

In the case of the cattle-stealers (or "duffers," as the

colonial term is,) Brodrip and Gofton, who flourished in the Black Forest at this time, there was a curious sequel. The two men were arrested by Alford and Trooper Naughton, but Gofton succeeded in making his escape. The next development was the discovery of the latter's body in the bush, where he had been foully murdered. For this crime another man, Stagg, was convicted and executed, there being no doubt as to his guilt. However, some time after Trooper Lomas of the mounted police made a startling declaration to the effect that he was the actual murderer. An investigation proved conclusively that the trooper was the victim of a hallucination, and he was acquitted of the charge. Lomas then left the force and the colony, his subsequent conduct making it clear that his mind was permanently deranged. There was good reason to believe, nevertheless, that he had been false to his oath and had acted in collusion with the cattle-duffers. The ease with which they had baffled the police was traceable to his timely warnings.

One of the most notable of the police hunts which Commissioner O'Halloran organised during his command, occurred when the crew and passengers of the brig *Maria* were murdered by blacks. This was in June 1840. With Inspector Tolmer and a score of troopers, and a party of civilian volunteers, the Commissioner made a long journey into the country bordering on the Murray River. The culprits were known to belong to the "Big Murray Tribe," notorious for their ferocity, and the chase at last ended with the blacks being rounded up. Two natives were then yielded into the hands of the police as the actual criminals, this being in accordance with a recognised custom among the aborigines. When a number combined to commit a murder the man known to have thrown the weapon which

caused the death wound was regarded as the murderer. The remainder of the tribe were considered to be innocent, despite the fact that all, or most of them, had been joyously engaged in throwing their spears at the same time.

This peculiar tribal law was understood and accepted by the whites. The two prisoners were therefore tried at a drumhead court-martial on the spot, in the presence of the other blacks, and on the following day were hanged over the grave of their victims.

In 1843 Major O'Halloran retired from the post of Commissioner of Police. His successor, Mr. Boyle Travers Finniss, was one of the pioneer party that had landed in South Australia seven years previously, his appointment being Assistant Surveyor under Colonel Light. Mr. Finniss, who later entered upon a distinguished political career,[1] held office for nearly six years, giving place to Mr. G. F. Dashwood. During the latter's reign Mr. Tolmer, promoted to Superintendent of the mounted police, acted temporarily as Commissioner for fifteen months, and, as was to be expected, he succeeded to that high office on Mr. Dashwood's resignation in 1852.

The next year was marked by considerable confusion in police administration. Without entering into controversial matters, it may be said that bitter jealousies existed among the principal officers of the force. Mr. Tolmer was a man of undoubted ability, and by his zealous work in the past had well deserved his promotion. He was, however,

[1] The Hon. B. T. Finniss held the appointments of Colonial Treasurer and Registrar-General in 1846, becoming Colonial Secretary two years later under Governor Sir H. E. F. Young. In 1854 he administered affairs as Acting Governor until Sir R. G. MacDonnell arrived in the colony. Ten years afterwards he headed the Government Survey party which proceeded to the Northern Territory, and assisted in founding the first settlement there.

somewhat hot-tempered, and his bearing to those who served under him made him strong enemies. Among his chief opponents was Inspector Alford, a man with whom he had been associated closely in many a case. Alford, by the way, could boast of longer service in the force than any of his superiors. He had volunteered to act as policeman as far back as 1837, in the days before a regular force had been instituted.

As a result of the charges preferred against Mr. Tolmer, charges reflecting seriously both on his public and private character, a Board of Inquiry recommended his removal from office. With his dismissal from the force which followed Mr. Tolmer's remarkable career practically ended.[1] He found it impossible to return to the police service, and after an unsuccessful attempt to become explorer in the interior he accepted the minor position of Crown Lands Ranger.

Senior Inspector C. W. Stuart was Acting-Commissioner for several months until the appointment was offered to Major Peter Egerton-Warburton, whose exploits as an explorer have been alluded to in a previous chapter. After him came Mr. George Hamilton (1867 to 1882), Mr. Peterswald (1882 to 1896), and Colonel L. G. Madley (1896 to 1909). With these changes an important development in police administration has to be chronicled. Up to the end of Major Warburton's tenure of office the force continued under the original Act of 1839, but under Commissioner Hamilton the 1869-70 session of Parliament passed a new

[1] The title of his autobiography, *Reminiscences of an Adventurous and Chequered Career*, is no misnomer. Before emigrating to South Australia he served as a soldier of fortune in the British Legion which espoused the cause of Dom Pedro and Donna Maria against the usurper Dom Miguel in Portugal. On returning to England he enlisted in a cavalry regiment, but was disappointed in his hope of gaining a commission.

IN THE STONY DESERT. SOUTH AUSTRALIAN TROOPERS ON CAMELS.

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Consolidating Police Act which has controlled the force ever since.

Within this period, too, a notable expansion of the colony had taken place. At first the boundaries had been defined to embrace an area of nearly 300,000 square miles, "between the 132nd and 141st degrees of east longitude and between the Southern Ocean and the 26th degree of south latitude." In 1861 was added a vast tract of country known as No Man's Land, situated between the western boundary of the province and the eastern boundary of Western Australia. This extension covered 80,000 square miles. Two years later there came the important inclusion of the Northern Territory, which stretches northward from the 26th degree of south latitude to the Indian Ocean and eastward from the 129th to the 138th degree. From this time, therefore, until the recent separation of the Northern Territory, South Australia boasted of a total area of over 900,000 square miles.

To cope with the additional work entailed by increase of population and territorial expansion it was, of course, necessary to raise the strength of the police force. From an official return of 1851 we find the number of officers and men given as 134, the expenditure being £12,770 19*s*. In 1855 there were 252, including 45 black trackers, and the cost to the State had nearly quadrupled itself. Under Major Warburton a reduction in numbers to 176 men took place, with a consequent decrease in expenditure, and at this low strength the force remained for several years. In 1872 twelve more men were added to the ranks. The next six years saw further increases, until in 1878 the number employed was 307. In 1884 the figures were 438, by this time the cost having amounted to £98, 594 18*s*. 6*d*. The disparity

between this expenditure and that of 1851 is partly to be accounted for by the increase in the rate of pay. In the earlier days a trooper received 3*s.* 7*d.* per day ; in less than thirty years the minimum wage was raised to 7*s.* 6*d.*

While, in comparison with New South Wales and Victoria, South Australia has enjoyed remarkable immunity from bushranging—there have been no desperadoes of the Morgan and Kelly type—it has had its own eras of crime. During the first twenty-five years of its existence horse-stealing and cattle-duffing were prevalent in the colony, but the energetic measures of the mounted police were successful in stamping these out. We have dealt with some notable cases in the present chapter. In later years, particularly since the acquisition of the Northern Territory, the main troubles have been with the aborigines. To narrate one instance of this latter kind is enough to show what has to be contended with. The story is almost invariably the same. A prospector, or other solitary white, falls in with a party of blacks. He has provisions, or weapons, or other articles of value in the native estimation, and an early opportunity is found to murder him. Then the tragedy becomes a dread secret of the bush until native gossip or some chance discovery of his remains brings the matter into the light of day.

It was so with poor Tom Egan, prospector, who was speared by a black at the Robinson River in the far north in May 1909. Egan was presumably travelling in the direction of Borroloola, when he lost his way. On the east bank of the river he encountered Pupelee, aboriginal, in company with the latter's lubra (wife), three children, and another woman. At first the blacks appeared to be friendly, giving the unfortunate man some food and acceding to his

request that they should guide him to the township. But during the evening, while the party camped and Egan set about making his billy boil on the fire, Pupelee seized his stone-headed spears and plunged them into his victim's side. The body was afterwards thrown into the river. Then Pupelee, having appropriated such of the dead man's belongings as he coveted, went on trek again with his family until R. Stott, Mounted Constable of Borroloola, brought him to justice.

The story of police work in the Northern Territory demands a chapter to itself, for it is there that the most arduous work of the Australian trooper policeman is encountered. It is time now to consider the South Australian force as it is to-day, under the able control of Commissioner W. H. Raymond, who succeeded Colonel Madley in January 1910. Like so many other officers, the present Chief rose to his position from the ranks, having passed through all grades. He joined the force in 1865, and has thus seen forty-six years of service.

From the most recent Report we learn that the total strength of the force is 421, a number which cannot lead any one to say that the State is over-policed.[1] In 1885 the figure stood at 438, and since that date the population has increased by over 108,000. The mounted branch, exclusive of those on service in the far north, accounts for 168 officers and men, with whom there are eighteen black trackers. This little force, only four hundred odd strong, is distributed over the following six divisions, the headquarters being given in brackets :—Metropolitan (Adelaide), Central

[1] The total expenditure for the year ending June 30, 1910, exclusive of the Northern Territory, was £88,936, showing an average cost per head of the population of a little over 4*s.* 3½*d.*

Division (Adelaide), South-Eastern (Mount Gambier), Northern (Port Pirie), Far Northern (Port Augusta), and Northern Territory (Palmerston). Each of these divisions is in charge of an Inspector, for the rank of Superintendent is no longer recognised; and below that officer are Sub-Inspectors who have command of separate stations.[1]

It is naturally outside the Metropolitan area that the trooper police are mostly employed. You will find them at home in the salt-bush country, in the scrub; you will meet them by lake and river, by forest camp fire and in the shearers' huts. And you will meet them, further, on horse and camel in the desolate wastes of the great stony deserts. The scrub land of South Australia must be seen to be appreciated. There is nothing quite like it in any of the Eastern States. Extending principally over the north and eastern parts of the province, it takes the form of long stretches of barren arid plains, the soil—always of poor description—varying from clay to pure sand. It is largely rocky and is destitute of water. What vegetation manages to thrive is

[1] Strength of Police Force of South Australia on June 30, 1910.

	Commissioner.	Inspectors.	Sub-Inspectors.	Sergeants.	Corporals.	Saddler.	Constables.	Female Searcher.	Native Police.	Bicycles.	Horses.
Metropolitan Police .	1	1	—	12	6	—	174	1	—	48	—
Mounted Police . .	—	1	3	6	9	1	148	—	18	—	250
Detective Police . .	—	—	1	2	—	—	10	—	—	11	—
Foot Police in country divisions . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	25	—	—	8	—
Port and Water Police	—	—	1	—	2	—	18	—	—	2	—
Total	1	2	5	20	17	1	375	1	18	69	250
Northern Territory .	—	—	1	—	1	—	17	—	15	—	136
Grand total . .	1	2	6	20	18	1	392	1	33	69	386

of a stunted character, spinifex growing in tufts, kangaroo grass, and a variety of small shrubs. Looking out across an expanse of this country, as in the Murray region, one is struck by its dead monotony. Except where any clump of trees is to be seen, the scrub is of a level height of a few feet, and of a uniform bluish-green colour. It is monotonous and depressing to the eye, and yet in its seasons it has a charm of its own. Many of the shrubs bear flowers of delicate beauty, while the rainy months bring into being thousands of terrestrial orchids that give an added touch of brightness.

That portion known as the Mallee scrub is clothed with dwarf species of eucalyptus, twelve or fourteen feet in height and thickly studded together. These willow-like trees have no branches and are of a dark brown colour. The area sometimes covered by them in an unbroken mass, is two or three thousand miles in extent. Hardly less formidable is the Mulga scrub, which consists of small acacias, grey bushy plants of varying size and height and possessing spiny branches. One meets with this type of country in several parts of South Australia and in the Coolgardie goldfields district of Western Australia.

Where the salt-bush grows the stockman finds good pastoral country. This shrub, which is most plentiful in the northern districts, withstands the intense heat of the summer sun when all else round it is parched and withered. On its ever-fresh leaves the sheep can feed and maintain an existence through a period of drought.

The scrub land is to be avoided, for it is easy for the traveller to lose his way therein and perish miserably for want of water. But more terrible is the region of the stony deserts in the interior. Here the sun beats down merci-

lessly and makes the rough ground so hot to the feet as to be unbearable. So Sturt, the explorer, found it on that memorable journey of his in 1845. All the water-holes had dried up, the horses were in a constant perspiration, and the stirrup-irons burnt their riders' boots. "The ground," says Sturt in his journal, "was thoroughly heated to the depth of three or four feet, and the tremendous heat that prevailed had parched the vegetation and drawn moisture from everything. The mean of the thermometer for the months of December, January, and February had been 101°, 104°, and 101° respectively in the shade. Under its effects every screw in our boxes had been drawn, and the horn handles of our instruments, as well as our combs, were split into fine laminæ. The lead dropped out of our pencils, our signal rockets were entirely spoiled, our hair, as well as the wool on the sheep, ceased to grow, and our nails had become as brittle as glass. The flour lost more than eight per cent. of its original weight, and the other provisions in a still greater proportion. The bran in which our bacon had been packed was perfectly saturated, and weighed almost as heavy as the meat; we were obliged to bury our wax candles, a bottle of citric acid became fluid and, escaping, burnt a quantity of linen; and we found it difficult to write or draw, so rapidly did the fluid dry in our pens and brushes."

As it was then, so is it now. Central Australia in many parts offers no attractions to the settler. But into this uninviting wilderness of scrub, sand and rock, the trooper policeman must venture at the call of duty. We who live for the most part in settled districts, with all the accompaniments of civilisation, can have little idea of what life is like amid such surroundings. Now and then the story of a trooper's bravery in handling a mob of turbulent blacks

comes down to the settlements and finds a note in the newspapers. Now and then one hears of a plucky dash into the desert to rescue some lost traveller from the terrors of death by thirst and starvation. But how many hundreds of unrecorded acts of heroism have there been, all equally deserving of commemoration ? Only the bushman, perhaps, can tell, but he is a notoriously silent person. And from the lips of the police themselves you will learn little.

If we read the Police Manual we find that " the duties and powers of a mounted constable differ in no respect from those of an ordinary police constable," but the reality is far from the case. No doubt it was originally intended to be so, both in South Australia and other States. The development of the country, however, and the exigencies of the service under an economical government, have made this rule much " honoured in the breach." To-day the mounted policeman has to perform duties of a multifarious character. He may be called upon to act as bailiff, Crown Lands Ranger, assistant Inspector of Schools (making sure that all the children in his particular neighbourhood are sent to school), issuer of mining and other licences, and registrar in several capacities ; while—and this does not exhaust the list, by any means—he is expected to collect jury lists for the Sheriff and agricultural statistics for the Under Secretary of State, to take note of cases of destitution and report to the Destitute Board accordingly, to destroy vermin and give certificates to scalp-hunters.

These are the extraneous duties, mostly. As policeman, the sole representative, maybe, of the law in his district, he has plenty of ordinary work to get through. When in charge of a station he must patrol the country around his post and keep a daily journal of all transactions ; he must acquaint

himself with the people and the physical character of the district; he must watch and report upon suspicious persons; in many cases besides making arrests he must act as Crown Prosecutor. Your trooper of the back-blocks, then, must needs be a man of resource and aptitude, of firm resolve and quick decision. Not only has he white settlers to look after, but those far more difficult children of nature, the blacks. In drawing a comparison between the Canadian North-West Mounted trooper and his Australian brother in this respect, there is no question but that the latter has the harder task to perform. The North American Indian, with his "reservation" and store clothes, is a child of peace, a Sunday School scholar, compared to the uncivilised, or only half-civilised, aboriginal of the Southern Continent. Throughout the vast interior the blacks are constantly on the move in scattered tribes or parties, living from hand to mouth and, except in a few instances, scorning the protection and help of the Government. Among these nomads there is incessant warfare. One tribe spears another almost as a matter of duty, and certainly with keen enjoyment, these raids being varied at intervals by cattle-killing.

For work in the central parts of South Australia the camel has become an all-important feature. On the great inland plains, so largely covered with spinifex, the horse was at first superseded by the bullock, but this useful draught animal made slow progress in the course of a day's journey. Ten miles a day is said to be a fair average for a bullock team. The camel, on the other hand, is capable of doing eighty-four miles in eighteen hours, with a load of three hundred pounds on his back, and he possesses a remarkable ability to do without water for a lengthened period. He can find his own living wherever he may be. It will be under-

PISTOL-CARBINE USED BY THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN MOUNTED POLICE.
Showing adjustable stock affixed and detached.

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stood, therefore, how settlers were ready to give a welcome to the ship of the desert when the experiment of importation was made.

As we have seen, camels were used in the Burke and Wills exploring expedition of 1860. They were not brought into South Australia, however, in any numbers until 1866, when Sir Thomas Elder landed 109 animals with a view to establishing a herd. After some ups and downs, owing to diseases which it took some time to stamp out, these became acclimatised and throve satisfactorily. Eventually the inhabitants of the outlying districts came to appreciate the great value of the camel, and more had to be imported. In 1884 there was a shipment of 661, since when the demand has been met largely by home-bred animals. In the mounted police service the camel has played an important part. Commissioner Peterswald first recognised the difficulties confronting the troopers stationed far to the north, and it was at his instance that a police camel depôt was established at Beltana. For hunting down criminals, as well as for other work entailing long journeys inland, these animals have been used extensively. A trooper on camel-back is a familiar sight in many portions of the interior.

In the matter of training the South Australian force follows very much the same system as is in vogue in New South Wales and Victoria. The recruit for the mounted branch is taught riding and the use of arms, and is put through a semi-military course that turns him out a thoroughly efficient unit. At the Adelaide depôt the mounted men are under the care of Sub-Inspector Orr, an officer whose forty-two years of service include a long term in the Northern Territory. Another instructor, and one of whom the public probably know much less, is Shimna, a champion

wrestler from Japan. This individual gives special lessons in the art of ju-jitsu. Although it is not compulsory, the majority of the troopers avail themselves of his teaching.

For many years past the principal arm of the mounted police has been the Smith and Wesson revolver-carbine with detachable stock, enabling it to be used either as revolver or carbine. This is a trustworthy, far-reaching weapon, but it is likely to be superseded ere long by one of lighter make. Except for bush work, swords are still worn, the touch of smartness which they give being a point that is not overlooked.

The uniform of the troopers has been a matter of particular consideration to several Commissioners. The State likes to see its men turned out in a soldier-like fashion. After the eighties light-fitting riding breeches of Bedford cord took the place of the old-time trousers, and riding-boots were introduced. The old glazed peaked cap in time was superseded by a light pith helmet, white in summer and blue in winter. Of late years a peaked cap with a white band has been more popular for winter wear. The tunic still remains of blue cloth, bringing it into line with the general uniform adopted in other States.

Lastly, a word as to pay. Starting at 7*s.* 6*d.* per day, a mounted constable of the third class rises to a wage of 8*s.* 6*d.* Senior constables receive 9*s.*, corporals 9*s.* 6*d.*, and sergeants 10*s.* 6*d.* From the Police Fund, which was established some years back, pensions are provided for those who retire after a certain term of service, while a portion of it is devoted to rewards for meritorious acts.

CHAPTER XV

THE NORTHERN TERRITORY

Early history—Exploration — McDouall Stuart — Annexation — Port Darwin founded—Mounted police—Criminal elements—Trooper Donegan—Bogus Customs officers—Borroloola—Shanty-keepers—Burnt out—The Territory to-day—Native question—A back-blocks tragedy—Troopers Holland and Dempsey—Sub-Inspector Waters—Inspector Foelsche—The northern black—A startling experience—Out on patrol—The brighter side—The new province.

FOR forty-seven years South Australia has administered the vast tract of the continent known as the Northern Territory. Its history briefly is as follows. In the early years of the last century military settlements were formed at Melville Island and later at Port Essington, but these were eventually abandoned. For a long time the region remained practically a sealed book to the world. Then came the explorers Leichhardt, Gregory and Stuart, working their way northward from the south and east, and bit by bit the nature of the country between Central Australia and the northern ocean became known. To John McDouall Stuart, who crossed the continent from Adelaide to Adams Bay in 1862, belongs the credit of opening up this immense and valuable area. He recognised its possibilities of development, its rich natural resources, and it was his advocacy that induced the South Australian Government in 1863 to formally annex it. Since that date, until last year, it has

been controlled from Adelaide, with a Resident whose headquarters have been at Port Darwin.

The first attempt at settlement after annexation was projected in 1864, when the Government disposed of a considerable quantity of land and sent Mr. B. T. Finniss to the Territory to superintend the surveying. Mr. Finniss proved unsuccessful in his object, the spot he chose for headquarters being objected to by the landowners. Consequently he was recalled and the work was left to Mr. G. W. Goyder, the Surveyor-General of the colony. The latter gentleman selected Port Darwin and its immediate neighbourhood as the base of operations, and the wisdom of his choice was evidenced by the flourishing state of the community that in time gathered there.

With the settlers went the trooper police to take their share of the pioneer work. Particularly were they needed, as has been said, to keep in check the native tribes, who were only too ready to resent this fresh intrusion of whites. The blacks of the far north retain more of their pristine savagery than their brothers of the south. To the mounted constables, therefore, has fallen no light task in preserving the *Pax Britannica* in this wild region. It was the police who helped materially to carry the great overland telegraph across the interior from Adelaide to Port Darwin in 1870–2. The wires and poles were not tampered with for good reason,[1] but the operators at the stations were frequently attacked, and many an exciting chase after the culprits fell to the troopers' lot.

The blacks, however, were not alone in making work

[1] As a precaution against any meddling on the part of the natives the telegraph men gave many of them electric shocks from the wires. This alarmed the blacks beyond measure, and the "whitefellow's devil" was held in such awe far and wide that no one dared touch the wires.

for the mounted police in the early days. In the country were already the brumby hunters, men who rounded up the wild horses of the ranges and herded them into Queensland, where there was a market for the animals. The hunters were usually a rough class, and many—very many—of them took to cattle-duffing. Their ways and wiles will be dealt with in a separate chapter, and need not detain us here. In addition were hundreds of illicit grog-sellers, among the slimmest of law-breakers. These two classes of criminals provided a large share of the excitement incident to life in the wilds, and the police never had to complain of being idle.

Mr. Alfred Searcey, who for fourteen years acted as Sub-Collector of Customs at Port Darwin, tells in his book [1] of the trials and troubles of some of the mounted men. Trooper Donegan, a big Irishman and the first policeman to be stationed at Borroloola, had a long and full experience. Here is a sample :—

"The outlaws had a playful habit of making off with the police horses. On one occasion Donegan and his trackers had to follow them a hundred miles before they recovered the horses. One day two Chinamen turned up at the M'Arthur police-station, and reported that they had been stopped at the Robinson River by three men who said they were Customs officers, and who collected £20 a head poll-tax. Donegan and his mate Curtis, with a tracker and one of the victims, left to pay a visit to the self-appointed officers. On arrival at the shanty the police party were received by twelve armed men, who threatened bloodshed if they were interfered with. Two of the men the Chinaman recognised. At a sign from Donegan, his mate and the Chinaman jumped behind trees and covered the crowd with their rifles. Done-

[1] *In Australian Tropics.*

gan sang out, 'Shoot the first man that moves!' With that he and the tracker walked up to the crowd, revolvers in hand, disarmed the two men identified, and handcuffed them. He and his tracker then retired with their prisoners some hundred yards behind Curtis and the Chinaman. Donegan and the tracker then covered the crowd, while Curtis and the Celestial retired. This they continued to do until some distance away. Having spare horses, the prisoners were mounted. A chain was passed round the horses' necks and then padlocked to the prisoners. The men in due course were punished.

"The other Customs officer (?) it was found out was an out-and-out scoundrel named Monaghan. Some time afterwards this man was arrested at Corrella Downs Station for horse-stealing. A trooper named Smith had to escort him to the M'Arthur. When getting ready to shift from their camp one morning, and while Smith was rolling up his swag, the tracker at the time being after the horses, Monaghan hit Smith over the head with a stick and stunned him. He then bound him to a tree and shot the black tracker dead when he came in with the horses. This fair specimen of the outlaws knocking about the country at this time then made off with horses, arms, and camp fixings. He has never been heard of since."

Before a magistrate and a few police were sent up to Borroloola the district round that settlement had an unenviable reputation. It was the haunt, or rather sanctuary, for which criminals made from all parts of Australia. Queenslanders from over the border found it a useful hiding-place. The owner of a store might reckon on a lively time if he managed to fall foul of one of these ruffians. One such, it is said, gave offence to a certain gang, so they coolly stood off

a few yards and emptied their Winchesters into the building, quite regardless of the fact that the proprietor was inside! He only escaped death by crouching low behind a big galvanised iron case.

Much of the population of the northern districts was of a floating character. Cattlemen, shearers, and station hands of all sorts, came and went, bringing with them often, fat cheques and leaving the bulk, if not all, behind them with the shanty-keepers. These hawks were ever on the look-out for their prey, and had many devices to wheedle the money out of their customers' pockets. "They were a terrible curse," says Mr. Searcey, "not alone to the poor bushmen, but to the squatters in whose country they settled, for they were the means of drawing numbers of cattle and horse thieves about the place. I knew the owner of a station who was thus afflicted. He tried many means of getting rid of the shanty-man and his wife—a bad lot, the pair, regular outlaws—but failed. As a last resource he put a fire-stick into the tent and brush buildings, the whole lot being burned with the stock of spirits and ale."

Itinerant grog-shops, run by men who possessed vans and horses, sometimes took the place of these liquor-dens. They were similarly stocked with illicit spirits. But the hand of the police was hard upon offenders, and the day of their rejoicing is past. The Territory has been pretty well cleared of these gentry. There is still, of course, the bush pub., which is a licensed house but which so often retails the vilest liquor, so the station hand can "blue" his cheque as joyously as he ever did in olden time, and as he doubtless will continue to do.

Of the Northern Territory at the present day from a police point of view, we have a glimpse in a succinct report

submitted by Sub-Inspector Waters, the officer in charge. He says: "The return shows a decrease of 79 in offences reported and 66 in persons arrested, the principal decreases being assaults, gambling, supplying opium to aborigines, etc. The natives in the Victoria River district have been unusually active in committing depredations, and it will require more than ordinary activity on the part of the police to keep them in order. It is only in rare instances that offenders have been brought to justice, and complainants frequently decline to prosecute, even when an attempt is made to murder, in consequence of enormous distance to a court of justice; and should the suggested appointment of justices in that district be approved I recommend that a police prison be established at Timber Creek, to avoid the travelling of prisoners a distance of 450 miles to Palmerston. The lack of mail and telegraphic communication with that district tends to the commission of crime, as persons aggrieved will not travel such a distance to report. The coast natives from Queensland border to King River and Cape Ford to the West Australian border are very treacherous and speak no English, and for the better protection of persons whose business is there the coast should occasionally be visited by police, but at present no boat is available. Natives are, with but few exceptions, well treated by their employers, but for their general protection it is sincerely hoped that a workable Aborigines Act will be passed. I need hardly point out that the conditions of natives in the Territory is very different to those in the South; consequently I submit the law for this part of the State should be framed to meet the different conditions. There are many old and indigent Chinese in the Territory who subsist as best they can, and but few crimes have been committed by them."

The native question is still a great problem in the north, although the number of the blacks is not excessively large. Human life is held cheaply by the aboriginal when the taking of it helps him to some of this world's goods. It is not so long back that a couple of bushmen were murdered by blacks simply for the iron rims upon the wheels of their van. As elsewhere in the back-blocks of Australia, too, the lonely selector must be on his guard against treachery, for even his own native servants are not always to be trusted. Witness the melancholy case of W. J. J. Ward, done to death on the Humbert River early last year. The reports of this tragedy, as sent in by the trooper who investigated it, make interesting reading, in that they convey to us a clear idea of how the mounted police carry out their arduous duties. They are worth giving at some length.

In his first statement U. W. Holland, Mounted Constable, of Timber Creek Police Station, says :—

"To Sub-Inspector T. N. Waters, Palmerston.

"Sir,—I have the honour to report for your information that on the 12th inst. (March, 1910), John Yates called here from Fraynes and reported that W. J. J. Ward had been murdered by blacks on the Humbert River. He stated that the information came from a lubra who was in Ward's employ and is now in the Ord River country, and who some time ago came into Wickham's place. On being questioned as to Ward's whereabouts she told a very tragic story. She stated that, getting up one morning to go after Ward's horses, she took Ward's Mauser pistol unawares to Ward. Whilst out she met some blacks and told them she had Ward's only firearm. The blacks then surrounded the camp and put in appearance to Ward, who ran inside to get his

firearm, but seeing it was stolen he made an attempt to escape through one door, but it was too late, as the blacks had him cornered. Seeing his position he attempted to escape through the opposite door, where he was again met by blacks, who stabbed him to death with a shovel-spear, or butcher's knife on a spear shaft, torturing him meanwhile by pulling out his whiskers. After fulfilling their wicked deed they threw spears and stones at the body and held a corrobboree over it, then put it in a stump and went through the performance of spear and stone-throwing again. Then the body was thrown in a water-hole. Two civilised boys then mounted two of Ward's horses and rounded up some cattle and shot all that they wanted.

"This sounds somewhat like a romance, and I dare say is exaggerated by Yates, and if this lubra is on the Ord River, Constable S. C. Dempsey will most probably learn the truth of the tragedy. Yates did not know who any of the murderers were.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,
"Your obedient servant,
"U. W. HOLLAND, M.C."

The next report to Sub-Inspector Waters is as follows :—

"SIR,—I have the honour to report for your information leaving this station on 13th inst. (March). From what John Yates stated here concerning the murder of W. J. J. Ward, a pastoralist, I arrived at the Humbert River on 16th instant and made a careful inspection of the hut and surroundings. From all appearances no person had been there for some considerable time. The long grass had grown over the stock yards and almost up to the hut doors. On making a careful inspection of the doors I discovered a few blood

splashes on both sides of one door, but nothing further was seen to warrant that the murder had been committed there. A careful search for blood-stained weapons was made by tracker and myself, but none found. A careful search in the locality was made for the body by tracker and myself without success. The blood stains on the door suggest that the murder was committed therein, and if human blood, it corroborates Yates' story as far as making the escape through the back door is concerned. In my own personal experience with Ward, from what I could gather this back door was never used or opened. On my examination it appeared to have been opened in a hurry, thus leaving just about enough room for a man to squeeze through. I afterwards mustered Ward's horses, nine and two foals, together, all the effects as per journal 25th instant, and brought them to Timber Creek. I made stringent inquiries amongst the natives at Victoria River Downs on 21st instant, and they seemed to know nothing of the murderers. I have been informed that S. C. Dempsey is around towards the Western Australian border in pursuit of the murderers. Until his return there is little or no clue to work up.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"U. W. HOLLAND, M.C."

In the following June considerable progress had been made. Holland writes from Timber Creek thus :—

"SIR,—I have the honour to report leaving this station on 18th May in company with S. C. Dempsey, and proceeding to Victoria River Downs in search of natives implicated in the alleged murder of William J. J. Ward on the Humbert River. We arrived at Victoria Downs on 25th May, and that

morning at daylight arrested George Abaduk, alleged to have been a principal in the murder of Ward, and a boy named Possum, pointed out by a woman, 'Topsy,' as being seen by her on the Humbert River. I left Victoria Downs on 28th May to search for Henry Bening, reported as being lost, and returned on 6th June, which subject forms a separate report. That night a native named 'Gordon,' who is really the principal in the Humbert River murder, came into the station and speared a boy employed there, known as Murphy, but not fatally. All hands turned out to chase Gordon, but he swam the river and got away in the dark. On 9th June a party was formed consisting of Henry Bening, a Victoria Downs stockman, myself and Tracker Charlie, with two private 'boys' and the natives George and Possum detained from the 25th ultimo. All the party carried firearms, except the last-named two natives, as the blacks in the locality are treacherous. Gordon's tracks were found and followed that day to a place called Whitewater.

"On the 10th several tracks were discovered and it was surmised that Gordon had joined the rest of the tribe. Here the country became mountainous, with immense outcrops of sandstone. The horses were here left and the party proceeded on foot. On discovering the natives had crossed over the mountains and were bearing westward across a stretch of plain the party returned to the horses. The following day (11th) the party crossed the before-mentioned plain and there left the horses and plant in a safe and suitable spot. The party then proceeded across the mountains on foot, as it was impossible to follow the tracks on horses. The newness of tracks and camps suggested that there was a reasonable chance of overtaking the natives in a few days. As the ground was fearfully rough with numerous caves,

fissures and high sandstone cliffs, the party took as few rations as possible, so that they might not be encumbered. After travelling about ten miles on the 12th, very recent tracks were found in a patch of sandy ground in the vicinity of Light Creek. These tracks, according to my native boys in the party, were those of Gordon, Moroun, Longanna, Walgarra and another native, whose tracks they were acquainted with, and who it is now alleged are the chief perpetrators of the Humbert River crime. About 3 p.m., while the party was following these tracks along a rough stony creek, our attention was drawn by the barking of dogs up on the bank amongst the high grass. On discovering that this was a native camp, and in it some of the natives we were in pursuit of, I gave orders to the party to retreat in case of being discovered by the natives before we could surround their camp in a proper manner so as to prevent any from escaping. This was carried out successfully.

"On recognising Gordon every precaution was taken by the party to effect his arrest or that of any other native who was implicated in the crime. On closer observation only two natives and three gins were seen in the camp, namely Gordon and Mudgela, Gordon's two gins, Tapo and Lu-Lu, and a third woman. The other natives ostensibly were out hunting. Seizing an opportunity myself and private boy Jimmy rose up out of the grass and called upon Gordon to stand, at the same time George and Possum (two natives of this tribe detained) told Gordon to sit down and no more be frightened as they would not be harmed. Immediately Gordon sprang up and threw a spear at Jimmy, who was close to me. The boy fortunately just dodged the well-aimed deadly weapon by bowing down and causing the spear to just miss him, but by very little. This was done with keen

judgment and vivacity, so close did it go that it left a streak of red ochre in its course along the boy's back.

"This was followed by Gordon breaking through the party as if to make for shelter. On reaching the mass of boulders he turned around and slipped another spear in his woomera (throwing-stick) and was in the act of hurling it at me or the boy, Jimmy, when Jimmy shot him. He (Gordon) was afterwards buried by myself and H. Bening on the spot where he met his death. The other natives made their escape. The gin, 'Lu-Lu,' was afterwards captured by the party and brought to Timber Creek and detained as a witness in connection with the Ward murder. The party then returned, as Bening became ill and was unable to continue any further search; likewise I deemed it advisable to let the natives settle down for awhile, and return to Timber Creek to replenish supplies and shoe horses afresh for an extended search for the other offending natives. Statement signed by Henry Bening and the natives who accompanied me and witnessed the shooting, attached.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,
"Your obedient servant,
"URIAH W. HOLLAND, M.C.

"To T. N. WATERS, Esq.,
"Sub-Inspector of Police,
"Palmerston."

In the light of corroborative evidence the following are interesting:—

"Statement made by Jimmy, Aboriginal.

"I savee Gordon, him come along Station and spearum Murphy. I bin hearum him kill Buglow (W. J. J. Ward). I follow him up longa Mr. Holland, four fellow day me and

allabout bin find that one Gordon and Mudgela longa camp longa Light Creek. Mr. Holland say 'round em up, catch that one Gordon.' Bye and bye him bin say no more run away. Then I yabba sit down quiet fellow to Gordon, him then throw one big fellow shovel spear at me, close up catch me, him run longa back. Him cheeky fellow, him put nother spear longa womra close up throw him when I bin think it might him finish us up altogether, and I bin shoot him then.

"JIMMY × His mark.
"Witnessed by Henry Bening."

"Statement made by Possum, Aboriginal.

"I savee Gordon him come alonga Wickham Station one night when I bin there alonga Mr. Holland, I bin hear row and allabout boy bin talk Gordon spear Murphy that one be bin kill Buglow too (W. J. J. Ward). I bin leavum station longa Mr. Holland and go follow up Gordon. We been follow um track up for four fellow day. Me and allabout find Gordon and Mudgela longa Camp on Light Creek, some fellow gin there too. I bin savee Gordon track and allabout blackfellow, and when we close fellow Mr. Holland bin talk. 'We go back quiet fellow and round um up.' Bye and bye we bin round em up, allabout talk sit down quiet fellow, no more be frightened, no more run away. Gordon then jump up and throw spear longa Jimmy close up kill him, him make um mark longa back. Him have nother one spear longa womra close up throw him and Jimmy bin shoot him then.

"Possum × His Mark.
"Witnessed by A. J. A. White, M.C. 2nd Class."

In the end Trooper Holland was successful in arresting Mudgela and two other natives, Walgarra and Longanna,

who were implicated in the deed. Longanna regained his freedom by breaking the lock of his chain, but his companions in crime were in due course tried and sentenced to death. The promptness with which this murder was investigated and avenged was not without its result on the Victoria River tribes, and the Palmerston judge who heard the case very properly commended the two officers concerned for their energy. On this duty Trooper Holland travelled about 1,000 miles.

Sub-Inspector T. N. Waters, to whom reference has been made, is an officer who has seen long and varied service in the far north. Of him many stories are told. Not the least troublesome of the floating coastal population are the pearling crews—whites and Japanese and Manila men—and Port Darwin has witnessed some great pitched battles between these and the representatives of the law. At the head of his troopers the big burly sergeant (as he then was) would sail in like a whirlwind, and the number of broken heads bore ample testimony to the prowess of the police.

"I have seen Waters," said one old resident, "pick up a prisoner by the scruff of his neck and walk off with him at arm's-length, the man's feet trailing on the ground."

Another well-known mounted police officer of the Territory is Inspector Paul Foelsche. Probably no one knows the northern native and his ways so well, and certainly no one has inspired them with so much respect. In times of unrest he has been a power in the land in the restoration of order. The Cape Brogden massacre of 1892, when a Malay proa's crew was killed by blacks, saw him energetically to the fore. After a fairly long chase the murderers were cornered and the tribe taught the lesson that retribution inevitably follows upon escapades of this nature.

NATIVES OF THE ANDROWILLA TRIBE, NORTHERN TERRITORY.

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The question is often asked: But is not the Australian black dying out? To this the answer is emphatically yes. At the present time the southern portion of the continent contains very few natives. In New South Wales and Victoria together there are only about eight thousand; South Australia numbers some three thousand. Queensland and Western Australia, on the other hand, have respectively about 20,000 and 30,000, for in these States are greater areas of unsettled, still wild country. The figures given can only be approximate. The nomadic population of Cape York Peninsula in the north-east, and of the Kimberley districts in the north-west, cannot be exactly estimated. And this is much the case in the far north. Driven thence by the expansion of settlements, the aborigines range over the Territory at will, living on the game and natural products of the land what time they do not raid their white neighbours' cattle. They are several thousands strong and admittedly of a savage disposition. But in noting this fact one need not take a too alarmist view. Such troubles as arise can be dealt with satisfactorily by the small force of police available. The blacks rarely gather in large numbers, and there is no cohesion among the different tribes. That they are steadily decreasing is the natural sequence of conflict with civilisation; it is only in accordance with the general law that governs the contact of a black race with a white one.[1]

In the meantime, having regard to the circumstances

[1] The annual increase of half-castes is relatively large and is an undoubted factor in determining the elimination of the race. In New South Wales last year the aboriginal population consisted of 2,123 full-bloods and 5,247 half-castes. In South Australia the nine years 1901 to 1910 show a decrease of 576 blacks and an increase of 171 half-castes; there are about 800 of the latter now in the State.

of life in the wilder regions, the isolated settler and the traveller who does not take the precaution to ally himself to a party must run the risk to which they are exposed. It may not always be a big risk, but it exists as surely in savage Australia as it has existed in South Africa or any other colony where similar pioneer conditions have obtained. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. The "old hand," when he pitches his camp in what is termed "bad nigger country," will sling his mosquito net, light a fire and set the billy a-boil over it, and then find a safer sleeping-place some distance away.

The experience of a couple of bushmen known to the writer will serve to illustrate this point. They were up-country on the western border and on camping one night they both turned in under one net in the bush, leaving the other in position by their waggon. In the morning they woke to make an unpleasant discovery. They had been robbed of their stores by some natives, whose tracks on the rough ground were plainly discernible, and they had had a narrow escape from death. Close by the mosquito net under which they had slept were tracks which told a startling story. A native had stood on guard by them, with spear poised in his hand, the while his fellows were stealthily purloining their goods. Had they roused at any noise the spear would have descended instantly, for the keen eyes of the black must have been watching for the bulge in the net that would have been caused by a raised head.

Chasing horse-thieves and cattle-duffers, not to mention worse criminals, and keeping in order unruly natives, represents the dark side of a mounted policeman's life in the north. But to a man to whom the free open-air life appeals there are compensations. The Territory is tropical country,

magnificent in its vegetation and prolific in animal life. It is a country where everything is on a grand scale and where nature is continually unfolding a new wonder before one's eyes.

Of this other side to a policeman's life Mr. Searcey writes: "Still they (the troopers) had glorious times. Just imagine starting out on a patrol for three or four months, with a dozen good horses well-packed with necessary stores, and plenty of arms and ammunition. They did the journey in their own time, and were their own masters in every way. There was abundance of food and water for the animals, and a standing authority from the station owners and managers to shoot any of the cattle if beef were required. There was the certainty of a hearty welcome at such stations as they might call at. It was a charming and entrancing country to ride over, the scenery being almost too beautiful for description. This was especially so in the early morning, when the sun as it rose lifted the mantle of mist and disclosed a magnificent panorama of fine trees, amongst which were the pandanus, cabbage palm, Leichhardt pine, paper bark and fig. The large lagoons teemed with game and fish, and were always covered with lilies. The big winding rivers, well defined by giant trees growing thickly along the banks as far as the eye could see, the beautiful waterfalls, the grand valleys, the extensive, well-grassed plains, formed pictures which can only be properly appreciated by those who have been fortunate enough to behold them. The bounding kangaroo, the mobs of brumbies or cattle disappearing across the plains or into some valley, all lent enchantment to the scene. It is no wonder that men become attached to such a country. A free and independent life once experienced can never be forgotten."

South Australia's rule over this vast extent of country has now ceased. Within the past year the Northern Territory has been transferred to the Government of the Commonwealth, and in future it will be under a separate administration. What place it will take in the federation of States it is not hard to predict. Its natural resources are only half understood. It is rich in pastoral land; it offers inducements to the planter of tobacco, tea, india-rubber, cotton and other products; and its mineral wealth of gold, silver, tin and copper is undoubted. The intelligent observer of Australian affairs, therefore, will watch the development of the new province with the keenest interest.

CHAPTER XVI

THE ABORIGINES

Origin—Physical characteristics—Mental qualities—Spears—Sword *v.* shield—Native huts—Art—Corrobborees—Superstitions—"You bin settled this time"—Singing a man dead—A misunderstanding—Instances of fidelity—A dark page of history—Eloquent figures—"All gone! dead!"—A point of view—Tasmanian aborigines—"The Black Line"—Myall Creek massacre—A salutary lesson—Queensland barbarities—The aboriginal to-day—Increase of half-castes—State problems.

IN the preceding chapters much reference has been made to the natives of Australia. It is essential that something further should be said with regard to their history and customs, in order that the reader may properly understand the nature of the people with whom the mounted police come so much in contact. We write and speak easily of them as "the blackfellows," but there are many points of difference between the tribes of one State and another, in physique, in mental qualities and in various other respects.

The origin of the native races of the continent is too profound a subject for discussion here. It is in itself the text of a whole volume. Most probably the bulk of the aborigines are of Melanesian stock, with infusions of blood from India and parts of Asia. To speak of them as blacks is not precisely correct. The majority of the tribes are of a dark brown chocolate colour; only a few here and there approach the sable hue of the negro. As a rule the hair is straight, differing from that of the now extinct Tasmanian

natives, who were frizzly-haired. Whether these Tasmanians represented the original inhabitants of Australia is a moot point in ethnology. It is not unlikely that they did, as they were inferior racially to the blacks of the mainland.

Regarded from a physical standpoint the blackfellows do not compare unfavourably with European peoples. The Aruntas, an important tribe found in the central part of the interior, average about five and a half feet in height. Against these, however, are many tribes among whom the standard of height is much nearer six feet. In the northern districts, where the aboriginal is in his more primitive state, one meets with numerous fine specimens of manhood. The upper portions of the body are usually very well developed, being indicative of great strength, but the legs are generally slender. Several writers on the Australian natives mention cases of actual giants, one blackfellow having been close on seven feet in height. The evidence of the explorers, Eyre, Mitchell and Leichhardt, among others, is instructive in this respect.

Describing some of the tribes he encountered Eyre wrote: "They were well-built, muscular men, average height five to six feet, men with fine, round deep chests, indicating great bodily strength, remarkably erect and upright in their carriage, with much natural grace and dignity of demeanour. The eye is generally large, black, and expressive, with the eyelashes long. When met for the first time in his native wilds there is frequently a fearless intrepidity of manner, an ingenuous openness of look, and a propriety of behaviour, about the aboriginal inhabitant of Australia which makes his appearance peculiarly prepossessing." According to Leichhardt, the Moreton Bay blacks were a fine race of men, tall and well made, and their bodies individually, as well as the

groups which they formed, would have delighted the eye of an artist.

In facial appearance the blacks vary considerably. If we are to believe some observers, the general type is brutal and repulsive; others declare that good looks are not rare, and that the features are usually well formed. This conflict of opinion is quite explicable. The aboriginal is a human puzzle. In some parts he is negroid in type, with thick lips, large mouth, and broad flattened nose. A description of a Victorian native runs thus: "The brow was comparatively low and retreating, the eyebrows prominent and shaggy, eyes fairly large, and the white of a smoky yellowish tinge; the nose large and broad, the nostrils wide; the mouth large; the lips thick; the cheekbones high; small and receding jaw, somewhat projecting; the teeth large. The trunk in front was completely covered with dense hair, which spread over the shoulders and down the outside of the upper arm. The beard was thick, long and curly, with a tendency to fall in ringlets." Elsewhere one meets with more pleasing characteristics. A high rounded forehead, with straight well-shaped nose, and full, but not thick, lips, combine to stamp the face as belonging to a totally different race.

To generalise, therefore, on this point is impossible. One must regard the natives as a heterogeneous people, and judge their physical standard accordingly. A distinguished ethnologist has remarked that a circle of five hundred miles round Port Essington, on the northern coast near Melville Island, would enclose an equal number of tribes, varying in colour from deep black to the reddish yellow of the Polynesians, and presenting very many diversified racial types.

Although in the north the blacks show a marked in-

fusion of Malay and Papuan blood, they cannot be identified with either of these peoples. Nor are they, generally speaking, Negroes or Mongolians. It is highly probable, as Professor Keane avers, that they are Caucasian in origin and more particularly allied to the Dravidians of India. At various periods in their history there have been intermixtures with other races, and thus have arisen the numerous wide points of difference. We may not unreasonably assume, taking Australia as a whole, that the aboriginal population has sprung from at least two human stocks, one Melanesian, and the other Caucasian of later date.

It is when we come to consider the mental qualities of the Australian blackfellow that we find ourselves justified in ranking him low in the social scale. He lives in a tribe, or family, in which the leadership is not hereditary but is assumed by the ablest man. He has no art of writing and a pictorial art of very crude form. He possesses little sense of number, seldom being able to count beyond five or ten. Anything above this simple computation is expressed by "many." An amusing illustration of this weakness is often quoted. A blackfellow, who had accompanied his master on a trip to Sydney, was, on his return, questioned by the boundary-rider, "Well, Jacky, did you see many people in Sydney?" Jacky gasped. "My word! Tousands! Millions! very nearly fifty!" Furthermore, the native leads a nomadic existence, living principally on the game of the land—kangaroo, wombats, opossums, birds, lizards, and the like—and knows nothing of agriculture. It is a wretched existence on the whole, for the country is not one that yields an abundance of food. The blackfellow, in short, is more primitive and animal than perhaps any other savage race on the globe.

Captain Fred Hare
Chief Commissioner West Australian Police Force

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As becomes a people living so purely in the wild state the aborigines have developed certain arts and crafts to a degree which bespeaks a very high intelligence. One need only refer to their marvellous powers of tracking human beings and animals, for example. This is a subject which demands fuller treatment in its own place. Hardly less wonderful is it that so debased beings as the blacks should have discovered the principle of the boomerang. In the construction of their other weapons, spears, clubs and throwing sticks of various kinds, they have advanced little beyond neolithic man. Before the coming of the white men to their country they made their spear-heads, knives and axes entirely of stone, bone or wood. They had no knowledge of metals. Their domestic utensils, too, are primitive and crude, being mostly made from skins and reeds.

The war-spear of the native is longer than that used in hunting game. It is often eight or nine feet long. For these weapons the thin stem of the eucalyptus is selected, the wood being straightened and hardened by intense heat. The heads will be of quartz or flint, shaped by means of chipping stones, or of glass or metal which its owner has learnt to use. In the throwing of his spears the blackfellow displays remarkable dexterity. He has evolved a throwing-stick, called a woomera, by means of which he can hurl a spear from sixty to a hundred yards with great precision. In battle the warriors protect their bodies with small wooden shields, but they are quite equal to catching a spear in full flight and throwing it back at the enemy.

As an instance of aboriginal skill in combat the following story may be told. It is vouched for by the mounted police officer who enjoyed the experience. He says: "I was out with a party of troopers in search of some blacks who had

been committing depredations in the flocks of the settlers near Port Fairy. While crossing a valley in front of my men I came face to face with the chief of those of whom I was in search. He, too, was alone, and made an immediate attack by throwing his spears, which all missed me. The rain had wetted the priming in my pistols, and as they were useless I rode up to cut him down with my sword ; but such was his astonishing dexterity in defending himself with his shield (only a narrow piece of wood), that beyond a few nicks of the fingers I was unable to touch him. Several times I tried to ride him down, but he doubled himself under his shield like a ball and the horse jumped over him. After being apparently ridden down several times he drove his 'liangle' so firmly into the front of the horse's nose that he was unable to pull it out again. The horse bled so freely that I was compelled to abandon the contest, and the native escaped. He was not only a brave man, but a savage of splendid physique, with a chest like a bullock's. I heard afterwards that he was very proud of the sword cuts on his shield."

In detail of construction and ornamentation native weapons vary a great deal. Some tribes fashion their shields and *waddies* (wooden clubs thrown by the hand) very roughly; others expend no little time and care in carving patterns upon the handles. Similarly the so-called wooden swords may be plain or elaborate in design. Spear-heads take several forms, being barbed, half-barbed and double-barbed as desired. Without going into particulars, it may be said that the weapons of the Queensland blacks are superior to those of Victoria and the more western States. Their spears, which are sometimes nine and a half feet long, are more or less coloured near the ends with red and white

clay. For the purpose of binding on the barbs the sinew of a wallaby's tail or cord made from the bark of a tree is used. The binding will then be covered with bees-wax or a preparation of the gum of the grass tree.

A feature of more civilised tribes is the erection of suitable dwelling-places. The low state of the Australian aboriginal in the bush is marked by the simple form of hut which he builds for shelter. A *mia mia*, or *wurley*, is hastily constructed with twigs and bushes and covered with bark or turf. It is only intended to be a " break-wind," a temporary residence, for the occupants may be expected to move to another spot in the course of a few weeks or even days. Only a few tribes have acquired the art of erecting more substantial and permanent huts. The native of the far north has profited by the example set him by more advanced people, as the Papuans, and has learnt how to build himself a roomy, comfortable house of wood and clay. At the other extreme we have the cave-dwellers of certain districts, leading a life that is almost devoid of creature comforts.

The blackfellow, we have noted, has no high sense of art. This is true, but, as is the case with many savage tribes, he delights in ornamenting his own body with pigments. Red and white are the principal colours used. In war time the native smeared with stripes of red ochre and white clay on chest, arms and legs, and with his hair similarly coloured, is a hideous object. When in mourning or prepared for a corrobboree he is decorated with white only. The early explorers were frequently confronted with parties of blacks in all the glory of their war-paint. On his first journey along the Murray, Sturt once came upon a large number of natives thus attired. They presented a dreadful spectacle, he says. Some, who had marked their ribs, thighs, and faces with a

white pigment, looked like skeletons; whilst others were daubed over with red and yellow ochre, and their bodies shone with the grease that had been rubbed over them. In the background were many who had the appearance of having had buckets of whitewash emptied over their heads. A favourite pattern among the men is that of a snake twined round the leg or extending along the arm. The custom of painting the body with circles and squares of more or less regular design is not now so common.

In this crude, barbaric form of self-adornment one object in view probably is to strike terror into the heart of an enemy. Hideously painted masks are worn by some tribes for this purpose. It is actuated also by a natural personal vanity, while its insistence in religious and other tribal ceremonies gives it another distinct significance. In the few cave paintings executed by the aborigines or their more primitive predecessors we find the same bold colouring. Note the striking figures observed by Grey in Western Australia. At the entrance to a cave he was startled to see what he took to be a gigantic head bending down from a rock and staring at him.

"It would be impossible," he writes, "to convey in words an adequate idea of this uncouth and savage figure. The dimensions were—length of head and face, 2 ft.; width of face, 17 in.; length from bottom of face to navel, 2 ft. 6 in. Its head was encircled by bright red rays, something like the rays which one sees proceeding from the sun when depicted on the signboard of a public-house; inside this came a broad strip of very brilliant red, which was coped by lines of white, but both inside and outside of this red space were narrow stripes of a still deeper red, intended probably to mark its boundaries; the face was painted vividly white,

and the eyes black, being, however, surrounded by red and yellow lines; the body, hands, and arms were outlined in red, the body being curiously painted with red stripes and bars.

"Upon the rock which formed the left-hand wall of this cave, and which partly faced you on entering, was a very singular painting, vividly coloured, representing four heads joined together. From the mild expression of the countenances I imagined them to be females, and they appeared to be drawn in such a manner and in such a position as to look up at the principal figure which I have described; each had a very remarkable head-dress, coloured with a deep bright blue, and one had a necklace on. Both of the lower figures had a sort of dress painted with red in the same manner as that of the principal figure, and one of them had a band round her waist. Each of the four faces was marked by a totally distinct expression of countenance; and although none of them had mouths, two, I thought, were otherwise rather good looking. The whole painting was executed on a white ground, and its dimensions were—total length of painting, 3 ft. 6¾ in.; breadth across the two upper heads, 2 ft. 6 in.; breadth across the two lower ones, 3 ft. 1½ in."

Among the numerous other drawings which the cave contained were figures of men and kangaroos, some with an obvious attempt at humour; but the majority were rough and badly executed and not always recognisable. As examples of aboriginal art, however, they are worthy of our attention, the more so as only two other instances of cave painting in Australia are on record.

The effect produced by a corrobboree with its painted attendants is striking in the extreme. This spectacular dance is not always of a religious character, but is simply the

expression of the savage's delight in play. It is dramatic and often variable at the will of the performers, fresh movements being constantly introduced. The " figures " executed may represent scenes of the chase, when some of the men will act the part of kangaroos or emus. If it is a " war " dance, then a mimic battle will take place with wonderful realism. In one instance it was a representation of a cattle raid that was staged. First were seen the cattle (personated by natives) lying down among the trees. Then came the raiders, stealing noiselessly through the bush with their spears and leaping suddenly upon their prey. After the performance of killing and cutting up some carcases had been gone through, the sound of horsemen was heard. The spectators then witnessed a thrilling conflict between the cattle-raiders and another party of blacks, who were intended to represent white stockmen, the drama concluding with the rout of the latter, to everyone's huge delight. As a rule males are the chief performers, the women keeping on the outskirts and assisting to supply the vocal music.

A corrobboree is held at night, in a piece of the bush specially selected for the purpose, and fires are lighted to illumine the scene. There is no limit to the number concerned. There may be two or three hundred natives, or a mere handful. All, however, are fantastically painted and adorned with white perpendicular lines on face and chest, and with feathers and bunches of grass attached to the hair, wrists and ankles. The dancers are nude except for the few ornaments they wear, and carry light wooden clubs or spears with which they beat time on the ground. Apart from these performers are the singers, who keep up a monotonous chant. When the dance begins the leaders advance, and

their followers form and reform in various figures, shouting, singing, and stamping their feet in repetition. In many —one may say most—cases these movements are concerted, so that a certain order is maintained. But it is not often that a corrobboree dance is identical with a previous one in every respect. It is usually in the dances having a religious, or rather, superstitious significance—as the well-known "Molongo"—that we meet with one common to several tribes.

Savage peoples are invariably steeped in superstition. With the Australian aboriginal the world—particularly the world of darkness—is controlled by evil spirits. This phase, again, is one that might be enlarged upon indefinitely. Along with this primitive belief in ghosts and sorceries one finds a curious fatalism among the blackfellows. It is common knowledge, for instance, that a native who takes it into his head for some reason that he is going to die, will almost certainly verify the prediction. A mounted police officer told the writer of a case in point. Charlie, a tracker who had not been long in the police service, one day got injured by falling on a sharp-pointed stake. The wound was a nasty one, but not at all dangerous. While the bleeding was being stopped a trooper foolishly remarked, "My word, Charlie, you bin settled this time!" Charlie took this jest in all seriousness, and regarded himself as doomed. Next morning he was found dead in the camp.

In certain parts of the country the blacks carry "suggestion" so far as to actually "sing a man dead." An individual who has trespassed against tribal law in some unpardonable way is singled out for punishment. Headed by the old women and the witch-doctors, a large portion

of the tribe set out to find the offender and commence to sing his death dirge. The luckless victim accepts the situation and goes away into the bush to die.

That the black is not without a sense of humour is evident to any one who has intimate knowledge of him. He has the simple enjoyment of a child in the games peculiar to his race. But it is not always safe to joke with him. The savage mind is quick to take offence, even where none is intended, and passion is easily aroused. An old settler tells an amusing story of how unwittingly he insulted a native servant of his. Wananna had been away from the station for some weeks; when he returned he was accompanied by a young gin, his newly-married wife. As the two approached the master hailed the black with, "Well, old man, and how have you been getting on?" In a moment Wananna's grinning face changed expression, and, springing forward, he seized the other by the throat. The black was in a terrible rage. "You no call me old man," he said again and again. To have such an epithet applied to him in the presence of his young wife was an intolerable insult. And it was some time before the station owner could make him understand the meaning of the familiar term.

Such, then, is the Australian blackfellow as we know him to-day. To what has been said above it must be added that he is notoriously treacherous and untrustworthy. The mounted police themselves are always wary with their black trackers, for years of service with the force will not eradicate the instinct to turn on the white man and kill if opportunity presents itself and there is anything to be gained thereby. Over confidence in the natives, coupled with carelessness, has brought about many a tragedy in the bush.

At the same time there are not a few outstanding instances of fidelity on the part of the blacks which would appear to give the lie to the general acceptance of their character. One recalls the faithful Wylie, the companion of Eyre during the latter's journey along the shores of the Great Australian Bight; Jackey-Jackey, who tended poor Kennedy to the last and buried the dead explorer in the scrub; and Warburton's boy, Charlie, who did so much to save his party from a terrible fate in the desert. Of equal interest is Sir John Forrest's tribute to his faithful companion, "Billy Noongale," a Beverley native who accompanied the explorer from Perth to Adelaide in 1870. These examples of loyalty, however, are rare. They only go to show that in certain conditions the black is capable of displaying the finest qualities. As a rule his attachment is personal. The police know this. A native tracker considers himself the servant of an individual trooper, not of the force as a whole. Despite Wylies and Jackey-Jackeys the aboriginal in the main does not belie his unsavoury reputation.

It remains now to speak of the treatment of the blacks by the white men. This brings us to a dark page in Australian history, a page one would willingly blot out if it were possible. But no account of the aborigines would be complete without this long tale of cruelty and oppression. The process of elimination was rapid in the early years of the colony. Let the official figures speak for themselves. In 1800 the native population was estimated at 150,000; it was probably more, for the first settlers could make but a rough computation. Half a century later the number was about 55,000. Since then they have been steadily diminishing year by year, and their ultimate extinction as a race is inevitable.

In his volume, *The Living Races of Mankind*, the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson gives a striking illustration of the changes wrought by a few years. He says: "When Mr. Lloyd first landed in Geelong, in 1837, the Barrabool tribe numbered nearly three hundred, and fine-looking fellows they were. When he went away in 1853, there were not many left. Seeing so few natives about, he began to make inquiries about some of his dark friends of early days. The reply he received is so pathetic that it may be given as far as possible in the very words: 'Aha, Mitter Looyed! Ballyyang dead, Jaga-jaga dead, Panigerong dead (and many others they named). The stranger white man came in his great swimming vessel, and landed with his large animals and his little animals. He came with his "boom-booms" (double-barrelled guns) and his tents, and the great white stranger took away the long-inherited hunting-grounds of the poor Barrabool coolies and their children.' Then, weeping, shaking their heads, and holding up their hands in the bitterness of their sorrow, they exclaimed: 'Coolie, coolie, coolie! Where are our coolies now? Where are our fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters? Dead! all gone! dead!'"

It has been the case with the Australian aboriginal as with his red brother of North America. The usurpation of his hunting-grounds and the killing of the game on which he largely subsisted have pushed him to the wall. The Indian's plaint was, "White man come, buffalo all gone!" The blackfellow has said exactly the same thing, "White man come, kangaroo all gone!" For a long time, too, the old dictum held good, that "The only good nigger is a dead nigger." How many black camps, it may be wondered, have been "wiped out," literally, without the knowledge

of the mounted police or any other authority ? Mr. Searcey relates that he once received a letter from a man who was attacked by blacks in the Gulf country and was very badly speared. He recovered in due course. In his letter he said, " I now shoot at sight ; killed to date thirty-seven." It is typical of the point of view that is acquired in a country where nearly every native is hostile. That the black, however, is not without grounds for adopting this attitude must be admitted. While the stockman declares that he must kill to protect his own life, he is well aware of the fact that he and his kind have committed nameless crimes innumerable and to a great degree are responsible for the ceaseless war.

The fate of the Tasmanian aborigines serves to show how quickly a people may be exterminated. In the first years of the settlement of the island the behaviour of the convict population towards the natives was such as to call forth the bloodiest reprisals. When a Commissioner appointed by Governor Arthur inquired into the state of affairs it elicited some startling facts. A stock-keeper had been punished for cutting off a black's finger, which he wanted to use as a tobacco stopper. Another had murdered the husband of a black woman he coveted, and had compelled the latter to follow him with the bleeding trophy of the man's head dangling from her neck. A later governor averred that he could not have believed it possible that British subjects would have so ignominiously stained the honour of their country and themselves as to have acted in the manner they did towards the aborigines. The evidence is overwhelming, conclusive. What followed can be understood. The blacks returned war with war, until the whole island was aflame. Martial law was now proclaimed against the natives, and they were shot down in large numbers.

One humane man, Mr. George Augustus Robinson, made a noble effort to stem this wholesale carnage. He went among the blacks single-handed, with a view to establishing them on a reservation under Government protection. His overtures had little effect at first, owing to the suspicion of the natives and the continuous atrocities perpetrated by the capture parties, but after a time he was more successful. Governor Arthur had ordered a great "drive." By means of what was known as the "Black Line," the blacks were to be swept across the island into Tasman's Peninsula, there to be kept under a strong guard. The "drive" was a fiasco, the £30,000 that had been expended thereon resulting in the capture of one adult native and a boy! Mr. Robinson now renewed his missionary work with such good result that in 1835 the remnant of the race—less than three hundred in all—were gathered together in Flinders Island. In this refuge they were tended by their benefactor and the Government, but any hope of preserving them that might have been entertained was doomed to disappointment. By 1847 they had dwindled to forty-four. In 1869 the "last man," William Lanney, died, and seven years later his wife Truganina, the sole survivor of the race, followed him.

There has been no such organised attempt to sweep out the blacks of the mainland. At various times, however, the country has been the scene of some massacres on a large scale. Of these the most notorious were Major Nunn's "campaign" and the Myall Creek affair, both of which occurred in 1838. One of them was the first event of this description to be dealt with in a court of justice. The recognition of a blackfellow's right to live, and of his claim upon the law of the land, was a point insisted upon by Sir George

Gipps, the Governor of New South Wales. It was a new point to the settlers, and one that by no means commended itself to them. The "Border Police Act," which was devised to afford protection to the aborigines and put an end to their barbarous treatment, was therefore a bone of contention between the settler population and the Government.

Major Nunn, who figures unpleasantly in this war against the natives, was the commandant of the Mounted Police of the colony. When the squatters of the Liverpool Plains asked for protection from the blacks whom they had provoked into hostility, Nunn was ordered to see to the matter. He proceeded to the Plains with twenty-three troopers, and augmented his force there with a number of stockmen from local stations. Then a merciless campaign began. The reputed murderers of a farm servant were given up by the tribe attacked, but this did not satisfy the stockmen. They seized the opportunity to make an end of their enemies if possible, and to their lasting discredit the police joined in the shooting down of the fugitives. It was a most inglorious victory. Governor Gipps ordered an inquiry into the affair, but delay after delay occurred and nothing was done. A few months later New South Wales had another sensation to talk about.

The actual scene of the second massacre referred to was the station of a Mr. Dangar, at Myall Creek, about three hundred and fifty miles north of Sydney. On the run was encamped a tribe of natives, some fifty strong, who were on friendly terms with the station hands. There is no reason to believe that they were otherwise than inoffensive. However, during the absence of the manager, Mr. Hobbs, a stockkeeper named Kilmeister and seven others made a descent

to free a run of blacks, as one would free a fowl run of rats, by poison. There are cases on record in which a barrel of flour containing arsenic was presented to the unsuspecting victims, who died in scores and in no little agony. Nor were the police—the native mounted police—of the day above reproach. In the capture and treatment of prisoners they were guilty of much brutality. It was, perhaps, too much to expect that a native would refrain from the opportunity of hunting and killing members of another tribe, his natural enemies. The black troopers found the work to their liking.

At the present time the few thousands of natives left in Australia are being taken care of by the Government so far as is possible. Each State has its Aborigines Protection Board. At various points in the country mission stations have been established, at which the blacks are housed and fed, and are induced to employ themselves in profitable labour, while their children are taught in native schools. It is an uphill task, for the black does not take kindly to regular work. The Government agents are nevertheless instrumental in providing a great deal of relief, and by their vigilance—assisted as they are by the mounted police—they succeed in checking many of the prevalent abuses.

In New South Wales the latest census returns give the number of aboriginals as 2,123 full-bloods and 5,247 half-castes, making a total of 7,370. Among the former there has been a marked decrease, but the latter show an increase on previous years. Under the new Aborigines Bill that has passed through the Legislature the Government are hopeful of bettering the condition of the natives. The State Protector of Aborigines reports as follows :—

"Though much has been done in the interests of the

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aborigines since the constitution of the Board, by erecting huts and providing rations and other assistance, it has for some time been felt that the Board's efforts were to a certain extent unsatisfactory, inasmuch as, in the absence of legislative sanction, they were powerless to adopt a settled policy for want of the necessary powers to carry it to a successful issue. For instance, they had really no control over the reserves, and the residents could set authority at defiance, the only available punishment being the stoppage of rations and other assistance. Now that they have been clothed with ample powers, the Board propose making radical changes in the methods of dealing with the aboriginal population, more especially in the direction of compelling all the able-bodied to shift for themselves, and of training the young so that they may become useful members of the State.

" The Act, which will come into operation on a date to be fixed by proclamation, provides for the constitution of the Board, the appointment of local committees, guardians, and other officers, and their respective duties. The control of all reserves, with buildings and other property thereon, is vested in the Board, who are given power to remove any aboriginal guilty of any misconduct, or who, in their opinion, should be earning a living away from such reserve. The law in regard to the supply of liquor to aborigines is amended, and the provisions of Section 4 (76) of the ' Vagrancy Act, 1902,' relating to the offence of ' wandering with aborigines ' re-enacted. Machinery is provided for the apprenticeship of aboriginal children, and the parents of aboriginal children made responsible for their maintenance. Power is given to remove any aboriginal from the vicinity of any reserve, town, or township to such distance therefrom as the Board may direct. It is made an offence for any

unauthorised person to have possession of any article issued by the Government or the Board for the use of the aborigines. Provision is also made for the inspection of aboriginal stations and reserves."

Victoria includes 173 full-blood natives and 80 half-castes, so that the work is lighter than that of her neighbours. Six reserves making a total area of 9,039 acres have been set apart for the blacks, who possess cattle and sheep and who, generally speaking, work their land in a satisfactory manner.

It is when we come to South Australia and Western Australia that we find the native question pressing more heavily. In the former province, according to the last census, the aboriginal population (exclusive of the Northern Territory) was—

Blacks	2,810
Half-castes	800
	3,610

The same tale of increase and decrease is told here. The full-bloods are slowly but surely falling away in numbers. Five mission stations are under the control of the Board, and here every endeavour is made to keep the natives in settled conditions. That there is much yet to be done is evident from the official report. The need of an Act for the protection and control of the aborigines and half-castes has been greatly felt, but it is hoped this will be met by the passing of the Bill now before Parliament.

The increasing proportion of half-castes leads the State "Protector" to urge the necessity of steps being taken to convert these people into useful members of the community, instead of allowing them to grow up in the black camps, where they acquire the lazy habits of the aborigines, which

unfits them for any regular occupation. "I am still firmly of opinion," he says, "that the very best way is to treat them as neglected children, and have them placed under the care and control of the State Children's Department until they reach the age of eighteen years, by which time they should be able to earn their own living and should no longer be considered or treated as aborigines. The boys should be taught trades, and the girls trades or domestic duties. On the other hand, if left to wander and grow up with the aborigines they and their offspring will become an ever-increasing burden. At present, in many parts of the State, may be seen practically white males and females squatting in blacks' camps. On the mission stations the same sort of thing exists after the children have passed the school-going age, the very time when they should be taught to become self-supporting."

South Australia's most unmanageable black dependants have been, of course, the natives of the far north. Of this burden the State will now be relieved by the new constitution of the Northern Territory. In that wild and sparsely-settled portion of the continent the pacification of the native tribes must necessarily progress slowly.

In Western Australia, where the aborigines reach their highest number (over 20,000), the chief difficulties present themselves in the north-western districts. The black of the Kimberleys is a constant source of trouble through his predilection for cattle-killing. To combat this evil, native settlements are being established whereon the blacks may accumulate their own herds, and thus provide themselves with meat instead of at the expense of their white neighbours. Of the regularly established mission stations there are eight, but the number of natives in residence there is not

large. The majority lead a wandering existence, which renders the task of their supervision a very difficult matter.[1]

As in the Northern Territory, the mounted police do a very big share of the work. The detailed reports sent in from all quarters testify to the vigilance exercised with regard to natives employed on stations, and to the care that is taken to relieve necessitous cases. The troopers patrol the country as thoroughly as their numbers permit. Very few cases of crime and ill-treatment escape their notice, and when one takes into consideration the immense area to be covered, together with the natural difficulties of the country traversed, their record in all respects is one to be proud of. How the West Australian police trooper performs these and other arduous duties is the subject of our next chapter.

[1] Under the provisions of "The Aborigines Act, 1905," the sum of £10,000 out of the Consolidated Revenue Fund is annually placed at the disposal of the Aborigines Department, in addition to any other moneys that may be provided by Parliament. The total expenditure by the Department during the year 1908–9 was £22,559 (being £4,609 more than for the previous year), whilst the total expenditure on behalf of the natives during the past ten years has reached the large sum of £139,247.

The total subsidy paid to missions of different denominations throughout the State last year amounted to over £2,000, being divided amongst the following: Beagle Bay, New Norcia, Salvation Army Home, Swan Native and Half-castes, Ellensbrook, and the Australian Aborigines' Mission. All these missions are doing good work among the rising generation of the full-blooded and half-caste natives. The Drysdale Mission, which is a branch of the New Norcia, started operations in the far North in 1908, the country being practically uninhabited except by aborigines. The Government have given them a grant of 20,000 acres, which can be held for all time, provided it is used for the purpose of a mission station. A similar grant has also been given to the Beagle Bay Mission, under like conditions. These grants will allow of the mission work being extended in the direction of tropical cultivation, and of the formation of native settlements on the same lines as those adopted by some of the missions in the other States. (*Report of Western Australian Aborigines Protection Board,*)

CHAPTER XVII

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Days of settlement—Convicts introduced—A military guard—Police constables appointed—Superintendent Conroy—The "Enrolled Force"—The Police Act of 1861—Superintendent Hogan—Captain Smith, Commissioner—Lieut.-Colonel Phillips—Captain Fred A. Hare—Distribution of the force—The north-west—Native troubles—"Soaks" and "Gnamma holes"—A tragedy of thirst—Trooper Richardson's murder—"Pigeon" at large—In the Barrier Range—Superintendent Lawrence—The Jasper murder—"Major"—Police rewards—Arms and uniform—Conditions of appointment—Pay—The trooper to-day.

WE have already seen how Western Australia was first settled in 1829, when Captain Fremantle hoisted the British flag on its shores.[1] Thereafter for many years the story of the colony's progress is one of continuous struggle against adversity, the emigrants clustering in and around Perth and rarely venturing forth into the unknown country beyond without incurring disaster. The scheme under which the new colony was launched provided for grants of land to intending settlers; every one was to be a landed proprietor, in fact; and too many began with estates that were unmanageably big. One gentleman, we read, was given 250,000 acres, "with a possible extension to 1,000,000 acres," and set about farming and stock-raising on a large scale with three hundred servants. He lost his all. The soil of the locality was infertile, his stock strayed away or died in the scrub, the servants deserted, partly through fear of the

[1] See page 30.

hostile blacks,and the place went to rack and ruin. It was a case typical of many others.

Of the first twenty years of the colony's history there is little of event to record. No marked change in development occurred until 1850, when the settlers abandoned their former views on the subject and frankly asked the home authorities for convict labour. Previously the experiment had been made of taking boys sent out from the Parkhurst reformatory. There were to be no actual convicts, it was said, no repetition of the troubles of New South Wales; but the acceptance of these so-called "apprentices," proved to be the thin edge of the wedge. A few years of stagnation convinced the colonists that convict labour was preferable to none at all, and Earl Grey, the Colonial Secretary, was petitioned accordingly. So the convicts came, several thousands of them, between the years 1850 and 1868.[1] And Western Australia went ahead to expand and establish herself firmly upon her feet.

With all its apparent advantages the system of assigning convict-servants to the colonists brought grave evils in its train. Scenes took place similar to those that had been witnessed in the older colonies under the same conditions.

[1] The *Australian Dictionary of Dates* gives the total number of convicts sent to Australia, in the period from 1787 to 1868, as follows—

Colony.	Period.	Number of Convicts landed.		
		Males.	Females.	Total.
New South Wales .	1788–1839	51,082	8,706	59,788
Van Diemen's Land	1803–1853	56,042	11,613	67,655
Western Australia .	1850–1868	9,718	—	9,718
Total		116,842	20,319	137,161

Prisoners broke gaol, committed robberies and worse crimes, even took to the bush for what time they could prey on their neighbours. Outside the towns the brutality of the assigned men quickly caused trouble with the natives. Reprisals of a savage nature became more and more frequent. Up in the Murchison country, and farther north where many of the early settlers lived in carts until their homesteads were erected, a number of outrages were perpetrated. At first only the stock was speared or stolen by the blacks. It was a common sight to see cattle in the bush with broken pieces of spears sticking in their sides. From that stage it was but a step to attacking the settlers themselves.

It is from this period that the history of the mounted police of Western Australia dates. In 1848, when Captain Fitzgerald, R.N., was Governor in succession to Colonel Irwin,[1] the Imperial Government had grudgingly sent out a small military guard to protect the community. The soldiers performed what police duty was necessary until the coming of the convicts, with whom, of course, were a number of warders. In 1850 police constables were appointed to various districts, ranging from Albany in the south to Geraldton in the north. By 1852 the force had grown to eighty-seven all told, being distinguished under two heads—native and convict. The "native" police numbered twenty-four, of whom eleven were blacks. In this body were nine white troopers and the same number of mounted blacks. The convict police out of sixty-three members had twenty mounted men. In the same year Governor Fitzgerald obtained permission to combine these

[1] The earlier Governors were: Captain James Stirling, R.N. (1829), John Hutt (1839), and Colonel Clarke (1845).

two forces into one, with power to increase the strength. The first Superintendent of Police was meanwhile appointed in the person of Mr. J. A. Conroy, who shortly after established the force on a more permanent basis. The police at this period, it should be mentioned, were paid from the Convict Funds.

Known as the "Enrolled Force," and composed largely of men who had served in the army or the Royal Irish Constabulary, these policemen had the convict gangs particularly under their eyes. The prison parties were mostly employed in making roads, and the troopers' duty was to ride from one gang to another to see that all was well. Frequently they had to pass on prisoners from one patrol party to another in transferring the same across country, as, for example, from Fremantle to Perth, from Perth to Guildford, and so on. With the convicts also were the regular warders, who were assisted by good-conduct prisoners deputed to act as special constables. At times the temptation to escape was too strong to be resisted, and convict after convict made a vain attempt to gain freedom in the bush. Only one or two ever succeeded in getting away to Adelaide, covering the whole distance on foot. To the mounted police with their black trackers fell the task of hunting down these poor wretches, and others, known as absconders," who had been assigned to settlers on ticket-of-leave and who similarly endeavoured to break from bondage.

In these early years the police were regulated by three ordinances.[1] By the end of 1861 it became essential to reorganise the force, and a Police Act (25 Victoria, No. 15) was passed. This statute made provision for the appointment of a Superintendent to control the force for duty in

[1] 12 Victoria, No. 20; 16 Victoria, No. 19; and 23 Victoria, No. 5.

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different parts of the State, and for the appointment of Inspectors, Sub-Inspectors, Sub-Officers and men. The Chief of Police of this time was Superintendent W. Hogan, who had succeeded Sir A. T. C. Campbell (the successor to Mr. Conroy) in January 1861. The earliest consecutive departmental records date from Superintendent Hogan's accession to office, and there is no doubt that the force as now constituted owed its origin to him.

For ten months, from July 1866 to April 1867, Major R. H. Crampton held the position of Acting Superintendent of Police, pending the decision of the Government with regard to the next appointment. Eventually Mr. G. E. C. Hare was selected, this officer continuing in office until May 1871. He was then succeeded by Captain M. S. Smith, in whose reign the title of the head of the police force was changed from Superintendent to Commissioner.

On the death of Captain Smith in 1887 the post was offered to Lieut.-Colonel G. B. Phillips, who acted as Commissioner until 1900. Within these few years the colony made great strides owing to the discovery of the rich goldfields at Cue, Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie. To cope with these new conditions and the sudden increase in population the force was considerably augmented, especially in the mounted branch. Patrols and escorts for gold convoys were supplied by the police, while a strict surveillance was kept over the diggings. This period, however, is dealt with in a separate chapter, and need not detain us here.

From 1900 down to the present time the Chief of Police has been Captain Fred A. Hare, who, previous to his appointment, had been acting as Warden of the East Coolgardie Goldfields. Captain Hare entered the service in 1882 to become Inspector for the Southern Districts, but after a

term as private secretary and A.D.C. to Governor Sir Frederick Napier Broome, he accepted the post of Government Resident at Wyndham, in the north-west. Thence he was transferred to Albany, in the south, in 1887, after which he officiated as Resident Magistrate at York until his appointment as Goldfields Warden.

Under Commissioner Hare's control the police force of the colony has been brought to a high pitch of efficiency. Despite the immense area to be covered—Western Australia embraces 975,920 square miles—there are only 461 police officers and men to undertake the work, yet it is done, and done well. The trooper police, the mounted men, alone number about 180, exclusive of officers. For the most part they are distributed over the western and northern districts where there is need for patrols. At Geraldton there is one trooper; Dongarra, Minginew and Yalgoo have one each; in the Murchison country there is one stationed at Cue, while at Nannine there are three, at Meekatharra three, at Wiluna two, and so on.[1] One man must watch over a whole district and must play many parts in the execution of his duty. Western Australia is no exception to the rule in calling upon her police to perform a variety of rôles. In addition to the ordinary criminal work the trooper may have to act as Clerk of Courts, Mining Registrar or Crown Lands Inspector, collect statistics relating to stock, crops, and the area of land under cultivation, and make inquiries in connection with immigration, taxation, labour conditions, and

[1] The distribution of the mounted police—non-commissioned officers and men—over the twelve divisions of the State is as follows: Metropolitan, 27; Fremantle, 10; Swan, 7; South-Western, 17; Eastern, 12; Western, 15; Albany, 6; N. Coolgardie, 14; E. Coolgardie, 16; Murchison, 19; Roebourne, 13; Kimberley, 23. There are also 51 native trackers employed.

in fact anything about which any Government Department may demand information.

As is the case in South Australia and Queensland, the trooper in the western State meets with his hardest work in the outlands, where the aboriginal population still roams the country. The north-western portion of West Australia was explored fitfully by Surveyor-General Roe, by Grey, Warburton, and Giles in the early days of settlement, but the first expedition to really make known the value of the northern districts was that led by Mr. Alexander Forrest, a brother of the Right Hon. Sir John Forrest, P.C., G.C.M.G. In 1879 the party, consisting of six white men and two natives, explored the great Fitzroy River, discovered and named the King Leopold Ranges, and traversed a large portion of the country round the Ord River. The region was found to be rich in pastoral land, and it was not long before cattle and sheep stations were being established there. A little later, in 1884, it received a further impetus through the discovery of the Kimberley goldfield, which has been worked with great success.

In the record of mounted police work in these northern districts of the State the natives figure prominently. With the advent of stockmen came many opportunities to "lift" cattle, and as the blacks grew more daring the raids increased in frequency. The Kimberley black is as good a specimen of his race as can be found in the whole of the continent. He is well-developed physically, and has been a fighting man "from way back." The police were soon called out to check the depredations of the cattle-killers, and to protect the scattered stations from attacks. Among the more serious crimes of the eighties was the murder of Mr. John Durack, a well-known pioneer of the Ord River district.

Sergeant Truslove and Trooper Strickland got out after the blacks in this instance, and, after being nearly drowned in a flooded stream, had a narrow escape from dying of starvation and thirst in the wilds. There was, too, the murder of Dr. Vines at Braeside, in the Roebourne district. The station was attacked by natives in September of 1889, and its occupants speared. For this crime Nowarong, Dandy Jim and other aboriginals were executed.

The killing of Stephen Grace, prospector, in 1907 will be remembered by many people. Grace was in camp with three other men in the Mackay Ranges, two hundred miles north of Wiluna, and was visited by natives, to whom food was given. In return for this kindness the little party was later surprised, the blacks leaping upon them with short stabbing spears. Grace and another man were both wounded, the former, as it proved, mortally. For the purpose of hunting down the murderers the Government requisitioned the services of Mr. Baumgarten, of the Mines Water Supply Department, and several of his camels. The country was thickly covered with spinifex, and was unsuitable for horses. Thanks to these valuable aids Constable Doody was enabled to get upon the track of the culprits.

The reference above to the perils experienced by mounted policemen in traversing difficult country reminds us of the provision that is made, wherever possible, for a water supply in an otherwise arid region. What are known as "soaks" are established at various points, and no traveller would be wise to venture any great distance without proper knowledge of these essentials to his existence.

A "soak" is formed by digging away the sand from the base of a granite rock, in some hollow of which below the surface drainage water is almost sure to be found. When

a selector looks round for water in an inland district where he pitches his camp, his first thought is for a rock of this description. In many cases the natives have made "soaks" for their own use, scraping out the sand with their hands, and they take care to keep them always open. Some such ready-made reservoirs are now being rendered more permanent by Government engineers, who enclose the basin in order to prevent any unnecessary leakage of the water.

In these same rock formations, which are met with in various parts of the interior desert country, there are frequently what are called "gnamma holes." These depressions in the granite naturally vary considerably in size. They may be one or several feet in diameter and of shallow or great depth. A large "gnamma hole" is capable of holding 20,000 gallons. The origin of the holes is somewhat of a puzzle to scientists. "It looks," says one writer, "as if their cause was the decomposing of a belt of iron-stone in the granite, or a dyke composed of softer material, which the natives may have helped to clear out. The rock in which they are formed is often high above the surrounding plains, and shows no signs of ever having been caused by erosion from water. They only get filled by surface drainage when a heavy thunderstorm breaks over them."

It was by a "soak" in the Murchison country some years ago that a grim tragedy was enacted. A party of drovers was making northward with three hundred head of cattle and a number of horses. After striking camp one day two brothers named Clarkson pushed ahead of the rest and rode in the direction of a well-known water-hole. The season, however, had been an exceptionally dry one, and the rock bottom stared them in the face without a vestige of moisture on it. One of the two men dropped exhausted by the hole,

overcome by the heat and the torments of thirst. The other bravely struggled on in the hope of finding another "soak," and of so saving both their lives. He found it, but he never returned. When a search party, including two mounted policemen, got upon the trail, they discovered a tree to which was fastened a piece of paper with the message: "It is 5 o'clock. Am pushing on for water. Will come back." A little farther on, near a "soak," from which he had filled his water-bag, was his dead body. At the moment of success he had been speared by a hostile mob of blacks. His brother, meanwhile, had died where he had thrown himself down.

The searchers in time rounded up the murderers, who were holding a triumphant corrobboree, and were offered three boys as the alleged culprits. However, further investigation resulted in the capture of an old black who tremblingly confessed to the deed. He was carried off, but was subsequently released, as the evidence against him was deemed insufficient.

In the calendar of native crime which we are passing under review the most sensational case, undoubtedly, is that in which a trooper policeman named Richardson met his death. This occurred in 1894. Richardson, who was stationed in the Robinson River district, had been out to arrest natives wanted for cattle-killing and for absconding from gaol. He had collected in all seventeen prisoners, among them "some of the worst characters on the River." All were chained together in a line. On the way back to Derby the constable learnt that one Eelemarra, or "Paddy," a notoriously bad lot, was in the neighbourhood, and he determined to capture him. Accordingly, he detailed two native assistants, "Pigeon" and "Captain," to carry out

the arrest. The two trackers performed their duty successfully, but while bringing back their man to the chain-gang Pigeon concocted a treacherous plot. Richardson was alone and at their mercy; he was weak, too, having barely recovered from an attack of fever. If the others joined him the trooper's death would be easily accomplished and the prisoners—many of them his friends—could be freed.

To win over Captain and Eelemarra to this plan was an easy matter. Nor was it difficult to find an opportunity to catch Richardson napping. Soon after being rejoined by his assistants, the trooper ordered a mid-day halt at Lillmaloora, an old disused station which was often occupied by the police as a rest-house. The building had a long central passage running from front to back. In this sheltered place he lay down to rest, feeling every confidence in his boys, Pigeon and Captain, who remained outside in charge of the prisoners. Pigeon, it may be said, had saved his master's life only a few weeks previously when the two had been attacked by some Barker natives, and the possibility of treachery never entered the policeman's head.

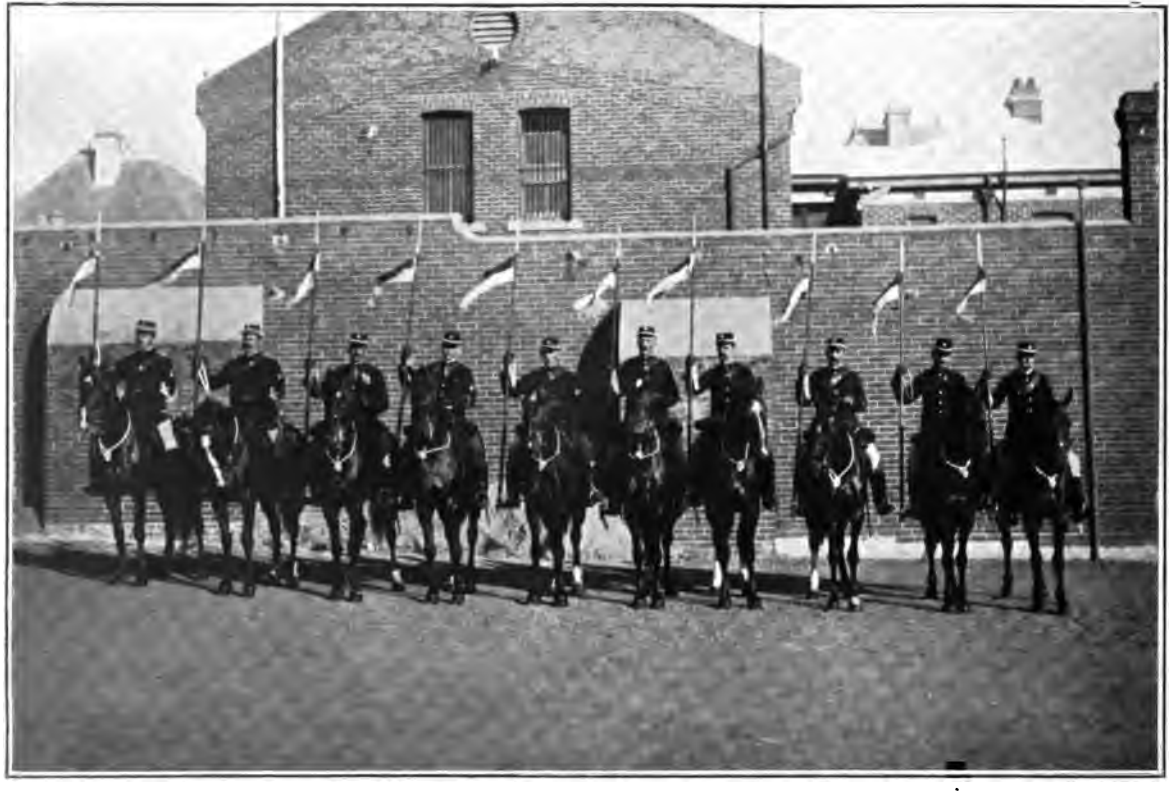
So Richardson stretched himself on the cool floor of the passage, through which a soft, pleasant breeze was blowing, and read a copy of the *Police Gazette* until he dozed. Then they killed him. Pigeon, it is presumed, stood right over the prostrate man and shot him through the forehead with a Winchester rifle. Captain and Eelemarra used a revolver not that there was any need to so far as poor Richardson was concerned, but in order to implicate them in the crime Pigeon insisted on their firing; he had no intention of taking the onus of the affair on his own shoulders alone. After the deed was accomplished the irons were struck off the waiting prisoners, and all made off into the hills.

With the party, be it noted, were several gins, from whom, eventually, the details of the murder were obtained.

The next event in this aboriginal drama was the tragedy of Burke and Gibbs. These two men and another, Fred Edgar by name, were travelling to the Upper Fitzroy with a herd of five hundred cattle and a dray. On the morning of November 8, only five days after the black business at Lillmaloora, the three drovers had a quarrel. Edgar, who knew of Richardson's murder, objected to his companions not carrying firearms. He, by the way, rode in the dray. Burke and Gibbs, with the help of two natives, looked after the cattle. But Edgar's reproof would seem to have made no impression on the others. When they reached Wingina they were still unarmed.

At this place the cattle went into the river to drink. As they stirred up the water considerably and muddied it, Burke and Gibbs went farther up the left bank. Having refreshed themselves they sat on the sand and lit their pipes. This was the moment for which Pigeon and his comrades were waiting. Creeping up stealthily the leader of the blacks shot both the men in the back. They jumped up instantly to make a dash for their horses. Gibbs succeeded in mounting and crossing the stream, but Burke's horse became restive, and he could only get one foot into the stirrups. Eelemarra now ran out from behind some rocks and shot him again, using Richardson's double-barrelled breech-loading shot gun. At the same time another native, Mullenbudden, drove a spear into the poor fellow's side.

Meanwhile, Gibbs was faring equally badly. On the other side of the river the Lillmaloora boundary fence blocked his way, and Pigeon was able to get in another shot. Georgie, Edgar's boy, who saw everything, could not say if



WEST AUSTRALIAN MOUNTED POLICE, HEADQUARTERS BARRACKS, PERTH.

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this second shot hit or not ; but Georgie was in the river with only his eyes and nose above water. He said, however, that Captain and Eelemarra both went after Gibbs, and it was concluded that the former finished off the wounded man by choking him. Edgar's other boy, Nugger, rode back to his master with the news, and the drover unyoked his bullocks, giving a gun to his driver, Sambo. He then galloped to Mr. Lukin's station, a few miles distant, to procure help. Sambo and Nugger waited some time to see if Gibbs had escaped, and on his not showing up they, too, proceeded to Lukin's.

Down by the river Pigeon was preparing for the pursuit which he knew was sure to follow. The bodies of the two dead drovers were dragged into the road above the bank, and left there in full view of any one approaching. On the top of some hills of the Barrier Range some gins were posted to watch for the police, a signal being arranged by which they were to notify the other natives. When thus apprised, Pigeon and his followers meant to creep up under the river bank and shoot the police as the latter were examining the bodies. But before taking up their position the blacks visited the drovers' camp, sacking the dray and stealing all the guns and revolvers left there, together with a large quantity of ammunition. They took the boy Georgie with them, in the hope of persuading him to join them, but he refused. Pigeon let him go when they decamped, saying that he "did not want to kill black fellow, only whites."

The police officer at Derby, Sub-Inspector O. Drewry, was prompt in following up the criminals. A party of mounted police, accompanied by Edgar, and strengthened by several black trackers, set out on the 11th. The trackers

painted themselves as if on the war-path and carried native weapons instead of guns, so that they might come to close quarters with the fugitives before an alarm was raised. They were instructed to get friendly with Pigeon and seize their chance to smash the blacks' rifles on the rocks. If it came to a fight they were to spear the leaders rather than let them escape.

Pigeon's scheme to entrap the police failed, and on their side the troopers met with ill-success. But the latter located their quarry, who had fled into a fastness of the Barrier Range. In accordance with a concerted plan the pursuing party now split up into three bodies, one under Sub-Inspector Drewry working round to the northward, while another, under Corporal Cadden, took a southerly direction. The third body, which included several Queensland trackers [1] and local natives who knew the country, approached the hills from the east side. The movement was carried out in the hours of darkness. All went well until the blacks were seemingly cornered. Then it was discovered that the stronghold was not the trap that it had been believed to be. This particular hill was honeycombed with caves, which afforded many avenues of escape. After a sharp engagement, in which several of the blacks were known to be wounded, the police made an attempt to rush the place. They reached the top of the rocky hill safely, but found that Pigeon, Captain and Eelemarra had slipped through their fingers. They now saw that their shots could have done little real damage, as the entrances to the underground passages were well

[1] The presence of the Queensland black trackers is accounted for by the objection to having armed local natives in the district without a sufficiency of strangers among them to ensure their not joining the fugitives. Natives taken from adjacent stations were not above suspicion if left to their own device.

guarded by broad flat rocks. It was a position that could have been held by an astute enemy. The only captures made by the troopers were some gins from whom valuable information was gleaned, and a number of stolen guns with ammunition, tomahawks and axes. In one of the caves was found Gibbs' watch, still going.

To make a long story short, the mounted police kept up the chase into the Leopold Ranges, travelling nearly three hundred miles, and drove the natives before them. At one deserted camp they came upon several articles that had belonged to Trooper Richardson and to Edgar. But for the timely warning of some gins the murderers would have been caught at one point; the police were able to lay their hands only on a few of the one-time chain-gang prisoners In this vain pursuit December passed, and in the following month, Sub-Inspector Drewry retired to Derby, as the rainy season was making the country too difficult for travelling.

An additional check to the hunt was afforded by the nature of the ground over which the tracking had to be done. The Barrier Range on the south side, where the party had principally to work, rises sheer out of the plain like a wall of rock. It is composed of carboniferous limestone which takes the form of pinnacles sharply pointed and smooth-sided. The action of water in the course of time has created thousands of caves, passages and crevasses, among which are water holes, all known to the natives. The limestone is of the hardest kind—a piece almost as thin as the blade of a knife will carry a man without crumbling—and tracking on it was next to impossible. That the police were more than ordinarily hampered in their work will be understood. For the time it was deemed wisest to call a halt and let the country quieten down a bit. The blacks were known to be

in the ranges and a special party was detailed to watch for any movement on their part.

At this juncture Inspector (now Superintendent) W. C. Lawrence was sent into the field by Commissioner Phillips, to take command of the operations and renew the pursuit. The band must have exhausted its ammunition, owing to the quantity recovered by the troopers under Drewry, and a continuous "drive" might prove successful in the end. Lawrence, therefore, set to work to scour the Fitzroy country thoroughly. A large force of mounted men and trackers penetrated the hills and patrolled the Robinson and Fitzroy Rivers, having for one of their guides a settler who had been badly speared by the blacks in a recent raid.

By March, when the police had covered a distance of close on 1,200 miles, a great deal had been effected. The natives, to the relief of stockmen and other whites, were driven far up country, while Captain and a few other leading spirits were captured. The ex-police tracker was tried for the murder of Richardson and duly executed. Pigeon, however, still remained at large somewhere in the north-west, and for a long time no news of his whereabouts leaked out. It was three years, in fact, before retribution overtook this black desperado.

Early in 1897 the Fitzroy police reported the murder of a man named Thomas Jasper at a station in the Oscar Range, in the West Kimberley district. Pigeon was believed to be at the head of the attacking party. This surmise proved to be correct. His tracks having been followed up by Sub-Inspector Ord and a special body of troopers, he was cornered in his retreat among the hills and shot down by two of the Lennard police, Constables Buckland and Anderson. Many of his accomplices escaped in the network of caves and

passages, which somewhat resembled those found in the Barrier Range. But with the death of their principal leader the blacks gave no further trouble, and the Fitzroy detachment ere long was able to report that all was quiet in that corner of the north-west.

After Pigeon, the most notorious black criminal of recent years was undoubtedly "Major," who leapt into the public eye in 1908. This native was a servant in the employ of Mr. J. Kelly, of Texas Downs Station, in the Kimberley district. He originally came from the Northern Territory, where he lived close to the Queensland border. With two other blacks, Nipper and Dibby by name, Major attacked a homestead at Blackfellows' Creek and murdered two men, George Fettell and Thomas Davidson. The victims had been surprised while asleep, as their bodies were found lying in their bunks. This outrage was followed by another murder, that of a man named McDonald, at Texas Downs Station, and the three blacks took to the bush with a posse of police on their trail.

In the hunting down of the murderers Troopers Fanning, Schultz, Yates and Baker took the lead. For native assistants they had Charlie, Dicky, Quart Pot, Dilly, Negri, and a sixth boy having the same name, Nipper, as one of the "wanted" men. The tracks of Major and his party were discovered and followed within a few weeks of the murders, the blacks being surrounded at Turkey Creek, a point on the Ord River. Then there ensued a brisk fight, no fewer than a hundred and fifty shots being fired before victory fell to the police. For a time it became a duel between Fanning and the black. When the latter was dislodged from his position on a hill the constable gave chase and had to face the combined fire of Major and Dibby. In the end native

trackers Nipper and Dicky dropped Major with a couple of bullets in his head, and soon afterwards Quart Pot accounted for Dibby. The third man, Nipper, had been shot by others of the party.

For their share in the deaths of Major and his accomplices the four police troopers received a reward of £20 each. A further sum of £20 was expended in purchasing suitable presents for the six trackers engaged. At the same time the Government acknowledged its appreciation of the services rendered by Messrs. McCulloch, Terone, and McLaughlin, who had been sworn in as special constables. These three stockmen were intimately acquainted with the country over which the search was pursued, and were largely instrumental in bringing about the success of the police hunt.

Following upon these presentations the *Police Gazette* of Western Australia, under date April 8th, 1909, issued this notice—

FAVOURABLE RECORDS.

" With the above distribution of Rewards [the list comprised grants made between January 1st, 1907, and December 31st, 1908) the system hitherto in vogue in connection with the granting of rewards annually on account of Favourable Records will be discontinued. The Police Reward Fund will now be closed, the amount provided on the Estimates in past years for the purpose having been removed. In future, only cases in which special skill, bravery or endurance are exhibited by members of the force in the discharge of their duty will be recommended for reward. Such cases, on being reported by District Officers, will be investigated and submitted for the consideration and approval of the Hon.

the Minister, when a suitable reward will be granted from the Government Funds.

"(Signed) FRED HARE,
"*Commissioner of Police.*"

In their work in the bush the West Australian mounted police are armed with the Winchester carbine. Previously they used the Snider, which itself had superseded a muzzle-loading carbine fired with caps. For target practice the Martini-Enfield rifle has been adopted. Similarly the old type Colt's revolver of early days gave place to the Smith & Wesson weapon, and more recently to the Webley. In retaining the lance as well as the sword for parade purposes the force is alone among the police services of the Commonwealth. With their coloured pennons fluttering in the wind as they manœuvre, the mounted men make a most effective spectacle.

The uniform worn differs little from that of other States. A trooper is dressed in blue cloth or serge tunic, and trousers of the same material; white Bedford cord riding breeches for summer wear, and brown ones for winter; and the usual outfit of helmet, cloak, and Wellington boots. One variation from this regular dress is that in the northern districts khaki may be worn instead of serge. At the same time, it must be remembered that while out on a long trip, such as is entailed by a hunt for criminals of the Pigeon or Major type, the trooper policeman garbs himself in rough bush clothes, and is hardly to be distinguished from any stockman or boundary rider. The items given above refer to the regulation dress which the mounted constable wears in the ordinary course of his duty.

In former years the police cap was round with a long peak in front, but the helmet has now been in use some time.

It is interesting to note that as this form of headgear does not commend itself to the trooper in the country districts, the Commissioner is contemplating the issue of a soft hat of the Stetson "cowboy" pattern. This, no doubt, will be welcomed for its advantages of lightness and shade for the eyes, while its smart appearance should go far to make it popular. Any one who has seen the Mounted Police of Canada and South Africa wearing the "cowboy" hat must have wondered why this useful article of headgear has not been already adopted by the police authorities of Australia for the up-country trooper.

A word may be said as to enrolment. According to the conditions of the appointment of mounted constables, applicants for admission to the force must be over twenty-one and under thirty years of age, able to read and write, and mentally, physically and constitutionally fit for service. They must not be less than 5 feet 10 inches in height, nor more than 11 stone 7 lb. in weight, and must be able to ride well. If under 6 feet, they must be at least 38 inches in chest measurement; if 6 feet or over the standard is 39 inches.

With regard to the pay-sheet, Western Australia prides herself on treating her police servants generously. The candidate for either the foot or the mounted branch will find nothing to quarrel with in the following scale—

Rank.	Pay.	Lodging Allowance in lieu of Quarters.	Uniform Allowance.
Superintendent . .	£425 per annum.	£50 per ann.	£15 per ann.
Inspector . . .	£325 to £375	£40 „	£15 „
Sub-Inspectors . .	£250 to £300	£36 „	£12 „
Detective Sergeants	14/- per day	£25 „	£7 „
Sergeants . . .	11/6 to 13/6	£25 „	Free uniform
Detectives . . .	12/- to 13/-	£25 „	£7 per annum
Corporals . . .	10/-	£20 „	Free uniform
Constables . . .	6/6 to 9/-	£20 „	„ „

"PIGEON'S" STRONGHOLD.

A cave in the Barrier Range, north-west Australia.

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The trooper policeman of the western State, it will be understood, is a picked man. His examination on entrance into the force is a severe one, for only the best are wanted, and his training at the Perth headquarters, once he has passed the preliminary stages, is such as to turn him out as well-equipped in every respect as the mounted constable of any other State. What has been noted already in regard to his multifarious duties and to his peculiar conditions of work in certain districts, is sufficient to convince one of the important part he plays in the development of the country. It is especially in South and Western Australia, with their vast areas of unsettled or only sparsely settled land, that the police trooper must be ranked with the pioneer whom he accompanies into the wilderness. The day is far distant when he will not be seen riding over the plains on his solitary patrol, an emblem of that authority which has made itself respected and feared by the white transgressor of the law, and which is schooling the unruly aboriginal into obedience.

CHAPTER XVIII

GOLDFIELDS AND PEARLING STATIONS

The Southern Cross discovery—"Bayley's Reward"—The rush to Coolgardie—On the road—Inspector McKenna—Scarcity of water—"To Three Camel Drinks, £12"—A record price—Kalgoorlie—Other goldfields—A bogus "rush"—The alluvial riots—An Afghan murder—"Bailed up" in daylight—Coolgardie's gold escort robbed—On the Kimberley goldfields—A brutal murder—Sub-Inspector Troy—The pearling industry—Broome—"Cock-eyed bobs"—Illicit pearl-buying—The *Ethel* case—A Malay pirate—At Yampi Sound—Mounted Constable Fletcher—A notable achievement.

IN the discovery of gold in Western Australia there was the same element of romance that had attended the birth of the eastern Eldorados. A chance thrust of a spade suddenly revealed the hidden treasure of riches over which men had been walking unsuspecting for years, and sent thousands into the scrub wilderness to seek their fortune with pick and shovel.

In 1884 the Kimberley Goldfield was opened, but this was soon eclipsed in interest by the far richer fields in the south. The scene of the first "find" here was some distance below Southern Cross. At a small station one of the hands was engaged in digging a post hole when he unearthed a good-sized nugget. The news that gold had been found spread quickly, and a properly organised search party ere long laid bare two payable reefs. Shortly afterwards mining was commenced at Southern Cross with successful results. This was in 1887. For five years this field was worked by

companies, and then, owing to the poorness of the ore and the high cost of production, the mines were shut down. Only a handful of two hundred men remained at the diggings, struggling to scrape a living in the best way they could.

At this juncture came the turning-point in the fortunes of the State. In September, 1892, a prospector named Arthur Bayley rode into the little township with a startling story to tell. He had been in the back country "specking for slugs," that is, looking for surface gold, and at a place called by the natives Coolgardie he and a mate had collected several thousands of pounds' worth in the course of two days. He had then found a large quartz reef, which gave rich indications of the precious metal. At Southern Cross the lucky prospector applied to Warden Finnerty for the claim that was his by right as the original discoverer, and so became possessed of the famous mine known as "Bayley's Reward."

The consequent rush to Coolgardie now left Southern Cross deserted.[1] Every man who owned, or who could beg or borrow, a mining outfit, hastened to the new field, while as knowledge of it spread the eastern States in time contributed their quota. Over the red sandy plains a canvas town sprang up with remarkable rapidity. As the railway then terminated at Northam, nearly three hundred miles to the westward, the prices of provisions and conveyances rose very high. Horses, which before the boom might have been bought for a few pounds, were now saleable at £50 or more each. It is not surprising that so many of the gold-seekers tramped the long dreary distance from "the Cross"

[1] It is interesting to note that as Southern Cross led the way in the opening up of these extensive goldfields, so was it the scene of the last boom. Only last year (1910) the discovery of the "Finch" group of mines in its immediate neighbourhood created a sensation that vividly recalled the days of the nineties.

with their swags on their backs. The question to be considered was whether the "soaks" and "gnamma holes" would yield them any water on the route. Sometimes they did, and sometimes not, as we learn from Mr. John Marshall, a Coolgardie pioneer, who gives us a graphic picture of the "rush"—

"Along with a few others," he writes, "we agreed to start in the early morning. The waggon with its six horses was got in readiness. Each of the party was provided with a water-bag, tent, provisions to last some time, and last and most important, our bed and bedding. The water which we took from Southern Cross was hoarded with miserly care, as it was considered uncertain whether on our long journey of 112 miles, every step of the way on foot, we would get any water at the 'soaks' or not. The trip took us seven days. During the whole of this journey we never had the luck to get our face or feet washed, this being a luxury reserved for us when we would get to the end of our journey.

"A big tank of water, which was kept for the horses, was also guarded with jealous care. We are afraid that had opportunity offered we should have thrown prudential considerations aside and 'nicked' sufficient water to wash our begrimed faces and cool our weary feet. But alas! opportunity never offered, and we had to trudge through the dust as best we could under a broiling sun, without a hope of getting any water to cool our parched faces until we could reach Coolgardie, and some of us who were 'soft' and not in training had our feet blistered and bleeding, and our hearts were sore before we got to our destination after our long tramp from Southern Cross—the last stage of our journey—and without a spell.

"At several of the 'soaks' where we expected to get water none was available, and the lack thereof put us to some inconvenience. At an accommodation house on the road, where we stopped for dinner, the landlady apologised for not being able to find us water in which to wash our faces, and informed us it was usual for travellers to 'dry blow' each other—that is, knock the dust off each other with a handkerchief, and wipe their faces with a hat. There was a capital meal laid on the table, which was nicely served up, but none of us could obtain a glass of water, and we were limited to a single cup of tea. It must be remembered, however, that all the water being used had to be carted nearly fifty miles. We were not sorry when we learned that we were within easy distance of Coolgardie."

In the mining town all was excitement and confusion. Each day had its rumour of big "finds," of new fields to be opened up, and many bogus rushes were reported. One striking feature of the new diggings was the absence of the "crook" element, the human sharks and wolves common to the mining camp the world over. They were not there to any extent, at least. Nearly all the miners were genuine, hard-working, law-abiding men, which accounts for the orderliness that prevailed. The mounted police, who were early on the scene under Inspector McKenna, had an easier task before them than that of the New South Wales goldfields police in the "roaring fifties."

The principal difficulty, of course, was the water question. A big Government bore had been made, and this yielded salt water, which had to be condensed. It was then sold at a shilling a gallon. But this price was liable to fluctuation. It rose or fell according to the supply.

John Dunn, a notable figure in old Coolgardie, once sent

three camels across to a store to have the rough edge taken off their thirst. The animals started in on their drink, which was more of the nature of a muddy syrup than water, and the storekeeper stood by to check them. At last he cried, "Hold on! that's all I can spare." Then he handed the Afghan driver a bill, as follows —

"John Dunn, Esq.,

"Dr. to the Pioneer Store.

"To three Camel Drinks, 80 gallons @ 3*s*. per gall., £12."

Dunn paid it, but he remarked that it was a record "shout" even for him.

At "Hannans," where the next big rush took place a year after that of Coolgardie, water rose in price to 5*s*. a gallon. It had to be brought in on camel-back or in carts from a lake nearly thirty miles away, having first to be condensed there on account of its saltness. The small quantities that were thus obtainable at certain times made water as precious as the gold for which men risked their lives daily. Perhaps the record price ever paid for a drink is to be credited to one Jerry McAuliffe. This gold-seeker set out from Kanowna in 1894 with a black boy, intending to strike the new Kurnalpi field. His water gave out too soon, and there was no "soak" from which to replenish the empty bags. The two men toiled on for two days and nights without water, while their four horses were in even worse plight, not having tasted any for three days. But just in the nick of time they reached a condenser near Kurnalpi and filled their bags. This drink cost McAuliffe £15 11*s*., and it had to go round among both men and horses.

Hannans [1] is now Kalgoorlie, a flourishing municipality

[1] So named after Pat Hannan, a prospector, who with a party was making for the newly-reported Mount Yuille alluvial find, when he

and the headquarters of the East Coolgardie goldfields. Including the latter district, its population is 33,000. At the end of 1893 there was nothing but bush where the town now stands. To-day there are miles of streets, with well-built imposing buildings, electric trams, and "all the conveniences of modern civilisation," as the estate agents say. Through the enterprise of Sir John Forrest, who was Premier of the State, and the genius of the late Mr. C. Y. O'Connor, C.M.G., the engineer, water has been carried up to the goldfields by means of a pipe from Mundaring Weir, 325 miles away. This gigantic undertaking was completed in 1903. The assurance of good water put the seal on the new goldfield's success. Kalgoorlie can boast of mines that are among the richest the world has known. In sixteen years from its discovery this field alone yielded upwards of 350 tons of gold, worth £50,000,000.

Owing to the incentive given to prospecting by the Southern Cross discoveries, gold-seekers ranged far and wide over the State. In due course the Pilbarra, West Pilbarra, Ashburton, Gascoyne, Murchison and Peak Hill fields were opened and developed, and townships soon sprang up around them. Though none of these centres was of the magnitude of Coolgardie or Kalgoorlie, the output nevertheless has been very great. The Murchison and Peak Hill diggings together have yielded something like ten million pounds' worth of gold.

That the mounted police have had a fairly easy task in controlling the goldfields is true, but once or twice trouble of a serious kind has arisen. The bogus "rush," which

stumbled across gold at Kalgoorlie. His original claim, which is still being worked in a small way, was soon eclipsed by the Golden Horseshoe, Ivanhoe, Great Boulder and other mines.

sent prospectors far into the scrub land at the risk of life, was apt to rouse the miners to a high pitch of indignation. Sometimes such a stampede was engineered by storekeepers, who profited thereby in a quick sale of their goods. Occasionally it was the outcome of a drunken frolic. A wild statement thus made would be taken seriously, and scores of men would dash off recklessly to test its truth. In the nineties Coolgardie witnessed several of these wild-goose chases, one of which nearly proved fatal for its author.

In 1895 a miner named John McCann gave a circumstantial account of a rich find he had made near Widgemooltha, to the south of Coolgardie. On the strength of his assertions many parties set out for this district, but no traces of gold were to be seen. There now came a call for McCann. If he had found gold there, as he declared, it was up to him to substantiate his story. Men were in danger of starving on the new field; some had suffered terribly in the return journey through the bush. Alarming rumours of this kind added fuel to the flames. McCann faced the music, although his goldfield was a myth. He blamed the local newspapers for magnifying what he had stated to them, but stoutly declared his willingness to lead a party to the ground. His offer was accepted. Four prominent miners accompanied him on the search—to return unsuccessful a few days later. Then the storm burst.

The thousands who had been fooled by what was now palpably a hoax demanded vengeance on its perpetrator. The house where McCann was lodged was besieged by the mob, and for greater security he was removed to the police station. There was no doubt as to his danger. The temper of the miners was such that he would have been lynched had they captured him. A strong body of troopers then

COOLGARDIE GOLDFIELD.

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formed up to check any further disturbance, and frustrated an attempt to wreck the office of one of the offending newspapers. Fresh trouble, however, broke out when the disappointed goldseekers returned from the Widgemooltha field, where they had been camped awaiting developments. McCann's effigy was publicly burnt, while the rioters threatened to wreck some of the buildings. It was some considerable time before Inspector McKenna and his police could allay the excitement, but the mob was at last dispersed without any great damage being done. McCann, meanwhile, was smuggled out of the town, a badly scared and thoroughly repentant man.

A riot on a larger scale was occasioned in 1898 by a decision of the Warden at Kalgoorlie. According to the Goldfields Act of 1895, section 36, alluvial miners had the right to search for alluvial gold on leases, with certain restrictions. In the dispute in question the point was whether there was a reef on the lease of the Ivanhoe Venture Syndicate or not. The leaseholders on their side felt aggrieved that the Act confirmed the existence of dual titles, those of the leaseholders and those of the claimholders. The alluvial miners argued that they had a right to the alluvial gold, no matter at what depth it might be found. While this confusion of title was leading to friction between the two parties the Hon. Edward Wittenoom, the Minister for Mines, got the Government to pass a regulation limiting the depth to which alluvial could be worked to ten feet. This ordinance created widespread discontent, for other goldfields besides Kalgoorlie were affected. "Ten-foot Ned" became a most unpopular character. The case of the miners *v.* the syndicate then went before the Warden, the result being that the former lost the day.

Smarting under a sense of their wrongs, a large number of the alluvial diggers disregarded this decision and continued to work their claims. Open conflict with the leaseholders at once ensued. The mounted police were called out frequently in the course of two months, the miners becoming more and more determined and threatening in their attitude. At one time there were as many as forty troopers in the district, the rioting having assumed a serious aspect. Many of those who resorted to violence were made prisoners and conveyed to Fremantle. Sir John Forrest, the Premier, now visited the goldfields in person, but his efforts to bring about conciliation met with a cold reception. There was no course left but to take the dispute into a court of law. This was eventually done, and the judges pronounced for the miners. As a consequence the Government proceeded to abolish the dual title, and to pass a new Mining Act (62 Victoria, No. 16) which defined the relations between leaseholders and claimholders in a more satisfactory manner.

Murders and other crimes of violence on the Coolgardie fields were extremely rare. The first case that occupied the attention of the police was the shooting of an Afghan camel proprietor by a fellow-countryman. The two men had quarrelled over some matter, and fearing that his own life was in danger one of them took the aggressive. The crime was committed with a revolver in a mosque, the victim being at his prayers. The murderer gave himself up to justice readily and was hanged a few months later at Fremantle.

Not a few Afghans, it may be said, were on the goldfields at this period. They acted as water-carriers chiefly, their camels being able to bring in much heavier loads

than a team of horses. The mounted police had an Afghan driver attached to the force who instructed them how to handle the beasts until they were able to manage for themselves. Up to about eight years ago camels were largely used in police work, but their employment nowadays would only be necessitated by an expedition which led far into the interior. The extension of the railway and the linking up of districts by telegraph and telephone has simplified communication considerably.

The absence of a criminal fraternity such as had characterised the older goldfields of New South Wales and Victoria has been commented upon. The diggers themselves aided the authorities to keep the fields purged from this element. Nevertheless some daring robberies were attempted, a few of which proved successful. There was, for instance, the " bailing up " of two employés of a gold-mining company at Kalgoorlie, in 1899. The two men were driving in a buggy along the Boulder Road, about a mile and a half outside the town, with the fortnightly wages of the miners and other sums of money which they had drawn from the bank. The total value was nearly £5,000. For convenience this money was placed in three separate bags, one containing gold and notes, one silver, and the third copper. No police guard had been provided, as the possibility of attack on the open highway in broad daylight never entered any one's head.

But attack there was. At a point in the road near which were no diggers' shanties a masked man suddenly stopped the vehicle with a command to " Bail up ! " To prevent any escape he promptly shot the horse dead, then levelling a Winchester rifle at the clerks' heads he bade them " Throw out the bag." It was evident that he expected

had been burnt, while the Norwegian's boots were discovered in a bush a little distance off. A description of Hornig, whom many knew to have been Johnson's mate, gave the police the clue they needed. With the assistance of a black tracker they speedily got upon his trail, the Sub-Inspector taking with him Trooper Mallard.

A few days later Hornig was overtaken on the road westward, whither he was riding with another prospector named Doyle. This man had quarrelled with his mate and had readily accepted the German's offer of his company. When the two troopers hailed them with a summons to "Stand!" Doyle for the moment thought they were held up by bushrangers. With his big black beard and rough clothes the Sub-Inspector quite looked the part. The digger was more scared, however, when he learned the true nature of his companion.

Hornig submitted quietly to his capture, but stoutly protested his innocence. "That's all right," said Troy, "we'll go into that when we get to Derby." The town was over 200 miles away, which meant a long and tedious journey. At the first Hornig believed that the police had arrested him simply on suspicion. Neither of the troopers had dropped a hint as to the discovery of the body. Johnson had gone away alone, he declared; they had had a difference of opinion and parted company, that was all. The Sub-Inspector looked at the packhorse which he and Mallard had brought along and smiled grimly.

Then the bolt fell. On the second day after the capture the packhorse suffered from some prickly blossom which the wind blew on to it from a wayside shrub. Irritated beyond endurance, it bucked and reared, and the straps of its pack becoming loosened, one of the articles therein

slipped to the ground. It was the opossum rug. As his eye lighted on it Hornig's face whitened. He knew now that the secret was out, and from that moment his attitude of defiance dropped like a mask. For precaution the prisoner was chained to a tree at night, the policemen taking it in turns to stand watch. But with all their vigilance the German found an opportunity to open a vein on his arm, with the intention of committing suicide. Trooper Mallard discovered the attempt just in time. Hornig, who had swooned from loss of blood, was revived with brandy, and without further mishap was brought into Derby. Thence he was transferred to Perth, to be tried and condemned to death. He was hung at Perth gaol on April 4, 1887, six months after committing his dastardly crime.

In the north-west, besides gold-mining, there is another important industry that touches the police very nearly. Along the coast from Geraldton to Wyndham are the largest and richest pearling grounds in the world, and at various towns—at Broome particularly—there are numbers of alien immigrants of Asiatic nationality engaged in the business. Broome's settled population may be put at 400 whites and 1,500 Asiatics and natives. The diving for pearls and pearl shell is done mostly by Japanese and Malays, but Chinese, Javanese, Manilamen, and Kœpangs from the island of Timor, among others, represent the brown and yellow races. Australia as a whole does not look with a kindly eye upon these Easterns, but it would be difficult for the Government to deny their right to work upon these grounds. From time immemorial Malay *bêche-de-mer* fishers have pottered about the north-west coast, while the Japanese have established themselves as pearlers for a very

long period. It is difficult to see, too, how the industry would survive but for the little brown men who go down into the deeps to reap the yearly pearl shell harvest. White divers have not proved as successful so far.

Broome is the centre of the pearling industry. It is here that the main squadron of the fleet is equipped, for in the waters off this point of the coast—"the Ninety Mile Beach"—the shell is found in the largest quantities. That the supply is practically inexhaustible is proved by the fact that certain spots on the ocean bed, after having been cleared by divers, have been covered in the course of time with a new layer of shell. Pearling is undoubtedly one of Australia's most lucrative industries, for the output is enormous and the cost of production is reasonably low. The shell fetches on an average £200 a ton (it has reached the fancy price of £400); estimating the expenses of divers, crews and upkeep of boats, at £120 a ton, there is a good margin of profit. One diver is calculated to bring to the surface from four to six tons in a year's operations. In a fleet of twenty luggers, each of which carries one diver, a favourable twelve months' return will show a handsome balance sheet. And this is irrespective of what pearls may be found, the value of these being placed to a special profit account.[1]

The dark side of pearling is the bad season of the year when the storms burst upon that portion of the coast. These hurricanes, locally styled "cock-eyed bobs," make their appearance during the "lay-up" period at Christmas,

[1] For a twelve months' return at Broome the following is given: "Boats engaged, 378; value of boats and equipment, £136,181; number of men employed, 2,470; quantity of pearl-shell obtained, 1,534$\frac{1}{10}$ tons; value of pearl-shell obtained, £190,741; value of pearls obtained (approximate), £73,370.

A PEARLING LUGGER OFF THE WEST COAST.

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but they are sometimes before their due time. Then woe to the lugger which is caught out in the open! In 1908 there were two such calamities, one in April and the other in the following December. In the first of these the loss of life was over 200, while some forty boats went down. That of December was almost as disastrous. As an illustration of the terrific force of these cyclonic storms, it may be stated that some of the luggers were hurled ashore high above the mangroves and deposited high and dry several hundreds of yards beyond the beach. It is the risk of this peril that the owner of a fleet must face. One such disaster may deal him a crushing blow from which it will be difficult to recover.

Like the diamond industry of South Africa, pearling has its illicit gem buyer. The majority of this gentry are Orientals, some ostensibly engaged in legitimate businesses on shore, others working on the coastal and Singapore steamers. The masters of pearling luggers are still obliged to watch their coloured crews very closely, although the traffic in stolen pearls is not so great as it once was. A lugger's crew, it should be noted, in addition to white "hands," consists of seven coloured men, two of whom are the diver and his tender. The latter supervises the diver's movements under water, supplying him with air and watching for any signal on the life-line. Only seven permits for coloured labour are allowed to a boat by the Government. The Immigration Restriction Act provides heavy penalties for infringement of this and other regulations. Every alien thus engaged is indentured for three years, after which, if he does not renew his contract, he must be sent back to Singapore. It is from this port that the recruits are annually brought over.

Not often does a very serious case arise calling for police interference. In Broome itself each nationality has its particular quarter, and usually keeps to it. At times, of course, there are racial quarrels and free fights, but these troubles are easily handled. The illicit pearl buyer may give a trooper a long and difficult chase, and he is likely to prove an ugly customer to tackle when cornered. These, however, are small affairs compared to what happened some seven years ago, when some enterprising spirits made an effort to revive the old trade of piracy for which the north-west coast once enjoyed an evil reputation. This is the story of it.

In Broome at the time were two pearling owners, Captain Biddles and Captain Riddell. Each of them had a fleet of luggers out on the grounds off Cape Bossutt, and each was on the point of making his monthly visit of inspection in his schooner. As they sat together on the evening before their departure a wager was laid as to who should be the first to reach the grounds. The next day, a Sunday, the two vessels started on their race. The wind was light and they made fair running. At sundown, however, Captain Biddles noticed that his rival's schooner, the *Ethel*, was standing farther out to sea. He thought this proceeding strange, and when, in the morning, the schooner was not to be seen, he thought it stranger still. On his return to Broome the Captain reported the non-arrival of the *Ethel* to the police.

From Broome the news was flashed along the wires to Derby, where Inspector W. C. Brophy [1] was in charge. This officer suspected foul play on the part of the mixed

[1] Now Superintendent of Police at Kalgoorlie.

crew, and promptly communicated with Perth. He urged the authorities to advise the Malay islands, Borneo, Singapore and Penang, of the missing vessel, thinking it probable that it might make for one of these points. His surmise was a shrewd one. After the lapse of several days there came a message from the Straits Settlements police to the effect that they had arrested the crew of the *Ethel*. It only remained for West Australian police officers to proceed to Singapore to identify and secure the prisoners.

At the subsequent trial at Perth the chief witness was the Chinese cook of the schooner. He related how, on the night when the *Ethel* had changed her course, to Captain Biddles' astonishment, a Malay named Pedro had headed a meeting of the crew and proposed to them to seize the vessel. Having won them over to his plan Pedro had then tomahawked the man at the wheel and the other white man on deck, and then gone down into the Captain's cabin. Unconscious of any danger threatening him, Riddell was looking at the chart outspread on the little table. He glanced up quickly at the sound of footsteps behind him, but the Malay drove his knife into the other's back and the owner of the *Ethel* died within a few minutes.

The bodies of the three murdered men were chained together and dropped overboard to the sharks. Pedro, as the leader of the conspiracy, then took command of the ship. In true freebooter fashion he had liquor served all round, put on a short sword with a coloured sash, and tramped about the deck like a " first chop " pirate. After being four days at sea, during which time the schooner was cleaned of any traces of the crime, Pedro killed the aboriginal native who formed one of the crew (the rest were nearly all Malays), and was about to treat the China-

man similarly when the crew intervened and saved his life.

The vessel was now put over to the Malay islands, at one of which in the dusk of evening it dropped anchor. All the pearls, shell and money on board were lowered into a small boat. The party then rowed ashore, while the *Ethel*, scuttled, sank at her moorings. But the pirates' enjoyment of their booty was short. They were arrested the same day, to be handed over to justice as has been described. In the end Pedro was hanged, the rest of the band being otherwise dealt with.

Another pearling tragedy of the north-west was the murder of John P. Jones at Yampi Sound, in January 1909. This particular locality, which is a hundred miles north of Derby, has acquired a bad name through the treachery of the natives found there. Many pearlers do not care about sending their luggers thither. It was certainly an evil day for skipper Jones when he cast anchor in those waters. The blacks surprised him and his small crew and killed them forthwith. After which they held a big corrobboree and made for the bush.

Jones' mysterious disappearance and an ugly rumour that found its way to Broome led to Mounted Constable Fletcher being sent up to the Sound to investigate matters. Fletcher, who, if we are not mistaken, had only two native trackers with him, discovered how the murder had been perpetrated, and proceeded to arrest four blacks who were using the dead man's dinghy. Two of these were directly implicated in the crime. He returned to Derby with the prisoners, saw them committed for trial, and then returned to complete his work. There were other murderers and several witnesses to be secured.

Fletcher carried out his difficult task with remarkable ability. Five more blacks who had helped to do the killing were captured and conveyed aboard the lugger on which he had sailed to Yampi Sound. One of the new prisoners, however, a big native known as Lowadda, was disposed to make a fight for it. The trooper closed with him and a violent struggle took place, which resulted in both falling overboard. There was a strong sea running at the time. In a few moments both men were carried some distance away from the boat, but Fletcher pluckily stuck to his prize. Eventually they were swept on to an island near the coast, where two other natives thought they were quite equal to rescuing their comrade. In this, however, they were mistaken. The trooper laid them out with his fists in true style, and when a boat pulled off from the lugger to his aid the discomfited blacks accompanied Lowadda as fellow prisoners.

Of the seven criminals thus arrested one cheated the hangman by dying in Broome hospital. The others were duly sentenced to death and executed. Trooper Fletcher, meanwhile, received handsome commendation for his notable achievement—one of which the West Australian police force may well be proud—and was further rewarded with a grant of £50.

CHAPTER XIX

AMONG THE CATTLE-DUFFERS

Notorious examples—Methods of work—Brand "faking"—The Kellys—"Plucking a brand"—Police patrols—Old Mrs. B——— —A lost Hereford—Where was the hide?—Jack Burrell—"Tom Tit"—Working a stampede—A trick cow—An opal robbery—Bowling out a thief—Mounted Constable Freeman—An arduous trip—Benjamin Bridges, horse-thief—Wonderful tracking.

NO class of criminal, except the bushranger, has been such a constant source of trouble to the Australian mounted police as the "cattle-duffer." By this term is meant the professional thief who preys upon other people's stock. He is an expert at cutting out "mickies" (unbranded steers) from a herd and running them to some secluded spot where they lie hidden until ready for disposal; and he shows remarkable ingenuity in the "faking" of brands. It is not likely that he will confine himself to cattle only. "Horse-planting," which is horse-stealing in a similar manner, comes just as readily to his hand.

Many of the bushrangers of the later era graduated in this school. Several of the Gardiner gang were horse-thieves before they flew at higher game; so, too, were the Clarkes and the Kellys. The last-named were taught by a past master in the art of "duffing," viz., Harry Power. This notorious character was regarded by the police as quite the smartest of his class. It was, perhaps, only natural that the criminal instinct should have found its outlet in this form.

The temptations and opportunities for "lifting" stock were numerous, and the chances of detection apparently slight. Very little of the country over which the cattle or horses ran free was fenced in, and a great portion of it—in the south-eastern states—was well-wooded, offering numerous safe hiding-places. The stock-owners, by their careless system of grazing, contributed not a little to their own loss.

The simplest plan adopted was to muster a bunch of cattle raided from various quarters and drive the beasts by devious mountain tracks to some distant market. A Victorian "duffer" would sell his lot in New South Wales or Queensland, and *vice versâ*. Or, again, on the border, cattle and horses belonging to one State would be placed in the pounds of the other, whereupon the thief would purchase them for the small sum usually demanded for such stock and resell his prizes to unsuspecting buyers. In this way they were able to produce a sufficiently good title.

As a safeguard against identification it was necessary, of course, to remove or alter any brand upon an animal's skin. The early methods of "faking" were rough and ready, the marks being merely added to or branded over with a new design. Thus a brand B would be easily converted into BD or into . Where an owner with more originality devised a monogram such as , comprising his initials T and E, a little skilful manipulation might change this into a B by clipping off the left side of the first letter and rounding the arms of the second. Sometimes a design was too intricate to be thus transformed. In this event it was generally burnt over so as to obliterate it, and a new brand was affixed elsewhere.

Power and his followers, the Kellys, went "one better"

in the "faking" process. Not troubling themselves with branding instruments, they resorted to iodine, with which marks could be more satisfactorily burnt into the skin. After a mob of stolen horses or cattle had been gathered and driven to the gully or ravine in the mountains where the "duffers" had their haunt, they were thus branded with the desired mark. The animals were then kept until the sores had healed and the brands looked old. This scientific treatment had advantages over the earlier simpler methods. It was more difficult to detect the obliteration of a brand removed by iodine than that of one where an iron had been employed.

At the present time cattle-duffers are as wily as ever they were, although their depredations have been much restricted through the vigilance of the police. The elaboration of brands still proceeds: O55 becomes Q55, QBB becomes 08B, and so on. The variations are many. One popular form of "faking" that has been introduced with success is that of "plucking a brand." This is done by pulling out hairs from a colt, say, in such a manner as to form the letters of a brand on the skin. Of course, such a mark only lasts a comparatively short time, as the hairs grow again and obscure it.

A great check has been placed upon stock-stealing by the regular patrolling of the main roads along which sheep, cattle and horses are driven. The mounted police stop the droves when it is considered advisable, and examine the permits to see that all is in order. By telephone or telegraph they are able to notify the police of another district should there be any occasion to suspect malpractices. In this way a new drover, or one who is known to have been engaged in "duffing" at some time or other, is carefully watched. It

Major W. G. Cahill, V.D.
Ex-Commissioner Queensland Police Force

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is, therefore, in the outlying parts that the thieves of to-day must work, and even there their chances of success have been much reduced.

The difficulties against which the mounted police have to contend in the suppression of stock-stealing are many. Even when a hide is produced, as is insisted upon by law when fresh meat has been killed, there are ways of evading detection. It may be a hide of another animal, kept for use as a "blind," or it may have been skilfully doctored. A trooper needs to have a sharp eye and an intimate knowledge of the cattle in his own district. And even when he is morally sure that he has located a thief and has seen through the subterfuge, some chance event will often help the guilty one out of the hole and baffle the law.

In north-eastern New South Wales there was an old woman, Mrs. B——, who with her three daughters was long suspected of "lifting" her neighbour's stock. One day a fine young Hereford steer was missing from a station near by. There were only a few animals of that breed then in the country, and it could be easily identified. The owner followed up the trail to where it had been driven, to Mrs. B——'s home, in fact, and promptly asked for his property. The lady met him at the door of her abode, a roughly built wooden hut containing two rooms.

"You've got my steer, Mrs. B——," said the stockman.

"Not me," was the answer.

"Well, I'm coming in to have a look round."

"If you set foot in my house, Sam Hollams," exclaimed the lady, "I'll brain you!"

Sam Hollams camped outside to keep a watch on the place, and sent off a man to procure a search-warrant. In due course two police troopers arrived on the scene, in the

face of which authority Mrs. B—— threw open her door. On the hut being searched some freshly killed meat was found in a tub, and this, Hollams firmly believed, represented his missing steer. But there was no evidence. Where was the hide? Every corner of the place was ransacked, and at last old Mrs. B—— herself was bundled out of bed to allow of that useful piece of furniture being examined. Then, from under the mattress, was dragged a hide, but it was a *white* one; that of a Hereford is, of course, brown.

Nonplussed for the moment, the police rode off to a neighbouring selector.

"Have you lost any cattle lately, Mr. Campbell?" they asked.

"No, I don't think so," said the other.

"Not a white cow? Are you sure?"

"As sure as I can be without rounding up my lot."

"Well," said the senior of the two troopers, "just come over to Mrs. B——'s and have a look at the hide we've found."

The selector followed them to the hut and there identified the brand on the hide as being his. This was good enough to proceed upon, and Mrs. B—— was arrested. But at the trial she was able to prove that one of the young Campbells had actually offered her a cow; she had taken the white one by mistake. The case at once fell through. That the fresh meat was the Hereford steer there could be no doubt. The brown hide had been burnt or buried, while the other skin was kept to shield it. Mrs. B—— had a narrow escape of being convicted more than once after that episode, but though she was able to snap her fingers in the face of the police, the old adage about the pitcher that goes often to the well proved its truth in her case. She was eventually

sent to prison for a long term, and her part of the country enjoyed a pleasing rest from cattle-thieving.

In the north-west of Australia, in the Kimberleys, some years ago there was a notorious character, a "king of cattle-duffers," whom we will call Jack Burrell. He was an expert stockman of the first grade. When a large mob of cattle had to be taken across rivers in flood time there was no one more in request than he. Station owners would hire him on such occasions and pay heavily for his services rather than risk their beasts to less skilful management. They were well aware, at the same time, that Burrell would take toll from the mob. That had to be put up with. The usual thing that happened was a stampede at night. In the morning the cattle would be rounded up again, but one or two were sure to be missing. Burrell's friends knew of their whereabouts.

A stampede can be effected in several ways. Cattle are not difficult to frighten. With Burrell the trick was as follows. He owned a famous trotting cob named Tom Tit, which he had trained perfectly. On the cattle coming to a halting-place, such as the Black Swamp, near Deniliquin, N.S.W., on the road to Sydney, he would wait till night and then cover himself and Tom Tit with a long white sheet. To guide the cob with his feet was a simple matter, and as the two plunged into the mass of cattle the panic was set in motion. The next day he was again busy on Tom Tit, earning a reward for recapturing the scared animals.

This horse of Burrell's was almost as clever as its master. In flood time it worked alone in the water on one side of the surging cattle as they swam across a river, while Burrell attended to the other side. The cob obeyed orders by word of mouth or the motion of a hand in a truly wonderful man-

ner. In addition to this valuable helper the stockman owned a cow and a calf, each of which he had trained carefully. They were taught to lead the mobs over the rivers and prevent them from "ringing," that is, circling in the water instead of going right ahead. Cattlemen in the west cherish a vivid memory of Burrell's "trick cow and calf."

The end of Tom Tit was a sad one. When he saw camels for the first time he took fright, reared and fell so badly that he broke his legs. There was no hope of saving his life; a police trooper mercifully shot him. Burrell sorrowed greatly over the loss of his faithful servant, and duly took his revenge. He shot fifteen camels before he went away. It was never proved that he did so, for his rifle could not be found, but the wise ones had their own reasons for knowing the truth.

Although it does not bear on the subject of cattle-duffing, there is a story about Jack Burrell that may be considered worth recalling. It points the saying that to be a good rogue you must be a clever rogue. A robbery had occurred between Whitecliffes and Wilcania, a parcel of opals having been snatched from the coach that passed over the route. The actual thief was a youth who had succumbed to a sudden temptation, but Burrell was popularly credited with the deed.

"You must have made a good haul that time, Jack," said a friend.

Jack swore that he wasn't the culprit, as at the time of the robbery he was a hundred miles away. "But," he added significantly, "the next time it happens you can bet I *shall* be in it!"

Not many weeks later the coach was again robbed, despite the fact that a police guard sat on the box-seat by the

driver. The basket containing the opals had been placed in the rear of the vehicle, but no one saw it disappear. Burrell's boast being recalled to mind, he was taxed with the theft. He denied it vehemently, and what was more to the point, was able to bring conclusive evidence that he was at a certain township a good many miles distant on the evening of the occurrence, both before the time of the robbery and after. His evidence was not only irrefutable, it was true. By means of a relay of swift horses he had ridden from the township to the scene of the robbery and back, covering the distance in an incredibly short time. And no one knew this until long afterwards, when the incident had been forgotten.

How a horse-thief was cleverly bowled out was related to the writer by a Victorian mounted police inspector. This officer was riding along a bush road with a brother trooper, both being in plain clothes, when they met an individual for whom they had long looked. He was a farmer strongly suspected of stealing horses, but hitherto shrewd enough to cover his tracks successfully. The two policemen reined in their animals, and critically inspected the three horses which the other man had in tow behind him.

"Do you care about selling any?" asked Inspector R—— casually.

"Yes, at my price," returned the farmer.

"And what's that?"

"£20 apiece," came the answer.

The Inspector glanced at his companion. "They wouldn't fetch much in India, would they?" he queried. The other officer gave his opinion on the Indian market and they exchanged comments on the animals. This assured the farmer that he had to bargain with two genuine dealers,

and he hastened to add that he had several other horses for disposal.

After some haggling a deal was apparently brought off. Then, as he had averred that the horses had been bought by him in the first place, the farmer was requested to produce his receipts. He willingly complied. Inspector R—— looked at them closely, as also did his brother officer. The papers were all in the same handwriting and the different signatures were obviously from the same pen.

"Yes," said R——, "quite satisfactory. Now we'd better tell you who we are."

Conviction followed quickly upon arrest, and a dangerous horse-thief went into penal servitude for fifteen years.

In the hunting down and capturing of rogues of this description police troopers have frequently to go very far afield. A ride of two or three hundred miles counts for little in their eyes. Australia is a country of immense distances, and away from the railway line one must push through the endless leagues of bush and scrub on horse or camel as may be. It was a long journey that Mounted Constable Freeman, of the West Australian force, took in the apprehension of horse-thief and cattle-duffer Bridges, some years back. It even led him from his own State into the recesses of the Northern Territory. As an example of how a trooper carries out his duty after receiving his instructions it will bear narration in full. We may note, too, in passing, the tribute that is paid to the black tracker engaged in the pursuit.

The prisoner, Benjamin Bridges, was an escapee from Murrurundi Gaol, New South Wales, where he had been serving a ten years' sentence for horse-stealing. While in the Kimberley district he had worked on several stations,

doing a little "duffing" on his own account when possible. It should be mentioned, further, that several constables and trackers had previously tried to get on the trail of this man, but without avail. Freeman's success was largely due to his skill as a bushman, which one will appreciate the more remembering the difficult nature of the north-west back country. Here is his account of his long trip.

REPORT OF POLICE CONSTABLE A. FREEMAN, REG. NO. 192, RELATIVE TO ARREST OF BENJAMIN BRIDGES. EAST KIMBERLEY DISTRICT. *Argyle Police Station. Jan.* 1, 1900.

"I beg to report that on the 2nd of November last, whilst on patrol with P.C. McGinley on Argyle Station, I met a stranger with two packhorses and boy. From description I recognized him as Benjamin Bridges, for whom a warrant is out for escaping from custody both in Queensland and New South Wales. I called on him to stand, and in reply he galloped away. We pursued him until the police horses we were riding collapsed and he got out of our sight. I then got a fresh horse from the head stockman on Argyle and one for native assistant Pluto, and tracked him into the Ord River and from there into W. Long and W. Irwin's camp (these men are making a paddock for the Argyle people). Here I found his horse, quite knocked up, tied up in the river, and from the tracks concluded that he had got a fresh horse and gone. Tracking from here is impossible, owing to the great number of shod horses about the camp and to constant visits of men from Argyle Station and elsewhere.

"I went back to Argyle Station and found P.C. McGinley had got Bridges' boy and packhorses, went on to Rosewood in the night, and next day down on to the Auvergne

road, where I met Bridges' other boy with more horses and packs. The boy told me he had not seen his 'boss.' I took the boy, horses and packs back to Rosewood, and next day started P.C. McGinley down to Wyndham with them. I myself, taking one native assistant and Bridges' boy, 'Larry,' went straight through the bush for Auvergne Station, where Bridges had been camping and, having satisfied myself that he had not been in that direction, came back to Argyle where I heard that he had been seen in the mountains near W. Irwin's camp. I spent three days and nights in the mountains on foot, but could get no trace of him. Went back to Police Camp, shod fresh horses and went out on top end of Lissadell Run, got tracks on Blackfellows' Creek, ran them to Cartridge Springs, found Bridges' horse, 'Vialong,' camped in vicinity of the Springs for three weeks, leaving horses and camps in Limestone and myself and boys watching the house and surrounding hills night and day. I saw tracks of the offender several times, but could make nothing of them and was afraid to show myself in the daytime.

"On the 13th of December saw where McAttee (who is looking after Cartridge) had ridden on to my tracks and seen where my horses were. As it was useless to stop longer, I went down to Turkey Creek in the night and got fresh supply of rations, wired to headquarters and shod horses, arrested man Annois per instructions from headquarters, and detained him until arrival of P.C. O'Brien with warrant. I then handed over prisoner, and left to follow the tracks of a man named Joseph Stevenson, who is, I know, a friend and adherent of Bridges, and who has been poking about Turkey Creek in a very suspicious manner for the last four or five days. Ran his tracks to Bow River 20 miles, saw

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where he had had a drink of water and started straight back again. Camped, and self and boy spent day looking for tracks. About 3 p.m. cut track of man walking in nailed boots and native barefooted. Felt certain this was my man, so followed it up till night. Camped near Mt. Pitt; no water.

"Next day (22nd) left camp at daylight on foot, followed tracks all day along base of Mt. Pitt, all on stones (wonderful tracking here on part of native Pluto), and had terribly hard time. Could not make one mile an hour; no water, sun very fierce. Saw where Bridges had come to an old soak just dry, and had scraped up wet mud to rub over himself to cool his skin. Saw also where he had stumbled and fallen several times, probably from exhaustion. At sundown reached spring at south-east side of Mt. Pitt, saw where Bridges had camped about two or three days before. Went up into the hill to try and escape mosquitoes and slept; quite knocked up, no food. At daylight sent boy Larry back for horses, and, as tracks were heading for spring on east point of Mt. Pitt, went straight for it, got water, which was very acceptable, followed tracks all day—tracking terribly slow, tedious work. Horses caught us up at sundown; cooked some food and had supper. Had short sleep, and in the night walked to Mt. Eveline (Station Hill) and tried to find camp fire. I knew L. Deignhardt was camped on a spring somewhere about this mountain, and offender would be sure to make there.

"Could see no fires, so returned to camp at daylight, had breakfast and sleep; afterwards packed up and went on to junction of Limestone Creek and Bow River. Got there at sundown, obtained fresh horse and rode into Lissadell Station at 8 p.m. All asleep there, woke up J. J. Durack,

manager, ascertained from him where Deignhardt was camped, about five miles from station, had some supper, left station at 10 p.m., went to within two miles of Deignhardt's camp, let horses go, and went on on foot all night trying to find spring. Very unpleasant owing to rain. Towards daylight found camp, got into it unseen and saw all occupants; Bridges not there, but his other boy was. Boy told me that Bridges had left three days ago on horseback for Auvergne (riding one shod horse). I took boy, went back and got horses and pack, came off to Lissadell Station, had dinner (Christmas Day), shod three horses, left 3 p.m. and went due west trying to cut tracks. Camped on Blackfellows' Creek.

"Next morning got track of one shod horse going in direction of Denham, followed tracks which left route generally taken over 'jump up' and which went straight over ranges. I think Bridges lost his whereabouts here. We followed on foot; terrible job getting horses over range. Got down at sundown and camped on Cabbage Tree Creek. Next day ran tracks to Denham River, near house, left packs, took native assistant Pluto and rode towards house. When near house saw horse tied up to tree outside; left native assistant to watch it and told him if any man ran from the house towards it, and I shouted to him, he was to shoot it and so prevent further escaping on horseback. Myself rode straight to the house.

"No one saw me coming. Just as I pulled up in front of verandah I recognised offender in the room inside, talking to some one. He looked up, saw me jump from the horse, and with an exclamation ran out into the back verandah. I rushed after and overtook him in corner of verandah and, thinking he was armed, covered him with my revolver and

told him to stand. He obeyed, and I called up the native Pluto, who got my handcuffs from my saddle-bag. Having secured offender I told him who I thought he was and formally arrested him, warning him as to making any statement. He only said, 'You have caught me fair. For God's sake don't put more chains on me than you can help!' I told him that it depended on himself how he got treated and took him to the camp. I left that afternoon and came six or seven miles; next day came to the Twenty Mile; then to Wyndham, and handed prisoner over to Wyndham police.

"I feel bound to state that this prisoner gave me not the slightest trouble during the time I had him under arrest. I had him handcuffed day and night, and at night chained his leg to my own. He all the time behaved exceedingly well, and used to assist in getting away in the mornings by every means in his power, catching and saddling his own horse.

"I was on the trail of this offender from the 2nd of November to the 27th of December, and during that time had absolutely no real rest night or day, and was exposed to all the changes of the weather. It is greatly to this that I attribute my health collapsing. I cannot speak too highly of the unfailing energy and tireless persistency of native assistant Pluto, who tracked this man every yard of the way he went. I do not believe there is another native in the district who could do it, and am certain there is not one who would not have got disheartened and lazy by our continual failure to run our man to earth. This boy was all the time just as eager and determined as myself, and but for him, I could never have had the chance of arresting Bridges.

"A. FREEMAN, M.C. No. 192."

To this illuminating record it may be added that Trooper Freeman was rewarded with immediate promotion to the rank of corporal and a money grant of £50 from the New South Wales Government. Of this sum £5 was to be laid out in purchasing suitable presents for native tracker Pluto. " Offender " Bridges was returned to Sydney under escort, and re-sentenced to two years' hard labour.

CHAPTER XX

THE QUEENSLAND POLICE

The Moreton Bay settlement—Convict town—Expansion—Convictism again—The anti-transportation movement—Dr. Lang—Free immigration—Black troubles—Native Mounted Police formed—Frederick Walker—Disbandment and re-organisation—Brutal methods—Uniform and distribution—Early days—Mr. E. B. Kennedy—*Amour propre*—Mr. G. Murray—Police force established—Gold discoveries—Mount Morgan mine—A gold escort tragedy—Cattle-duffing and a murder—Mr. D. T. Seymour, Commissioner—Police duties—Mr. W. E. Parry-Okeden, I.S.O., Commissioner—Major W. G. Cahill, Commissioner—Rank and pay—Present distribution.

THE discovery of the Brisbane River in 1823 was the first step towards the settling of the future great colony of Queensland. Flinders had seen its mouth twenty-four years earlier, but had passed on without suspicion of the noble stream so near. It was left to Surveyor-General Oxley to proclaim its existence, and even then Oxley owed his knowledge to two castaway seamen who had been living among the blacks on the mainland. The Surveyor-General had been sent north from Sydney with instructions to find a spot suitable for a convict settlement. The three penal establishments of Hobart, Norfolk Island and Port Macquarie were overcrowded ; a fourth was necessary. Disapproving of Port Curtis, his original destination, Oxley reported favourably on the district round Moreton Bay, into which the Brisbane empties itself, and the Government

prepared to occupy it. Thus it was that Queensland started on her career with the undesirable taint of convictism.

The first batch of prisoners was despatched from Sydney in September 1824, and eventually settled down on the present site of Brisbane fourteen miles up the river. Following the system of the other convict establishments, that of Moreton Bay had its separate classes of criminals, among whom the work of road-making, building, etc., was apportioned. The "incorrigibles" were not few in number. Captains Millar, Bishop and Logan, the early commandants, had an unenviable task in ruling the little settlement. When, in 1829, female convicts were added to the list, the difficulties were increased immeasurably. The eighteen years of convictism which marked the first half of the pre-separation period are the "dark ages" of the colony. All the barbarisms of Van Diemen's Land, the brutality, corruption and immorality, were repeated, particularly the recourse to the lash. Old-timers have left many records of the terrible scenes that used to be witnessed when a batch of prisoners underwent flogging. As many as thirty or forty would sometimes receive flagellation in the two hours between eight and ten in the morning, the men being strapped to triangles, and we read that the cobblestones ran with blood.

The last draft of convicts under the old régime reached Brisbane in 1839. In New South Wales the agitation for the abolition of transportation was then fast gathering in volume. As we have seen, the system came to an end in the following year. In Moreton Bay, however, while the prison roll was not augmented, the conditions remained practically the same until 1842. Then news came that the settlement was thrown open to free immigration, and shortly after Lieutenant Gorman, the last of the commandants,

resigned the control of affairs. He was succeeded by Dr. Simpson, who had been appointed Acting Police Magistrate for the district, and who, in turn, was superseded by Captain J. C. Wickham. With the ordinary machinery of Government for a free community provided, and the public sale of lands pushed forward, settlers were attracted to the embryo colony. There was a wide field before them. Allan Cunningham and successive explorers had made known the Darling Downs and the basin of the Fitzroy, and the westward country of the Maranoa, the Barcoo, and the Thomson, and into these fertile, well-watered valleys the squatters quickly followed.

This extension of settlement had the ultimate effect of threatening the Moreton Bay district with a fresh danger of convictism. In 1849 Earl Grey urged that "as England had spent large sums of money in New South Wales, the colonists in return should assist the motherland by taking charge of some of her criminals," and in support of this view he proposed that Moreton Bay should be made a place to which transported felons might be sent; and that it should be separated from New South Wales for that purpose. His proposition received no small measure of support from the squatters, who found labour scarce. The Colonial Secretary intimated that he intended to send out with the convicts their wives and families, together with the wives and families of military pensioners, and girls from the workhouses. In accordance with this plan the transport ship *Mount Stuart Elphinstone* arrived in the Bay in July 1849, with over 200 convicts on board. Previous batches, it must be noted, had been dumped there by the *Hashemy* which the citizens of Sydney had resolutely turned from their shores, and by the *Rudolph*. The newcomers were

disposed of to pastoralists as "assigned servants," but the settlers soon had their eyes opened to the nature of their bargain. Scores of the bondmen "jumped" their agreements to find a more congenial, if less legitimate, living in the towns, and there arose a cry for more adequate police protection.

The outlying settlers were those most in favour of the employment of "exiles," as the felon immigrants were termed. They had been denied the free labour that was assisting to develop the other colonies, and labour of some kind or another they must have at any price. The experience of former years did not deter them from inviting a revival of transportation. "I would rather have the pick of the gaols," said one squatter," "than the refuse of the workhouses." And Patrick Leslie, one of the first to occupy the Darling Downs, voiced the opinion of many others when he stated that his gang of twenty-two assigned convicts were worth any forty men he had since seen. This squatter party went still farther. Desirous of advancing the cause of Separation they were ready to secure it, if possible, at the cost of ticket-of-leave labour. A Northern Districts Separation Association was formed, and a petition was despatched requesting her Majesty to erect Moreton Bay into a separate colony and employ it as a penal settlement.

In opposition to this section was another in which the moving spirits were several "free" immigrants who had reached the country under the auspices of Dr. John Dunmore Lang.[1] Anti-transportation meetings were held in

[1] The energetic advocate of encouraging artisans and other "free" emigrants to settle in Australia. Dr. Lang was largely instrumental in bringing about the separation both of Victoria and Queensland. In 1847 and the two succeeding years he chartered three vessels for Port Phillip, and three for Moreton Bay, which brought out several thousands

NATIVE MOUNTED POLICE OF QUEENSLAND WITH WHITE OFFICER.

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Brisbane, and the agitation grew in strength. After resolving that "While we admit that there is a great want of labour in this part of the colony, there are no terms, however favourable, that the Imperial Government could offer us that would induce us, with our own consent, to receive convicts from the mother country to this part of the colony," the protesters formally petitioned for the immediate cessation of the system. Their prayer was heard. In April 1851, the *Sydney Morning Herald* announced: "His Excellency the Governor has received a despatch from the Secretary of State intimating that her Majesty has been advised to rescind the Order-in-Council making the colony a penal settlement." Before this decision had been arrived at, however, the transport *Bangalore* had been sent on her way to Moreton Bay with nearly 300 "exiles" and their families. She arrived a few weeks after the above official proclamation, and with the landing of her human cargo Queensland saw transportation to her shores definitely cease.

In the meantime the little colony had other troubles to combat. The invasion of the pastoral lands by settlers with their flocks and herds in time brought about the usual complications with the natives. Murders of station owners and other outrages became so frequent that the Government sent a small detachment of soldiers to Helidon, a township on the road to the Downs, to keep the blacks in order. This military guard remained there for three years, by the end of which time that part of the country had been rendered safe. In 1848, for the protection of the squatters on the Burnett and Condamine Rivers, a force of native mounted police was raised, this being the first corps of its kind in

of prospective settlers. During his political career Dr. Lang was involved in much controversy. He died at Sydney in 1878.

Queensland. The troopers were recruited in New South Wales by Frederick Walker, the explorer, who had as second in command Lieutenant Marshall. The experiment proved highly successful, and ultimately the force was increased to allow of detachments being distributed over the northern districts. For its upkeep a tax was levied among the squatters generally. Then, after several years of useful service, the police were disbanded by the Government which was seeking to economise and which was lulled into a false sense of security by the comparatively peaceful condition of the country.

The folly of this step soon became evident. The Australian aboriginal in his natural state must be ruled by fear, and the removal of the only check upon them gave free rein to the natives' inclinations. Tragedy now followed upon tragedy, until in 1857 the Government was induced to re-establish the force. Thus the Native Mounted Police of Queensland, a corps that has been closely identified with its development, came into being for the second time, to commence an uninterrupted service that extended over forty years.

The usefulness of the black troopers in preserving order was undoubted. They did their work, in a sense, even better than a white force could have done it. But at the same time their methods were not always commendable. The savage enjoyment which a native displays in killing one of a different tribe often impelled the police to extreme measures. In those early pioneering days an outrage committed by a black generally led to a wholesale slaughtering of the offender's tribe. The most terrible scenes were witnessed, the white officers of the corps being often active participators in the massacres or passive consenting parties,

powerless to hold the troopers back once their blood lust had asserted itself.

When two natives were reported to have murdered a settler on the Condamine, a body of police rode out to arrest them. The blacks were found holding a corrobboree with the rest of their tribe, and the troopers, surrounding them, dealt out so-called justice in a fiendish manner. Volley after volley was fired into the crowd of painted, dancing figures, for whom there was no escape. Then they leapt in to finish the work at closer quarters. An officer of police, whose name is mercifully suppressed, is credited with having cruelly tortured a native boy who was suspected of complicity in some crime. He ordered the prisoner to be tied by his wrists to a beam in the verandah of the police barracks, and then himself "flogged and kicked his victim until he was so maimed that he died."

There are many—far too many—similar instances of brutality placed on record. What has been urged on the other side, that the subjection of the natives by force of arms was imperative, has much truth in it. The aborigines were warlike and treacherous, and their attacks on their white neighbours were characterised by acts of revolting atrocity, but their provocation was often great. The story of one colony's black warfare is like another's. To kill and, if possible, exterminate the natives has been the policy mainly followed in past years. When all is said and done, the treatment of the blacks by the mounted police and by the majority of the squatters must ever remain a dark blot on Queensland's page of history.[1]

[1] In 1861 a select committee of the Queensland Legislative Assembly was appointed to conduct an inquiry into the working of the Native Mounted Police force and the condition of the aborigines generally. A considerable number of witnesses were examined and certain reforms recommended.

THE TROOPER POLICE

By 1860, the year following upon Queensland's separation from New South Wales and assumption of responsible government, the Native Mounted Police was represented by three lieutenants, eleven second-lieutenants, nine camp sergeants, and a hundred and twenty troopers. The uniform was of dark green, the trousers having a red stripe down the side. The cap was of white drill with a peak sticking straight out, but this was at times replaced by one of heavier material and black or dark green in colour, with a red band. On active service in the bush the troopers paid little attention to appearances. Trousers and caps were the first things to be discarded, and a tunic might or might not be worn. A Garibaldi shirt enjoyed much popularity, but for comfort and convenience the black policeman preferred to ride bare to the skin. In the distribution of the force a district was allotted six or eight troopers under the command of one white officer. At first the military rank of lieutenant was retained by the latter, but after the passing of the Police Bill of 1863 officers were known as Inspectors and Sub-Inspectors.

The "Black Police," as the native mounted troopers are best known, were something of an irregular force. Mr. E. B. Kennedy, who served for many years with them in the northern districts, tells us much in his book of the corps' earlier days.[1] No examinations were required of those desirous to join. So long as a man bore a good record, could ride and understand the use of firearms, he was eligible to become an officer. As for drill, beyond a few simple forms, or any sort of red tape, there was nothing to worry about. There was no need for it, in fact. The true "drill"

[1] *The Black Police of Queensland*, to which the reader may be referred for much valuable and interesting information concerning the force.

belonged to the "boys," whose training had begun as soon as they were able to walk. To be able to scout well, to swim and to fight, were all the qualifications demanded of them.

Mr. Kennedy joined the force as Acting Sub-Inspector at £9 a month and rations. His instructions, written out briefly on official paper by his senior officer, were as follows: "You will patrol the stations named in the margin, rendering assistance to the squatters in the event of their calling on you for protection from the aborigines. Keep a full and daily journal of your doings, etc." Thereafter he was employed in making trips of six or eight weeks' duration at a time, with a patrol consisting of himself, five "boys," and eight or ten horses, the spare ones being wanted to carry a tent and rations. The troopers were armed with muzzle-loading smooth-bore carbines, but not with any other weapon. It is not counted for wisdom to trust a black with a revolver, any more than it is deemed wise to trust him out of your sight. The cardinal rule in the Police has been: Keep your troopers, if armed, in *front* of you. Over-confidence in the loyalty of his "boys" has cost more than one N.M.P. officer his life, just as it did Mounted Constable Richardson of the W.A. force.

Nevertheless, there was some safeguard against treachery in the fact that the troopers were enlisted from different tribes, among whom there was no *camaraderie*. A black from the north had nothing in common with one from the south; in natural conditions each would have killed the other with keen relish. There was, too, something in the status that was given the troopers by their uniform. "To show how they used to pride themselves on their *amour propre* and position under their officers," says Mr. Kennedy, "I

was talking to a 'boy' in a hut [1] one evening, when a station hand put his head into the window with the remark: 'I thought I smelt a —— black!' Before I could realise what had happened, there was a rush, the trooper seemed to take a header through the open window and was pursuing the insulter of his skin, who only saved his own by gaining the door of the main building and bolting it behind him. I need hardly remark that all officers treated their 'boys' with as much civility as if these latter had been the home-bred Tommy Atkins."

There were many native raids and outrages to keep the Black Police busy, although nothing occurred of quite so terrible a nature as the massacre at Cullinaringo, the station of Mr. Wills, in 1861. On this historic occasion no fewer than twenty-three whites perished at the hands of the blackfellows. They were avenged by Lieutenant Cave, of the N.M.P., and his detachment of troopers. The police, under the able control of Mr. G. Murray (afterwards chief magistrate at Brisbane), continued to carry out their duties efficiently, and despite the charges of cruelty and inhumanity that have been levelled against them, they certainly have contributed largely towards the later development of the colony. But "the whirligig of time brings in his revenges." The fuller settlement of Queensland, the extension of the railway and telegraph and other concomitants of civilisation, in due course lessened the need for their services. In 1900 the corps was disbanded, and those of its members who cared to re-engage were attached to the general police force as native trackers.

[1] The barracks for the accommodation of N.M.P. officers were built of logs, roofed with bark. The black troopers had "gunyahs," or huts, of their own outside the main building. These gunyahs, which stood in a line, were mere sheds of bark open to the air all round.

Following upon the constitution of Queensland as a separate colony in 1859 a police force distinct from that of the Native Mounted Police was established for ordinary duty in the capital. It was several years before white troopers were regularly stationed in the outlying townships; the black police were sufficient to patrol the country. One of the first needs for a white police force arose with the discovery of gold in the colony. The first "find" was at Canoona, on the Fitzroy River and about thirty miles from Rockhampton. This was in June 1858. A "rush" thither ensued, and ere long fifteen thousand miners had gathered upon the field. There was not room for all, and while some stayed to settle on the land and to lay the foundations of the future prosperous town of Rockhampton, others went prospecting in various directions. To encourage discovery the Government offered rewards of large sums.

The next goldfields to be opened up were those at Calliope, Crocodile Creek and other places in the vicinity of Rockhampton; at Mount Wheeler, Eidsvold, Gympie, the Palmer River, and Charters Towers. That of Gympie proved to be exceedingly rich in its returns, several huge nuggets being found there, while Charters Towers has taken its place as the leading goldfield in the State. But all these discoveries were eclipsed in 1878 by the revelation of the Mount Morgan mine. Here was a veritable mountain of gold, such as no one would have believed to exist outside the pages of the Arabian Nights.

Its history, moreover, savours of romance. The hill was originally occupied by two selectors, Donald and Sandy Gordon, who came to grief through losing their cattle from drought and other causes. They then found it necessary to obtain fresh employment, and one of them, Sandy,

took service under two brothers, named Morgan, at Mount Wheeler. One day a piece of gold-bearing stone was shown to the Morgans as a specimen from the " run " owned by the Gordons. The former were practical miners and investigated the hill, to their satisfaction. The " find " was no ordinary one, and they bargained with the proprietors for its sale, eventually purchasing the selection at the rate of £1 an acre. The portion of the hill that was outside Gordon's fence was secured later under mining lease. In this way the Morgans became possessed of what proved to be the most valuable gold mine in the world. The hill which cost £640 to buy was sold within a few years for £8,000,000. A company was ultimately formed to work it, and so enormous has been the yield that the shares have actually touched a market value of nearly £18,000,000.

To this early period of Queensland's mining days belongs one of the saddest and most tragic events in the annals of the trooper police. This was the murder of a sergeant and constable of a gold escort while travelling in the Peak Downs district. The leading figure in the drama was John Thomas Griffin, who held the important positions of Police Magistrate, Gold Commissioner, Commissioner of Crown Lands, and Inspector of Police at the town of Clermont, two hundred miles to the north-west of Rockhampton. At this place there was a newly-opened goldfield, which was being worked very profitably. Every month or so a consignment of gold that had been purchased by the local bank was sent down under escort to the Australian Joint Stock Bank at Rockhampton, the escort then returning with the equivalent value in notes and bullion. The police guard consisted of a sergeant and two troopers.

Inspector Griffin at the time had got into pecuniary

BLACK POLICE TROOPERS IN BARRACKS.

1. A firing party. 2. In the "gunyah" lines.

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difficulties, but no one probably connected this fact with the circumstance that he one day decided to accompany the gold escort on its trip. He gave out, as his reason for doing so, that he suspected an attempt at robbery on the part of some bushrangers. The sinister design which actuated him, as was shortly after revealed, was now thwarted by the officer in charge of the escort, Sergeant Julian. When his superior ordered him to camp at the Mackenzie River Crossing on the way down the sergeant refused. He condemned the spot as unsafe, owing to the thickness of the scrub. Griffin thereupon made no further effort to interfere, and the party rode into Rockhampton to deliver up its charge to the bank.

On the following day the escort, with its fresh pack of specie, started on the return journey. The Inspector accompanied it to its first camp, which was made near a lagoon not many miles out of the town. He had intended to leave the troopers here and to make a visit to his *fiancée*, who lived in the neighbourhood. But, as things fell out, this plan miscarried. In the evening, while the three members of the escort were busy with the horses, Griffin set the billy boiling for tea and had all ready for them when they came in. That he had tampered with the pot was clear to at least one of the party. The bitter taste of the tea, which caused them to spit it out instantly, aroused Julian's suspicions, and he told the Inspector that he wished to resign his post. There had been bad blood between the two men for some time, the sergeant standing in some dread of his superior.

The escort now returned to Rockhampton, where Julian remained behind. When a fresh start was made one of the troopers was appointed acting-sergeant in the other's place, so that the party consisted of three all told. All

went well on the journey until the crossing at the Mackenzie River was reached. Then, in accordance with the Inspector's instructions, a camp was formed in the scrub. He himself purposed going no farther than this point, having left his horse at " Bedford's," a public-house which they had passed a mile back on the road. With Bedford he had arranged to ride into Rockhampton early the next morning.

The public-house proprietor received his visitor at the hour named and could not help remarking upon his haggard appearance. The Inspector protested that he was quite well and that nothing had happened beyond a scare from bushrangers. He had fired off his pistols in the night to frighten off the intruders. The two men then mounted and went on their way, but at the lagoon already alluded to Griffin left his companion and turned his horse in the direction of his lady-love's house. That was all that was seen of him until three or four days afterwards, when a mailman brought the startling intelligence that the two escort troopers had been found dead in the bush at the Crossing. They had evidently been " stuck up," robbed and murdered, as the camp was in great disorder and the specie bags had disappeared.

In Rockhampton there was the utmost consternation. Griffin at once came forward and formed a party to inquire into the matter, the other members being Sub-Inspector Elliott (the police officer stationed in the town), the bank manager, and two doctors. To these was added a black tracker. All the way to the scene of the tragedy the Inspector betrayed unusual nervousness. He was seen to be suffering under a great strain, especially after they had passed Bedford's place. Sub-Inspector Elliott, remembering particularly the strange story told him by Sergeant Julian,

put two and two together and came very near to guessing the truth. His suspicions received confirmation at the camp, where the doctors' examination of the dead men proved that they had been poisoned by strychnine. As they had evidently shown signs of recovering from its effects the murderer, or murderers, had given them their quietus by putting a bullet through the head of each.

The black tracker, meanwhile, was busy searching the ground all about the camp, and the only tracks he could find were those of a man with a small boot. Into these footprints Griffin's foot fitted exactly.

"My God!" exclaimed the Inspector, putting up his hands to his face. "I can't bear this any longer!"

Elliott came forward and touched him on the shoulder. "I arrest you for the murder of these two troopers," he said. And, producing a pair of handcuffs, he took his senior officer prisoner.

The end of this miserable story is that after due trial Griffin was convicted of the crime and executed. Under cross-examination it was elicited from him that he had appropriated certain police funds, among other peculations, but nothing could induce him to disclose the whereabouts of the gold escort's treasure. The secret was revealed only at the last moment to the warder who attended the condemned man, and then the bundle of notes and gold was found to have been stuffed inside a hollow log close by the old lagoon camp. It had been carried there by Griffin on the morning that he and Bedford had ridden back towards Rockhampton.

This tragic tale of treachery is fortunately without parallel in the police records of Queensland or any State. The other crimes which stand out prominently in the New-

gate Calendar of the colony are associated with native raids, cattle-stealing and the like. Among these there is the case of the Kenneths, that will be remembered for the sensation it caused.

The Kenneth family, comprising the father and two sons, had a cattle "run" on the South Australian border. In their district they enjoyed an unenviable reputation for "duffing," being very justly suspected of driving off other people's unbranded colts and steers and adding them to their own herds. It was impossible to see, otherwise, how they could have got together such a large stock as they possessed. One day a branded bullock belonging to an adjacent station was found on their "run," and a mounted constable went up to investigate the case. On his way to the Kenneths the trooper called at the station in question, and, against his will, was joined by the manager of it. The latter, as was well known, "had his knife into the offenders," and the policeman feared that there would be trouble. He was right. The presence of the station manager precipitated matters.

What happened was described by the native tracker who made the third of the party. He was not on the spot at the first moment of the encounter, but as he was bringing in the horses he heard the men quarrelling and, turning the corner of the house, saw the manager knocked down. One of the younger Kenneths then fired at the fallen man.

"Shoot the blankety nigger!" was the shout that greeted the tracker as he stood surveying the scene. The next instant a bullet whizzed past him, burying itself in the woodwork of the building. But though he was pursued and again fired upon the "blankety nigger" escaped to ride to the nearest mounted police station and spread the news.

A police party searched the Kenneths' station in vain for traces of both the manager and the constable, and interrogated its inmates with like ill-success. The Kenneths said the two men had ridden on after the quarrel. They had promised the bullock should be returned. It wasn't their fault that it had got on to their run, to begin with. As for the shooting, the "nigger" had lied. There had been no "gun trouble." This was all very plausible, but there were some tell-tale shot-holes in the wall of the station house. The police renewed their search with greater zest, and at last happened upon a clue.

In the remains of an old camp fire, at one end of the "run" they found three or four policemen's buttons. That was all left to tell of the fate that had befallen the missing men, but it was enough to hang the Kenneth brothers. The father, against whom the black was unable to directly testify, was acquitted.

Of the many mounted police officers whose names are inseparably linked with Queensland's history—of D'Arcy Uhr, Poingdestre, Aherne, and their famous contemporaries—it is impossible to speak here. Their deeds, for the most part, are chronicled in stray books of reminiscences, in the pages of De Satgé, Edwin Palmer, and other pioneers, but they may yet be gathered together and so be given the wider audience which they well merit. We must pass on to the later aspects of the police.

Since the seventies, when Mr. D. T. Seymour was first Commissioner, the force has undergone few alterations.[1] Out of the total number, less than a thousand, a large proportion are mounted men stationed singly, or in twos and

[1] The later statutes affecting the administration of the force are "The Police Act Amendment," 1891, and "The Police Service Amendment," 1900.

threes, at townships and settlements. Here their duties approximate to those of the troopers in other States ; they are Acting Clerks of Petty Sessions, Registrars in several capacities, Assistant Land Commissioners, Licensing Inspectors, Collectors of statistics for half a dozen Government Departments, and so on. The distinctive offices that are to be noted are Protector of Aborigines and Inspector of Pacific Islanders. And in this connection the present Commissioner, Major W. G. Cahill, reiterates the complaint made by every other chief of police in the Commonwealth. He says, in his last report : " As I have stated previously, extraneous duties still press heavily on the Police as an encumbrance to their more effective services for ordinary police duties in the detection and prevention of crime, more obviously apparent in country districts, where constant patrolling is necessary among the stock-stealing confraternity, whose predatory instincts are actively alive to the fact that the Police in many places are being tied down to office work for other Departments when they should be out patrolling."

Commissioner Cahill was appointed in 1905, having previously served in the force as Inspector. His immediate predecessor was Mr. W. E. Parry-Okeden, I.S.O., a Victorian who migrated to Queensland to take up pastoral pursuits. After several years' pioneering work Mr. Parry-Okeden entered the force in 1870, as Inspector of Police and Customs Border Patrol. He became Commissioner in 1895, and retired on pension after ten more years' service.

The rank of Superintendent does not obtain in the Queensland police force. After the Commissioner the grades (foot and mounted), with their rates of pay per annum are : Chief Inspector, £450 ; Inspectors, 1st class, £400, 2nd class £350 ; Sub-Inspectors, 1st class £300, 2nd class £250,

3rd class £200; Senior Sergeants, £170; Sergeants, from £152 upwards; Acting-Sergeants, from £118 to £144; Constables, from £108 to £134; Supernumeraries, 5*s*. per day. The pay of native trackers ranges from £1 to £1 5*s*. per month.[1] All commissioned officers receive free quarters and expenses when travelling on duty.

In the matter of uniform the authorities have discarded the old jumper and loosely fitting cloth jacket, and followed the usual model of blue tunic and trousers of serge, with a white helmet for full dress and forage cap for undress. For bush work the trooper wears a broad-brimmed khaki hat of felt, turned up and caught at one side, differing from the headgear adopted by any other Commonwealth police, with the exception of the new "cowboy" hat which it is proposed to introduce in the Western Australian force. For bush work, too, khaki or moleskin trousers are the order of the day. In the towns the trooper changes this garb for white Bedford cord riding breeches and high black boots of the regulation pattern, while a sword by his side adds a touch of military smartness to his appearance. The carbine now generally in use is the Winchester, but some divisions still retain Lee-Enfield rifles, or the older Martini-Henry which superseded the Snider. In addition to this every mounted man is armed with a revolver.

The distribution of the force over the twelve police districts of the colony, together with the special branches of service, covers the whole area from the New South Wales border, in the south, to Thursday Island, at the top of Cape York peninsula, in the north. It is an area of 670,500 square

[1] After four, eight, and twelve years' service constables receive £4 a year extra for long service pay. All unmarried members are allowed quarters, fuel, and light; also married men having over five years' service. Native trackers are provided with uniform and rations.

miles.[1] In this far northern tropical district, the chief centres of which are Cairns and Townsville, sugar, rice and bananas are grown. This necessitates the employment of coloured labour, Kanakas being brought over from the South Sea islands. To prevent any repetition of the abuses of earlier years, when the natives were freely swindled of their pay by unscrupulous planters, the Queensland Legislature in 1868 passed the " Polynesian Labourers Act " to regulate the island traffic. For a time there was a suspension of the system, owing to the antagonism that existed towards coloured labour of any kind, but better counsels prevailed and the re-engagement of Kanakas was sanctioned. One of the principal duties of the mounted police of the north is

[1] The distribution of the Queensland Police Force (foot and mounted) for the year 1910, was as follows—

Districts.	Commissioner.	Chief Inspector.	Inspectors.	Sub-Inspectors.	Senior Sergeants.	Sergeants.	Acting Sergeants.	Constables.	Supernumeraries	Total, all Ranks.	Native Trackers.
Brisbane. . .	1	1	1	4	3	27	42	258	—	337	2
Criminal Investigation Branch	—	—	1	—	1	3	9	12	—	26	—
Cairns . . .	—	—	1	1	2	2	12	59	—	77	20
Charleville . .	—	—	—	1	—	3	3	25	—	32	4
Cloncurry . .	—	—	—	1	1	—	2	17	—	21	13
Hughenden. .	—	—	—	1	—	2	1	17	—	21	7
Longreach . .	—	—	—	1	—	2	5	27	—	35	4
Maryborough .	—	—	1	—	3	4	21	53	—	82	1
Normanton. .	—	—	1	1	—	2	5	25	—	34	13
Rockhampton .	—	—	1	—	2	5	10	53	—	71	2
Roma . . .	—	—	1	—	1	4	6	23	—	35	4
Toowoomba .	—	—	1	—	2	7	16	46	—	72	4
Townsville . .	—	—	1	2	2	7	19	74	—	105	9
Water Police, Brisbane and Thursday Island	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	1	—	3	4
Supernumeraries	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	15	15	—
Grand total .	1	1	9	12	17	68	153	690	15	966	87

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TROOPERS OF THE QUEENSLAND MOUNTED POLICE.

FULL DRESS. BUSH UNIFORM (KHAKI).

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to inspect the plantations, and satisfy themselves that the requirements of the Government are being met.

On Thursday Island are stationed a sub-inspector, one sergeant and five constables. At this spot is the head centre of the extensive pearl-shell and bêche-de-mer fisheries of the north-east coast. As is the case with the west coast pearling towns, the population of the island is very mixed. Europeans rub shoulders with Negroes, Malays, Chinese, Japanese, Indians, Arabians, Chilians, South Sea Islanders and other races, in the mingling of which trouble must sooner or later arise. Still, the little squad of police maintain order with a firm hand, stepping in to check racial squabbles, hunting down the pearl thief, and maintaining a vigilant watch over the wily Chinese opium smuggler. A trooper's billet amid such surroundings is no sinecure, but the same may be said of the Queensland mounted police all over the "back" country. The pioneer days have not yet altogether ended.

"FOR MERITORIOUS CONDUCT"
Queensland Police Medal.

wonderful the distance even a child can travel in the circumstances.

"The bush in this part was particularly bad. It was thick, heavily timbered with gums and ironbarks. When we were called out to join in the search early the next morning, I took the gin, Mayella, with me. There were a lot of people out in various directions, but she soon picked up a trail and went off on her own. She was riding a small brown horse, sitting astride as native girls do, while I was on my mare. After the trail had taken us a few miles, I lost sight of it entirely. How Kitty (that was our own name for her) could follow it beat me. But she was a wonder! Then we came to a place where it stopped dead. Kitty got down and went on her hands and knees examining the bushes and grass minutely, and shaking her head with the little moaning noise she used to make when troubled.

"'You're stumped, old girl,' I said to myself. It wasn't any good speaking to her, you see.

"But I was wrong. When she jumped on her horse again she turned him sharp off to the left, through some longish grass. And away off to that side, about forty yards from where we had stopped, she picked up a fresh track. Ten minutes later we found the little chap lying under a tree asleep. He had been travelling round about a good part of the night and was fairly tuckered out. Now, how that gin *knew* that other trail was away off over there, I can't say. You can call it instinct, or what you like. Anyhow, she just went straight to it and found it!"

Such a story might be deemed incredible were it not given on good authority. But it is little more marvellous than many other stories that are told of black trackers. Where the ordinary observer's eye cannot see anything out

of the common an aboriginal will read a whole page of facts. They literally stare him in the face. A dislodged stone, a turned leaf, a broken twig, a few grains of sand left on a patch of rock—all tell him something about what has passed that way. From a horse's hoofmarks he will tell you both the size of the animal and the time that has elapsed since the impressions were made. By the way a hole is dug or a tree notched he will probably tell you what tribe the man belongs to who did the act. A tracker has even been known to say that the man (a complete stranger to him) whose trail he was following was knock-kneed, and he proved to be right. Instances might be cited without number ; the police records are full of them.

In the Murchison River district some time back a mounted policeman had an experience that opened his eyes to a tracker's powers. He was out on a patrol with another trooper, each having a native boy with him. At a certain point the two men parted company, one of them, Kennedy, striking off to the south-east in the direction of Nannine. The other, Trooper Houlahan (he is a sergeant at Kalgoorlie now) kept on his road due east.

After having travelled for five or six days Houlahan was surprised to see some horse tracks meeting his trail and running parallel to it for some little distance. There were the tracks of three horses, which he thought an odd circumstance. A settler, on a ride round his run, usually has but one other horseman with him. However, he could only note the fact as unusual, and he rode on, letting the matter slip from his mind for the moment. Presently there came a loud hail from behind. He turned to see his boy, Jacky, waving a hand excitedly.

" Come here, boss," he called out, " come here."

Houlahan rode back a few yards and saw Jacky pointing eagerly to the tracks.

"Look, boss," he said, "Mine think it that one Kendy track."

"Nonsense," returned the trooper; "we left Kennedy far behind us. He hasn't been this way at all."

"Mine still think it," persisted the tracker. Then, dismounting, he took a nearer view of the hoof marks. "Yes, boss," he went on, "that all one Kendy track. That one big black horse Kendy ride; that grey one Charlie ride; that, little horse for pack." And he proceeded to name the three police horses correctly, "Newark," "Nipper," and "Fancy."

"You're wrong for once, Jacky!" laughed Houlahan "I tell you Kennedy is gone to Nannine. He isn't round here; can't be, in fact!"

But Jacky swore he wasn't mistaken, and nothing the other could say would move him. The trooper was the more sceptical because Jacky had certainly only seen the horses once before, and that was in August, when they were at the barracks, unshod. It was hard to see how he could define their hoofprints and length of stride.

They rode on again towards their destination, and some hours later met a settler whom the trooper knew.

"Hallo!" cried the latter. "Going up to my place? Where is Kennedy? I thought he'd be with you."

"Kennedy?" said Houlahan, wonderingly.

"Yes, Kennedy. Didn't you meet him on the road? He was at my station the day before yesterday."

To his astonishment Houlahan learned that his fellow-trooper had changed his plans and ridden round that way. The tracks they had passed were those of his three horses cutting across Houlahan's own trail. Jacky had identified

COURT HOUSE, DARNLEY ISLAND, N. QUEENSLAND.

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them exactly. If further corroboration were needed it was supplied by Trooper Kennedy himself when he and Houlahan met a few weeks later.

To accompany a black tracker on one of his trips is a liberal education. It can be safely recommended to any scout—man or boy—as the most perfect object lesson he can receive. It is the last word in the science of observation and deduction. The tracker rides along at an easy pace, following the signs with a rapidity which would baffle any but an expert bushman. He only dismounts when a knotty problem presents itself and it is desirous to take a look at the tracks from another position. Then he will view them from an acute angle with the light falling upon them, so that each significant detail is brought out. The moment he has satisfied himself he is up in the saddle again and off at a jog-trot, his eyes keenly scanning the trail before him. While thus engaged he rarely speaks. Every sense is alert and strained to the full. There is nothing that escapes his gaze; the rough bush track and its surroundings is an open book to him.

You never lose your admiration for a tracker's wonderful skill, though the performance may be no new thing to you. Mr. E. B. Kennedy bears witness to this. It was always a day of keen excitement for him when he was out on duty with his Queensland "boys." Once it was to search for a "jackeroo," a new chum, who had got "bushed" in the country inland from Rockhampton. He took a couple of native troopers, the steadiest and smartest of his little force, and proceeded to the house of the squatter for whom the lost one had been working. Here they spent the night, intending to commence operations at an early hour the following morning.

"By daylight next day the 'boys' had brought up the horse of the missing man, and having taken a good look at his shoes they turned him loose again. Then (with a supply of brandy and milk) we rode away, after having the direction pointed out at which the riderless horse was found grazing. This spot proved to be some five miles distant, and the 'boys' upon reaching it picked up the back tracks of the animal. Holding to this, though other shod horses had crossed the trail, we found that it had come at a gallop from a belt of forest which was visible on the far side of a great plain. The 'boys' galloped along the tracks, steadied down after entering the gum-trees, and then proceeded cautiously, having to make a small cast now and then, so faint were the signs, even to them, on the hard ground under the timber. Not a word was uttered by them whilst puzzling out the hoofmarks, but I was conscious of a subdued excitement as I watched their actions.

"At length, after many tortuous windings, during which the homeward-bound horse had walked, we came to where he had galloped out of a clearing in the forest. This had been caused, in days gone by, by a cyclone or whirlwind wrecking some of the great trees. At this spot the two troopers pointed out something to each other, and then got off their horses. I did likewise, feeling that some special discovery had been made. One 'boy' held the three horses; the other walked on and pointed out to me, evidently considering that I ought to understand his hieroglyphics, that here the white man was thrown, there he had picked himself up and run after the horse, when failing to catch it he had sat down on that log and smoked; and, sure enough, what I did see was a half-burnt wax match at the spot indicated. As we looked back from this point, I noticed that the

forest was very dark and thick, and it was doubtless owing to this fact that the dismounted rider had not been able to see which way the horse had taken ; for after a few irresolute turnings he had proceeded in quite a contrary direction. This, it may be mentioned, was the first fatal step which led to his undoing.

" And now the ' boys ' followed his tracks on foot, leading their horses. This course was inevitable, but seemed to me terribly slow work, considering that every moment was precious. On for many weary miles we went, till at length the trackers said we should not get him that night, but that as he was ' walking strong ' he would most likely pull through if he found water—so far we had seen no signs of this. Seeing that the trail bore rather to the right of our position, I ventured to ask whether it would not lead eventually to the running stream, which I knew was somewhere out there.

" ' Bel, marmy ' (no, master), they answered with a pitying smile, as they pointed out a line of mountains in quite another part of the country, which they averred dominated that sparkling brook ; and then, as if interpreting my own thoughts, informed me that we must find water for ourselves and horses before long, preparatory to forming a camp for the night. One of them then ascended a tall tree to its very top, and, having apparently thus taken in the lie of the country, descended, and with his tomahawk blazed the trunk all round. Then, quitting the trail, he mounted his horse and rode off at a tangent, merely remarking as he pointed with his chin (the customary gesture), ' I believe water sit down there.' We had been suffering from thirst for some time now, and, like most men under similar conditions, glad thoughts arose in my mind of bubbling springs and

cool water affording unlimited 'drinks' of the life-giving fluid.

"Alas, for the reality! We came at last to a deep defile in the forest, and having with some trouble ridden the horses down its steep banks, the dry bed of a small creek presented itself. We followed this down in single file, when the leading 'boy,' uttering an exclamation of disgust, threw himself from his horse, which I then saw was making frantic efforts to rush into a sort of scoop-out in the ravine. The others tried to follow suit, and we had difficulty in restraining the poor beasts, who had smelt water. And what a miserable puddle it was! The quick eye of the 'boy' had seen that any one of our steeds would have drunk most of it up and rendered the residue undrinkable by stirring up the mud. So he saved the situation by his warning. It took two of us all our time to hold the animals, whilst the third man carefully dipped out about a gallon of the precious liquid with a pint pot, pouring it into our largest billy. In spite of its being warm, and spiced with gum-leaf juice, the drink all round proved most refreshing, and we were able to smoke again. After filling the can once more for a big brew of tea, we waited sufficiently long for the small hole to fill up, and at last partially watered the horses by means of an india-rubber basin we had with us. They were then hobbled out, and as the dew fell copiously that night, and there was a fair amount of herbage, they proved pretty fit by the next morning.

"There was little more than a pint of muddy water left in the hole when we looked into it at sunrise the next day, so the source had evidently stopped running. Now I wondered, as we prepared to mount after our night's rest, whether the trackers would make a cast, and so hit off the

trail, or return to the blazed tree. They chose the latter course, doubtless for some good reason known to themselves, and picked up the footsteps at once. Shortly after we had made this fresh start the course of the wanderer proved most erratic, circling around the belts of timber to the right, again to the left, without either aim or object. It was evident that the man we were hunting had no compass with him; further, that he was becoming wildly bewildered. We followed the errant footmarks thus for some two hours, when they suddenly took a straight course, and looking ahead the troopers pointed out a fringe of dark-leaved trees, which, as I knew of old, denoted the channel of a water-course, and this it proved to be, but utterly dried up. Into this the feet of the exhausted man had taken him, and in it his hands had scraped deeply in the sand, but to no purpose, and we knew now that he had not met with water during the whole of his lonely wanderings."

But the hapless "jackeroo" was not far off. The blacks ran his tracks down the sandy bed and presently returned to announce: "That fellow sit down there, that fellow bong (dead)." A native dislikes handling the corpse of a white man, and the two boys left Mr. Kennedy to inspect the body by himself. Fortunately the trackers' surmise proved incorrect; the poor fellow was not "bong" but "budgery" (all right), in the sense that he was still alive. He was in a pitiable condition through lack of food and drink, and it took some time before he was sufficiently restored to be able to walk any distance. However, the party returned him safely to his home, where he picked up strength again within a few weeks.

The above experience conveys to us a clear idea of a black tracker's methods in following a trail, at the same

time that it gives us an illustration of the noble work performed by the mounted police. No one is ever more ready than the trooper to set out in search of a person lost in the bush ; no one is more indefatigable in his efforts. It is in the country, in the back-blocks, that the police receive their due meed of appreciation. Your townsman, safe within his sheltered, well-ordered streets, is too apt to regard the trooper with indifference. He sees that worthy at parades and on show days, in all the glory of full dress—white helmet, Bedford cord riding breeches, polished high boots, and dangling sword—and if his eye is pleased with the spectacle that is probably all. Many of us will do well to remember that there are two sides to the picture.

Yet another remarkable display of tracking that is on record occurred in South Africa, at the time of the late Boer War. With one of the Australian contingents was a native tracker named Billy. In an officers' mess one evening the subject of scouting came up for discussion, and when an Australian who was present sang the praises of the aboriginal there was a chorus of disbelief. He was accused of "blowing." With all due respect to the black's ability one couldn't be expected to swallow fairy tales !

"Very good," said the Australian. "Perhaps you'll believe your own eyes. I'll bet you fellows that our man Billy will track any of you wherever you like to go, and that he will bring back a correct report of your doings."

The wager was snapped up promptly, and a day was appointed for the test. It was arranged that five British officers should start, at different times and in different directions, two of them being on foot and three on horseback. Billy, of course, was not to see where they went.

This programme was carried out, and the tracker was

placed at the starting-point after a proper interval had elapsed. He quickly picked up a track and followed it for a stated time, doing the same with the four other tracks, so that all were covered well before dark. Then he returned to tell his story to the expectant officers, the five whom he had tracked producing their note-books to check the details.

"The tracker," says Mr. E. B. Kennedy, who is again our authority, "first stating that the men had chosen their various routes over all the hard and rocky ground of the neighbouring veldt, then proceeded to draw five lines in the sand, and descanted on each track. Those of the mounted men he had followed at a run. He described how one had got off his horse and had then lit his pipe, producing the half-burnt match to prove it. Another had been thrown by his mount putting its foot into a hole whilst going at a canter; the horse had then bolted, and the rider had caught it within a mile. The third had got off his horse and walked into the shade of some trees, and having tied up his charger had climbed one of these, presumably to get a view, as there was neither 'possum nor 'sugar-bag' in it, said Billy.

"The footmen had given a little more trouble, especially one man whom the 'boy' described as 'silly fellow' because he had gone in his socks, had cut his foot at one point, and gone lame for the rest of his journey; a piece of fluff from a sock was brought back as one proof, whilst the officer allowed the accident to his foot to be true. Dark brown, light brown, and grey hairs represented the three horses. In fact, Billy proved beyond doubt that he had run and read every track faithfully, by recording many other minute finds and incidents.

"The officers were thoroughly convinced, and willingly handed over their bets to the Australian."

For what remuneration, it may be asked, does the intelligent aboriginal offer his services ? Generally speaking there is no fixed sum. The trackers who were summoned from Queensland to aid the Victorian police in the hunt after the Kellys, were paid £3 a month each, with uniform, quarters, and rations ! This was a special rate. Present day trackers such as " Paddy " and " Leo," who are on the South Australian police staff, or the two natives in the Victorian force, stationed at the stud depôt at Dandenong, will receive a regular salary. Others who are engaged by individual troopers, as occasion requires, make their bargain independently. Sometimes the pay is made in cash, sometimes in cash and goods. In former years, when the police pay was not so high as it is at the present time, the average allowance for the keep of a native tracker was 2*s*. a day. Out of this sum there were flour, sugar and tobacco *to be* bought. " Black tobacco " (the only kind then procurable) cost 7*s*. per pound, twenty-four sticks going to the weight. In winter, with molasses mixed with it, the tobacco made eighteen sticks. As the trooper, further, had to clothe his assistant, with shirts at 8*s*. each, moleskin trousers at 10*s*. and boots from 12*s* to 15*s*. a pair, to say nothing of hats, there was not much margin for luxuries.

In those days, however, a native was more easily satisfied. If he returned to his camp with a little money and various useful presents he was a comparatively rich man. Nowadays the black tracker has come to understand his value, and is ready to insist that the labourer is worthy of his hire.

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TYPES OF NATIVE TRACKERS.

1. "LEO." 2. "PADDY" (profile and full face).

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CHAPTER XXII

THE POLICE TROOPER OF TO-DAY

Entering the force—Preliminary tests—At the police depôt—A day's routine—The riding school—Drill—"First Aid"—Class work—End of probation—Practical education—Manifold duties—Compensations—A long journey—"Hatters"—The lighter side—Wanted a divorce—A Queensland episode—Summing up.

WE have followed the mounted policeman through his varied career in the several States of the Commonwealth; we have watched him at work in many capacities, in town and country, on goldfield and pearling ground, in bush and scrub, north, south, east and west. We have accompanied him through the stirring pioneering days, seen him pitted against bushranger, cattle-thief and savage black, and seen him, too, come through the ordeal bravely and well. It may now be asked, what manner of man is the trooper of the present day, and how is he trained for the duties that he has to perform?

Some little insight has been given already into the mode of entrance into one or more of the police services. To properly comprehend, however, the nature of a trooper's schooling and his evolution from the raw product into the finished article, we cannot do better than follow a recruit through his various stages. No particular force need be stated; except in a few minor details the methods of training are alike in all.

The applicant for a post as mounted constable in the first place receives a form which he is required to fill up. This gives the necessary qualifications of candidates and includes a list of questions bearing on character, past record, and other important points.[1] Assuming that his application has been accepted our would-be trooper policeman presents himself at the headquarters office, where his measurements are taken, to ensure his being up to the requisite standard. The next step is personal inspection by the Commissioner. The chief puts the candidate through a cross-examination, checking the replies by the papers before him, and satisfies himself that the other is the right type of man. There are then three more tests to be passed, educational, riding and medical. The first of these is not severe ; it is to horsemanship that most attention is paid, to good hands and an easy seat in the saddle. The practised eye of the riding-instructor quickly sums up a man's capabilities.

Having passed these preliminary tests, and there being a vacancy in the force, the candidate is sent to the police depôt to enter upon his probationary period. Here he is provided with his kit and equipment, with helmet, cap, tunic, riding breeches, boots, leggings, spurs, gloves, button brushes, etc., and saddlery. At the stables he is allotted a horse, which he will himself groom and otherwise look after. In the course of the next day or two he has explained to him the mysteries of putting a kit together, bedding down a horse, burnishing a sword, and generally cleaning his accoutrements. Everything must be "just so" in this respect, as spick and span as in a first-class line regiment. The slacker will pay dearly for slovenliness.

On the morning after his arrival at the depôt the recruit

[1] See Appendix E.

has his first taste of routine life. Here is one day's programme, as followed in an eastern state's police force :—

5.45 a.m. Rise ; fold up bed and bedding.

6.0. Stables ; clean out stables, stack up clean bedding and water horse.

7.0 to 7.30. Clean and feed horse, and get kit and stable ready for inspection.

9.30. Parade for inspection. Afterwards stand by bed while beds and barrack rooms are inspected by officer in charge.

10.0. Parade on drill ground for dismounted drill, with carbine or sword.

10.30. Riding school. Afterwards take off saddlery, clean it and water horse.

12.0 a.m. Prepare forage for next twenty-four hours. Nose-bags to be filled up with proper proportions of rations, and horses fed.

2.0.p.m. Parade for an hour's drill (dismounted).

3.0 to 5.0. Thoroughly clean kit, groom horse and have it ready for inspection.

5.0. Water and feed horse and bed it down for the night and leave stable clean.

Every recruit takes turn of duty as stable guard from 6.0 a.m. to 6.0 p.m., the relieving guard going on duty from 6.30 to 9.30 p.m., and the night guard from 9–30 p.m. to 6.0 a.m. At 9.30 p.m., unless on guard or on leave, he must stand by his bed at roll-call.

In the riding school during the first three weeks the recruit dispenses with stirrups. He advances to these and spurs as he progresses. Particular attention is paid to the control of the horse, the average rider, be he ever so good a bushman, using his hands more than his legs. Apart from

exercise in trotting, galloping and other movements the new hand is taught how to fit his saddlery correctly, how to apply the proper aids in controlling his mount, and further, how to shoe it and tend to it as he will have to do in the course of duty when a full-fledged trooper.

The drill (mounted) includes cavalry sword exercise, pursuing practice, manual and firing exercise, and mounting and dismounting with carbine. There is also revolver practice both in and out of the saddle. For improvement in marksmanship the novice undergoes a course of instruction at the butts. The physical drill is a part of the training which is carefully supervised in every police force. A depôt barracks is provided with an up-to-date, well-equipped gymnasium under the charge of a competent instructor, and herein the men are daily exercised. The useful art of ju-jitsu, of late years, has been taken up by the police, and it bids fair to become a general accomplishment.

Swimming being an essential qualification of a trooper policeman it follows that he must receive instruction in life-saving. In some services the men are encouraged to attend ambulance classes and to learn "first aid," but this is not yet compulsory. That it should be so has been urged strongly, and in view of the isolated life led by many troopers in the back-blocks such knowledge would be of the utmost value. In this connection it may be noted that the West Australian force makes a special feature of this class of work. One of its members, Sergeant Smith, now stationed at the Perth headquarter barracks, has been recently awarded the Distinguished Service Medal by the Royal Life-Saving Society.

On the educational side the young recruit's training is quite as thorough. There are lectures on police rules and

discipline to be attended, lectures and demonstrations on the system of taking finger-prints, and lectures on the various statutes affecting the force. By attending police courts he learns how evidence should, and should not, be given, and by preparing papers on imaginary examples he studies the art of presenting a case in correct official form. The clerical work that falls to a mounted constable is no small part of his duty. Reference has been made more than once to the assistance that the police afford various Government departments in the accumulation of statistics and general information. Our probationer, therefore, must be equal to making out careful, detailed returns on agricultural, pastoral, mining and other industries. There is no knowing what a trooper may be asked to report upon : he is one of the first people to whom a department turns when it requires facts and figures on some special subject.

We will say that the would-be mounted policeman has successfully survived his probationary period of twelve months. He is now ready to be drafted to a country district, to be broken in to the actual life of a trooper. So far as he knows, he is well primed for his duties ; he has the Parliamentary Acts at his fingers'ends and a very proper confidence in his own ability to interpret the law. There comes now the commencement of an education—a practical education —that will set the seal upon his training. His experience may be said to justify the old card-playing dictum that "whist begins where Cavendish leaves off." He finds that the unexpected is always happening and that he is constantly being confronted with the unprecedented. Here comes the opportunity for him to display those qualities of judgment, decision and tact which are absolutely essential to his success. He must learn to think and act quickly,

to be lenient or severe as occasion demands—even to shut his eyes to a breach of the law, maybe. His position, particularly if he is the only constable in his district, is an onerous one, for to him everybody will come when difficulties arise. Life in a small, scattered settlement is made up of small things. There will be much to try his temper and test his courage.

Above all things, the trooper policeman must be "a whale for work." He is the only public servant—the only working man, indeed—in Australia for whom there is no eight-hours day. His work begins at any time and it ends similarly, if it ever does end. From a week's trip after a horse-thief or a black raider he returns to his office to find a heap of letters awaiting replies. "Mr. So-and-So of the Public Lands Department desires Mounted Constable John Mulcahy, Reg. No. 0126, to furnish him with particulars as to the number of acres cleared for cultivation in his district during the past twelve months." Mr. Blank, of another branch, asks for information with regard to bee-keeping. An Hon. Member has raised a question in the House and statistics must be prepared in readiness.

And so it goes on. There are a hundred and one things calling for attention. One day it is pen and ink work, another he is in the saddle again to help in putting out a bush fire, or in rounding up a lost horse. Let no prospective mounted constable think that it is going to be "all gas and gaiters" for him when he has donned the smart-looking uniform and goes riding out with sword and carbine in the glory of full dress. There are plenty to envy him, perhaps, but they mainly see the smooth side to his life.

Yet, with all its hard work and trials, a trooper policeman's lot has its attractions and compensations. There is

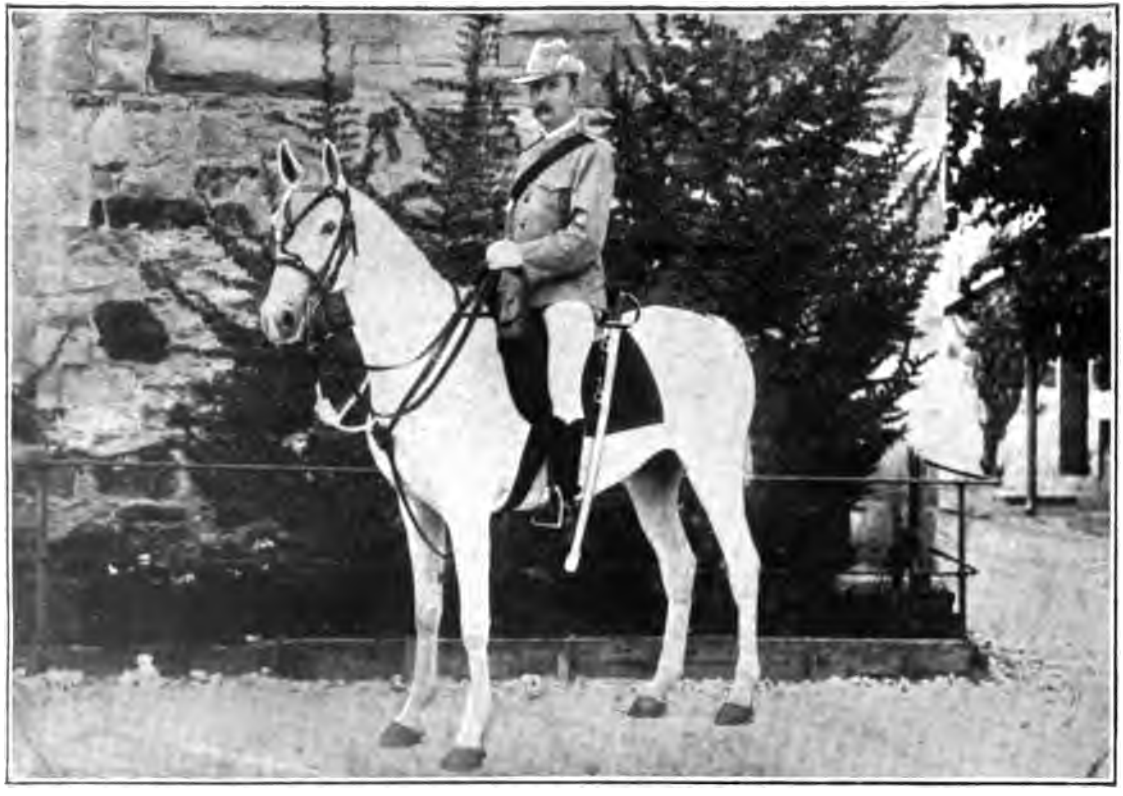
an undeniable status conferred by the position. In his own circle he is a very important personage ; and if he makes many enemies among a certain class, he makes many friends elsewhere. There is always a welcome for him at a squatter's station, and bush hospitality in Australia is proverbial. Then there is the freedom of the life when patrolling has to be done ; the long rides through the bush with one or two native trackers for company, and the opportunities for sport of varied kind. In up-country districts wild-fowl are plentiful. The camp meal is often to be provided by the gun. When the feeling of loneliness that is apt to seize upon a man has worn off, and he comes under the spell of the bush, a trooper policeman finds the harness sitting lightly upon him. There is something in the country that catches him, something that is satisfying to his life, and he can shrug his shoulders at the cares of office.

"I look back," said one ex-trooper, "to the years I spent in the bush and wish I had them to live over again. There was plenty of hard work, real tough jobs at times, and a fair share of nasty work ; but it was a life for a man ! You don't take kindly to the city after you've been in the wilds for long. Streets and houses seem to cramp you. And the comradeship you enjoy, the scores of good fellows you meet, the spice of excitement at times, the hard ride by day and the camp-fire with its yarns at night—they're not easily forgotten, I tell you. 'Oh ! the hardest day was never then too hard ! ' Gordon knew all about it, for he had been a trooper himself. I served a rough apprenticeship in my first few years of service, and I had my bad times after that, but one looks back upon them easily in the end. Get a dozen 'old hands' together and set them yarning of the days 'out back.' You'll see then what I mean."

Touching the variety of duties that fall to a mounted policeman's lot only a few have been mentioned. He exhibits his usefulness to the State in so many ways that it is difficult to enumerate them all. An important work he frequently undertakes is the care of indigent blacks, to whom he serves out blankets and other necessaries. Of the detection of native criminals enough has been said in previous chapters, but it is not always recognized how great is the distance that a constable may have to travel in the execution of his duty. In one case that came under the writer's observation a trooper had the following experience.

An aboriginal murder had been committed in the Murchison country, W.A. With three native witnesses the officer proceeded under orders to Carnarvon, which he reached only to find that the offender had escaped. He was then instructed to take the witnesses back to the Mt. Wittenoom Station and remain there for orders. Eleven hundred miles had now been covered. The next move was to Geraldton, 210 miles distant; thence he returned to Mt. Wittenoom, and thence, again, to Moorarie, this last a 200 miles' journey. In all over 1,700 miles were covered, and the blacks walked all the way! The time occupied was from the end of June to the end of the following January. This is an extraordinary instance, perhaps, but Australia is a country of immense distances, and a trip of many hundreds of miles may be a trooper's experience at any time.

An unpleasant form of duty is the bringing in of lunatics from outlying parts, though, happily, this does not occur frequently. If it is in the hot weather and the plains have to be crossed, the scarcity of water adds greatly to the hardships of the journey. The "hatters," as the patients are commonly known, are the bane of the country police-



A QUEENSLAND TROOPER POLICEMAN.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

man's life when they break loose. The news that one is abroad in the bush in a state of nudity generally means that his capture will only be effected after a long, tiresome chase in the teeth of a stifling hot wind.

Of the lighter side of his life the police trooper is much more ready to speak, and often his experiences are quaint. As registrar of marriages, for instance, he has been called upon to " tie the knot " for many a happy couple who were out of reach of a clergyman, and once at least he was petitioned to pronounce a divorce. Trooper Donegan was the officer in the case, that same Donegan who was representative of the law in the Northern Territory, as has been told. The parties to the suit were an illicit grog-seller, whose shanty had been destroyed by the police, and his wife.

As Mr. Searcey narrates the story, soon after the raid Donegan, who was a J.P. among other things, received a visit from the two relative to divorce proceedings. The lady, he learned, desired to get rid of her husband, having a second mate in mind, and was prepared to pay handsomely, cash down, for the deliverance.

" Can't be done," said Donegan curtly. " It's out of my power."

"Then if you won't do it," she retorted, " I'll shoot him ! "

And finding the trooper still obdurate, Mrs. Shantyman was as good as her word, for withdrawing from the office, she " drew a bead " on her spouse and was peppering him hotly when the law interfered. She then entrenched herself in a store-room which had to be carried by force of arms, but her arrest was followed by an acquittal. What further proceedings, legal or otherwise, she took is not recorded.

Even an ordinary criminal case may have an accidental light touch in it. There was an interlude in the arresting

of a noted Queensland horse-thief some years ago, which was not strictly in order. The prisoner was one Caldwell who was taken asleep in his camp in the bush, where a police officer had recognized him as an old offender badly "wanted" on several charges. Caldwell, by the way, was a desperate character and during the journey down to Mackay made a fierce attack on his captor in the hope of escaping. The officer took the rough and tumble in good part. At the next stopping-place, on the Bowen River, the two entered a public-house, and here met a drover who bore a grudge against Caldwell. This man was highly pleased to see his enemy with the handcuffs on, and commenced gibing him.

The horse-thief writhed under the other's taunts. He was powerless to retaliate. "The filthy blackguard!" he said; "he wouldn't dare stand up to me if I had my hands free! Let me have a go at him, sergeant, won't you? I'll act straight, I swear!"

The officer hesitated—and was lost. His sympathies were aroused. The handcuffs were unlocked and Caldwell turned up his sleeves. It was a pretty fight, for the drover was no novice, but Caldwell whipped him till he couldn't stand. Then the victor put out his hands for the "bracelets" again, and the journey was resumed. Probably the memory of that ten minutes helped to sweeten the ten years' term which he subsequently served.

To sum up, the police trooper of Australia, regarded from all points of view, is well worthy of the high praise that has been bestowed upon him. As the "handy man" of his country he occupies a unique position. Almost the only fault he has is that he is too willing to take a heavy burden on his back and do work that should fall to others. One critic has pointed out that "by indefinitely multiplying the

duties of police officers a twofold risk is run—that of rendering the work so complex that men of average talent and education will be unable to perform it thoroughly, and that of undermining the popularity of the force by exhibiting its members before the eyes of the people as universally interfering and censorious." There is food for reflection in this. Every chief of police in the seven States will subscribe to the utterance. For the present, however, the mounted policeman cheerfully continues to carry out his manifold duties and in their performance he has the satisfactory knowledge that he is no mean factor in the development of the Commonwealth.

THE END.

bandmen. To have a chaplain on board, with a surgeon, and one mate at least; the former to remain at the settlement.

"That these vessels should touch at the Cape of Good Hope, or any other place that may be convenient, for any seed that may be requisite to be taken thence, and for such live stock as they can possibly contain, which, it is supposed, can be procured there without any difficulty, and at the most reasonable rates, for the use of the settlement at large.

"That Government should immediately provide a certain number of ships of a proper burthen to receive on board at least seven or eight hundred convicts, and that one of them should be properly fitted for the accommodation of the women.

"That these ships should take on board as much provisions as they can possibly stow, or at least a sufficient quantity for two years' consumption; supposing one year to be issued at whole allowance, and the other year's provisions at half allowance, which will last two years longer, by which time it is presumed the colony, with the live stock and grain which may be raised by a common industry on the part of the new settlers, will be fully sufficient for their maintenance and support.

"That, in addition to the crews of the ships appointed to contain the convicts, a company of marines should be divided between them, to be employed as guards for preventing ill consequences that might arise from dissatisfaction amongst the convicts, and for the protection of the crew in the navigation of the ship from insults that might be offered by the convicts.

"That each ship should have on board at least two surgeons' mates to attend to the wants of the sick, and should be supplied with a proper assortment of medicines and instruments, and that two of them should remain with the settlement.

"After the arrival of the ships which are intended to convey the convicts the ship of war and tender may be employed in obtaining live stock from the Cape, or from the Molucca Islands, a sufficient quantity of which may be brought from either of those places to the new settlement, in two or three trips; or the tender, if it should be thought most advisable, may be employed in conveying to the new settlement a further number of women from the Friendly Islands, New Caledonia, etc., which are contiguous thereto, and from whence any number may be procured without difficulty.

"The whole regulation and management of the settlement

should be committed to the care of a discreet officer, and provision should be made in all cases, both civil and military, by special instructions under the Great Seal or otherwise, as may be thought proper.

"Upon the whole, it may be observed with great force and truth that the difference of expense (whatever method of carrying the convicts thither may be adopted), and this mode of disposing of them and that of the usual ineffectual one is too trivial to be a consideration with Government, at least in comparison with the great object to be obtained by it, especially now the evil is increased to such an alarming degree, from the inadequacy of all other expedients that have hitherto been tried or suggested.

"It may not be amiss to remark in favour of this plan that considerable advantage will arise from the cultivation of the New Zealand hemp or flax-plant in the new intended settlement, the supply of which would be of great consequence to us as a naval power, as our manufacturers are of opinion that canvas made of it would be superior in strength and beauty to any canvas made of the European material, and that a cable of the circumference of ten inches made from the former would be superior in strength to one of eighteen inches made of the latter. The threads or filaments of this New Zealand plant are formed by Nature with the most exquisite delicacy, and may be so minutely divided as to be manufactured into the finest linens.

"Most of the Asiatic productions may also, without doubt, be cultivated in the new settlement, and in a few years may render our recourse to our European neighbours for those productions unnecessary.

"It may also be proper to attend to the possibility of procuring from New Zealand any quantity of masts and ship timber for the use of our fleets in India, as the distance between the two countries is not greater than between Great Britain and America. It grows close to the water's edge, is of size and quality superior to any hitherto known, and may be obtained without difficulty."

APPENDIX B

TEXT OF TREATY MADE BETWEEN JOHN BATMAN AND THE ABORIGINAL CHIEFS OF PORT PHILLIP DISTRICT, 1835

"KNOW all persons that we, three brothers, Jagajaga, Jagajaga, Jagajaga, being the three principal chiefs, and also Cooloolock, Bungarie, Yanyan, Moowhip, Monmarmalar, being the chiefs of a certain native tribe called Dutigallar, situate at and near Port Phillip, called by us, the above-mentioned chiefs, Irausnoo and Geelong, being possessed of the tract of land hereinafter mentioned, for and in consideration of twenty pair of blankets, thirty knives, twelve tomahawks, ten looking-glasses, twelve pair of scissors, fifty handkerchiefs, twelve red shirts, four flannel jackets, four suits of clothes, and 50 lbs. of flour, delivered to us by John Batman, residing in Van Diemen's Land, Esquire, but at present sojourning with us and our tribe, do, for ourselves, our heirs, and successors, give, grant, enfeoff, and confirm unto the said John Batman, his heirs and assigns, all that tract of country situate and being in the bay of Port Phillip, known by the name of Indented Head, but called by us Geelong, extending across from Geelong Harbour about due south for 10 miles, more or less, to the head of Port Phillip, taking in the whole neck or tract of land containing about 100,000 acres, as the same hath been before the execution of these presents delineated and marked out by us, according to the custom of our tribe, by certain marks made upon the trees growing along the boundaries of the said tract of land, with all advantages belonging thereto, unto and to the use of the said John Batman, his heirs, said tract of land, and place thereon, sheep and cattle, yielding and delivering to us and assigns, to the meaning and intent that the said John Batman his heirs and assigns, may occupy and possess the same, and our heirs and successors the yearly rent or tribute of fifty pair of blankets, fifty knives, fifty tomahawks, fifty pair of scissors, fifty looking-glasses, twenty suits of slops or clothing, and two tons of flour. In witness thereof, we Jagajaga, Jagajaga, Jagajaga, the three principal chiefs, and also Cooloolock, Bungarie, Yanyan, Moowhip, and Monmarmalar, the chiefs of the said tribe, have hereunto affixed our seals to these presents, and have signed the same.

Dated, according to the Christian era, this 6th day of June, 1835. —Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of us, the same having been fully and properly interpreted and explained to the said chiefs.

"(Signed) JAGAJAGA, his × mark.
JAGAJAGA, his × mark.
JAGAJAGA, his × mark.
COOLOOLOCK, his × mark.
BUNGARIE, his × mark.
YANYAN, his × mark.
MONMARMALAR, his × mark.
JAMES GUMM.
WM. TODD.
JOHN BATMAN."

"Be it remembered that on the day and year within written, possession and delivery of the tract of land within mentioned was made by the within-named Jagajaga, Jagajaga, Jagajaga, Cooloolock, Bungarie, Yanyan, Moowhip, Monmarmalar, chiefs of the tribes of natives called Dutigallar-Geelong, to the within-named John Batman, by the said chiefs, taking up part of the soil, and delivering the same to the said John Batman, in the name of the whole.

"(Signed) JAGAJAGA, BUNGARIE,
JAGAJAGA, YANYAN,
JAGAJAGA, MOOWHIP,
COOLOOLOCK, MONMARMALAR.

In presence of (Signed) JAMES GUMM.
ALEXANDER THOMSON.
WM. TODD."

A second deed recorded the transfer of the other and larger area of land, as follows :—

"Know all persons that we, three brothers, Jagajaga, Jagajaga, Jagajaga, being the principal chiefs, and also Cooloolock, Bungarie, Yanyan, Moowhip, and Monmarmalar, also being the chiefs of a certain native tribe called Dutigallar, situate at and near Port Phillip, called by us, the above-mentioned chiefs, Tramoo, being possessed of the tract of land hereinafter mentioned for, and in consideration of twenty pair blankets, thirty tomahawks, one hundred knives, fifty pair of scissors, thirty looking-glasses, two hundred handkerchiefs, and one hundred pounds of flour, and six shirts, delivered to us by John Batman, residing

in Van Diemen's Land, Esquire, but at present sojourning with us and our tribe, do, for ourselves, our heirs, and successors, give, grant, enfeoff, and confirm unto the said John Batman, his heirs and assigns, all that tract of country situate and being in Port Phillip, running from the branch of the river at the top of the port, about 7 miles from the mouth of the river, 40 miles north-east, and from thence west 40 miles across Tramoo downs or plains, and from thence south-south-west across Mount Vilumarn-atar to Geelong Harbour, at the head of the same, and containing about 500,000, more or less, acres.

(Signed, as above.)"

APPENDIX C

THE BUSHRANGERS ACT OF 1830

(II George IV, No. 10.)

1. Whereas crimes of robbery and housebreaking have increased to an alarming degree, and it is becoming necessary to restrain the same, as much as possible by temporary provisions, suited to the emergency of the occason. Be it therefore enacted that it shall be lawful for any person whatsoever, having reasonable cause to suspect and believe any other person to be a transported felon, unlawfully at large, immediately himself or with the assistance of other persons, and without a warrant for such purpose, to apprehend, or cause to be apprehended, every such suspected person, and to take him, or cause to be taken, before any Justice of the Peace for the colony for examination as hereinafter provided.

2. Every suspected person taken before a Justice of the Peace shall be obliged to prove, to the reasonable satisfaction of such justice that he is not a felon under sentence of transportation, and in default of such proof such justices may cause such person to be detained in safe custody until he can be proved whether he is a transported felon or free; and in every such case the proof of being free shall be upon the person alleging himself to be free. Provided always that every Justice of the Peace may, at his discretion,

cause every such suspected person to be securely removed to Sydney to be there examined, and dealt with in like manner as aforesaid.

3. And be it therefore enacted that every person whatsoever who shall be found on the roads or in other parts of the colony, with firearms or other instruments of a violent nature in his possession, under the circumstances affording reasonable ground for suspecting that such person may be or intend to be a robber, every such suspected person shall be liable to be apprehended, and taken before a Justice of the Peace in like manner and be dealt with in all respects as hereinbefore provided; and in every such case the proof that such firearms or other instruments of a violent nature were not intended for an illegal purpose shall be upon the person in whose possession the same shall be found.

4. And be it therefore enacted that it shall be lawful for any person on having reasonable cause for suspicion and believing that any other person may have any firearms or other instrument of a deadly nature concealed about his person to search or cause to be searched every such suspicious person; and in case of discovering any such firearms or instruments of a deadly nature apprehend or cause to be apprehended any such person and take before any Justice of the Peace to be dealt with. . . .

5. And be it further enacted that it shall be lawful for any Justice of the Peace having credible information that any robbers or housebreakers are harboured in the country or district to grant a general search warrant to any one or more constables to search any dwelling house or tenement or other place within or reputed to be within such county or district; and it shall be lawful for such constable in virtue of such general warrant to break, enter and search, by day or by night, any dwelling place, tenement or other place, and to apprehend every person whom such constable shall have reasonable cause for suspecting and believing to be a robber or housebreaker, and to seize and secure all firearms or other arms or instruments of a violent nature, and all goods and chattels which such constable shall have reasonable grounds for suspecting or believing to be stolen, and also to apprehend all persons found in or about any such dwelling house, etc., and all whom such constable shall have reasonable grounds for suspecting or believing to harbour or conceal any such robber or housebreaker; and all persons, arms, chattels and goods so found, seized and apprehended shall by such constable be taken before a

Justice of the Peace for examination, and to be further dealt with according to law.

6. And whereas it is expected that robbers and house-breakers shall be tried and punished as speedily as may be consistent with the ends of justice, be it therefore enacted that all persons who shall be fully committed for the crime of robbing or of entering, and plundering any dwelling house, with arms and violence, shall be brought to trial as speedily as possible, and being lawfully convicted and sentenced to suffer death, shall be executed according to law on the day next but two after sentence has been passed; unless the same shall happen to be Sunday, and in that case, on the Monday following; such sentence shall be passed immediately after the conviction of such offender, unless the Court or jury shall see reasonable cause for postponing the same.

7. And be it further enacted that every person who shall be found with firearms or other instruments of a violent nature in his possession, and shall not prove to the satisfaction of such Justice of the Peace that the same were or were not intended to be illegally used, shall be guilty of a high misdemeanour, and being lawfully convicted thereof, shall be liable at the discretion of the Court to be imprisoned for any term not exceeding three years.

APPENDIX D

LIST OF POLICE KILLED OR WOUNDED BY BUSH-RANGERS FROM 1861 TO 1879

Sergeant Middleton and Trooper Hosie, wounded in attempt to capture Frank Gardiner, July 1861.

Detective Patrick Lyons, received gunshot wound in right hand while escorting prisoners between Forbes and Young; was attacked by Davis and party; Davis was arrested, April 14, 1862.

Senior-Constable Henry Moran, shot in the groin by Gardiner's gang, Eugowra Creek, when escorting gold, June 15, 1862.

Constable Luke Cullen, while struggling with a prisoner pistol exploded, and was shot in leg, August 10, 1862.

Constable Thomas Rayfield, wounded with pistol ball in side while attempting to arrest a horse dealer named Little Jemmy, November 10, 1862.

Senior-Constable William Hughes, fired upon from ambush, received gunshot wound in arm, June 8, 1863.

Senior-Constable Frederick Sutton, wounded by Gilbert when attempting to rob Carcoar mail, August 6, 1863.

Senior-Sergeant James Stephenson, received gunshot wound in the hand in an encounter with bushranger Lowry, when latter was wounded and died following day, August 29, 1863.

Senior-Constable Thomas Haughey, received gunshot wound in the knee in an encounter with armed offenders at Toodles' shanty, Demondrille Creek, September 4, 1863.

Sergeant David M'Ginnerty, shot dead by Morgan near Tumberumba, June 24, 1864.

Sergeant Thomas Smyth, shot while camping in his tent at night by Morgan, September 4, 1864; died September 29, 1864.

Sergeant Edward Parry, shot dead by Gilbert, November 15, 1864.

Constable Samuel Nelson, shot by Dunn at Collector, January 26, 1865.

Senior-Constable John Ward, died from a gunshot wound inflicted by a Chinaman between Mudgee and Coonabarabran, February 4, 1865.

Constable William Wiles, received three gunshot wounds, two in hand and one in leg, in an encounter with Hall's gang at Byrnes', Mutbilly, February 24, 1865.

Constable John Kelly, received bullet in the left breast in an attack by Hall and gang on Araluen gold-field, March 18, 1865.

Constable Robert Keane, received gunshot wound in right shoulder in an encounter with bushrangers at Cunningar, March 18, 1865.

Constable Michael King, received gunshot in ankle in an encounter with armed offenders at Binalong, 1865.

Senior-Constable J. R. Herbert, accidentally shot (afterwards died) in mistake for bushranger, April 13, 1865.

Senior-Constable Willam Lang, wounded by pistol ball in the arm when attempting to arrest mail-robber, Carroll, December 10, 1865.

Constable James McHale, wounded when effecting the capture of the outlaw Dunn, December 24, 1865.

Constable Miles O'Grady, wounded when attempting to arrest armed robbers, April 9, 1866.

Constable William Raymond shot by prisoner on escort, April 14, 1866.

Constable McCable, shot by offender Pearson at "Shearer's Inn," Bourke district, November 1, 1868.

Sergeant Andrew Sutherland, shot by offender Grey, near Cowra, May 1, 1872.

Constable Michael Costigan, Constable G. R. Armytage } Shot at Bourke, September 11, 1877.

Senior Sergeant Thomas Wallings shot dead at Wonbobbie, Macquarie River, by offender Gibson, September 20, 1878.

Sergeant Michael Kennedy, Constable Scanlan, Constable Lonergan } Shot dead by Kelly gang at Wombat Ranges, near Mansfield, Victoria, October 26, 1878.

Constable Power wounded in an encounter with four bushrangers near Balranald, 1879.

APPENDIX E

HOW TO JOIN THE MOUNTED POLICE

THE age limits and standards of height, weight and measurement, vary slightly in the different States. In most cases particulars of these have been given in the chapters dealing with the constitution of each force. As representative of the general qualifications for entry the application form sent to would-be candidates for the New South Wales police force is appended:

N.S.W. POLICE

ENROLMENT.

QUALIFICATION OF CANDIDATES.

1. Age under thirty years.
2. Candidates must undergo a medical examination. The standards for height, weight, and chest measurement are approximately as follows:—

Height.	Weight.	Chest Measurement.
5 feet 8 inches . . .	11 stone . . .	38 inches
5 „ 9 „	11 „ 4 lb. .	39 „
5 „ 10 „ . . .	11 „ 10 „ .	39½ „
5 „ 11 „ . . .	12 „ 0 „ .	40 „
6 „	12 „ 6 „ .	40½ „

3. They must read, write, and cipher well, and be in other respects fairly educated.
4. They must produce satisfactory testimonials of character.
5. During the period of probation at the Depôt, and before being sworn in, they can leave at any time by giving notice to the Officer-in-Charge.
6. After the period of probation, they are, if considered suitable, required to take and subscribe, in the presence of a Magistrate, the oath required by the Police Regulation Act.

QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED BY CANDIDATES FOR POLICE APPOINTMENT.

1. Have you been in any Police or Public Service—if so, state where, and for what time ?.....
2. When discharged, and why ? .....
3. Trade or calling ? .....
4. By whom last employed, where, and in what capacity ?.....
5. By whom recommended, or what testimonials produced ?.....
6. If candidate for Mounted or Foot Police ?.....
7. If Applicant can swim ?.....
8. If drilled ? .....
9. Can Applicant ride a bicycle ? .....

PERSONAL DESCRIPTION.

Age. State Year of Birth and Date as well.	Height.	Weight.	Chest Measurement.	Married or Single.	Where Born.	General Health.

(*Signature*) .....

(*Postal Address*) .....

.....

(*Date*).....

APPENDIX F

LIST OF POLICE COMMANDANTS AND COMMISSIONERS.

New South Wales.

Mounted Patrols—

Headquarters Division Commandant, Captain John M'Lerie.
Southern: Superintendent, Captain Zouch.
Western: „ Captain Battye.
Northern: „ Captain Scott.

Inspector-Generals—

Captain John M'Lerie	1862–1874
Mr. Edmund Fosbery, C.M.G.	1874–1903
Mr. Thomas Garvin, I.S.O.	1903–1910
Mr. Ernest C. Day	1911

Victoria.

Military Commandant, Captain Lonsdale	1836

High Constables—

Robert Day	1836
Henry Batman	1837
William Wright	1838
F. A. Falkiner	1841
Joseph Bloomfield	1848

Chief Commissioners—

Captain Mair	1853
Mr. (afterwards Sir) William H. F. Mitchell	1854
Captain (afterwards Sir) Charles Macmahon	1854
Captain Frederick C. Standish	1858
(Acting Chief Commissioner, Superintendent C. H. Nicolson)	1880
Mr. Hussey Malone Chomley	1882
Mr. Thomas O'Callaghan	1902

South Australia.

Superintendent—

Mr. Henry Inman	1838

Commissioners—

Major Thomas S. O'Halloran	1840
Mr. Boyle T. Finniss	1843
Mr. G. F. Dashwood	1849
Mr. Alexander Tolmer	1852
(Acting Commissioner, Senior Inspector C. W. Stuart)	1853
Major Peter Egerton Warburton	1853
Mr. George Hamilton	1867
Mr. Peterswald	1882
Colonel L. G. Madley	1896
Mr. W. H. Raymond	1910

Western Australia.

Superintendents—

Mr. J. A. Conroy	1852
Sir A. T. C. Campbell (about)	1856
Mr. W. Hogan	1861
(Acting Superintendent, Major R. H. Crampton)	1866–7
Mr. G. E. C. Hare	1867

Commissioners—

Captain M. S. Smith	1871
Lieut.-Col. G. B. Phillips	1887
Captain Fred. A. Hare	1900

Queensland.

Moreton Bay Military Commandants—

Captain Millar	1824
Captain Bishop	1824
Captain Logan (57th Regt.)	1825
Captain Clunie (17th Regt.)	1830
Captain Fyans (4th Regt.)	1835
Major Cotton (28th Regt.)	1837
Lieut. Gravett	1839
Lieut. Gorman	1839–1842

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Acting Police Magistrates and Commandants—

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Captain J. C. Wickham		—

Commandants, Native Mounted Police—

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Mr. G. Murray	(about)	1860

Commissioners—

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Mr. W. E. Parry-Okeden, I.S.O.		1895
Major W. G. Cahill, V.D.		1905

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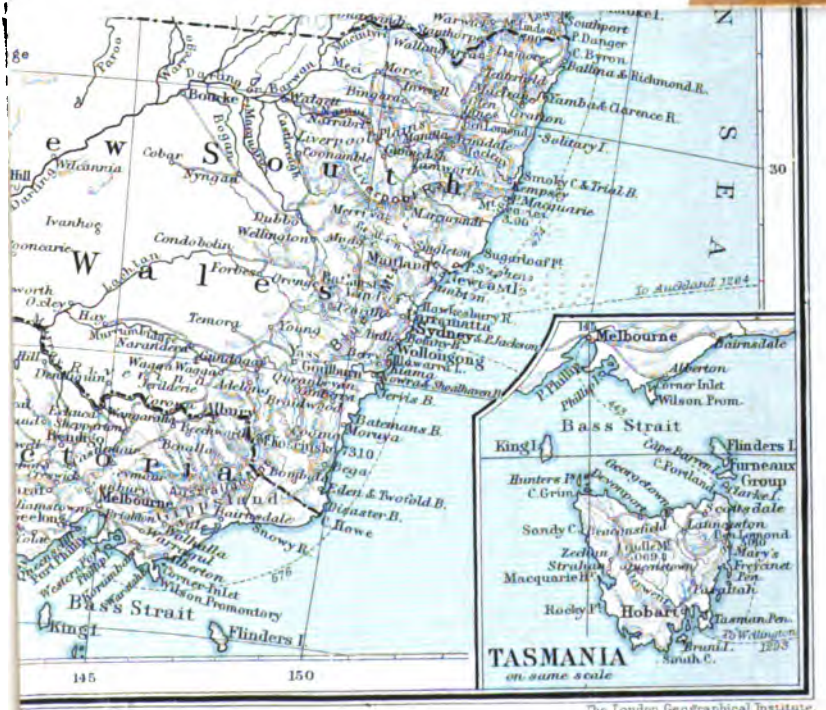

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